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ESSAYS

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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I.—THE CHURCH IN INDIA.

(March, 1827.)

'If God has no need of human *learning*,' retorted South on the Puritans of his day, 'still less has he need of human *ignorance:*' and too truly has this been seen in much of the history of the attempts to Christianize the East. A sanguine spirit has gone forth thither, expecting ends without means—hailing the most equivocal symptoms as infallible signs of conversion—prompting replies to the listless heathen, and then recording those parrot-words as spontaneous tokens of grace. To every sentence which one of the missionaries addressed to a man before him, covered with cow-dung, he received as an answer, 'Nisam!' (most certain!) pronounced with great gravity, and accompanied by a sober nod of the head. 'I was much cheered,' says the worthy teacher, 'by his approving so cordially the doctrines of salvation:'—and if here the questions had ended, this man would have had as good right to be enrolled amongst the lists of converted heathens as many more; but, unluckily, it was further asked, 'How old are you?' 'How long have you been Sunyasee?'—to which he replied, with the same emphasis as before, 'Nisam! Nisam!'

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[a] 1. *Missionary Registers.* 1825, 1826.

2. *Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta.* By Henry Kaye Bonney, D.D., Archdeacon of Bedford.

3. *A Farewell Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Hodnet, in the County of Salop, April* 20, 1823. By the Rev. Reg. Heber. Second Edition.

4. *The Omnipresence of God; a Sermon preached August* 5, 1825, *on the Consecration of the Church of Secrole, near Benares.* By Reginald, Lord Bishop of Calcutta. Calcutta. 1826.

The missionary should ever be on his guard against exciting the suspicions of the people of England that his work is hollow and unsound,—he should be slow to claim conquests which cool-headed men at home may think his desultory mode of warfare not likely to achieve. The people of England are not ignorant of the boasts of the Roman Catholic teachers in the same field; as many as they could baptize (and in some countries they are said to have made short work of it, by swinging a besom) were registered as converts, and reported as living proofs of their amazing success. And we all know what has been the consequence. Of late years, however, and especially among the Protestant missions of our own church, far greater caution has been observed; and now (except, perhaps, in a few instances where the native catechists recommend to the missionaries candidates for baptism, for whose competency they are themselves the vouchers) a degree of hesitation is felt about admitting to this rite, that some may think, and perhaps justly think, more than even prudence demands. That error, however, if error it be, is on the right side.

Already, by all who do not wish to be blind, some symptoms of progress may be traced. Till within these few years the reluctance of the Brahmins to communicate the contents of their sacred books was insuperable; now, every European, who has the curiosity, is permitted to look into those mysteries, and acquaint himself with what a Hindoo professes, which will often furnish not the worst arguments against what he practises. Martyn durst not introduce into his schools his version of the parables, and acquiesced, of necessity, in the use of a Hindoo poem on an avatar of Vishnu, which had no other merit than that of being unintelligible to the children: but at this day the gospels are freely read, as far as the teachers think fit to impart them; boys of all ranks, from the Brahmin to the Soodra, are assembled together, under the same roof; and places are won and lost in the classes without any reference to caste or colour. When one of the church missionaries was first appointed to the school at Burdwan, not a boy would consent to abide on the

same premises with him; by degrees they were induced to become more familiar—at length to attend worship—and at last (except during the holidays) to remain with him altogether. At Badagamme, in Ceylon, we are told that the children of different castes may be seen seated on mats, eating and drinking together, with the utmost apparent good will;—a novel spectacle, even in that island of promise. It is not more than five or six years ago that the project for educating females in India was reckoned hopeless; now, upwards of thirty girls' schools are in activity at Calcutta alone. At Mirzapore, where a chapel has been established for Bengalee preaching, the congregation changes several times perhaps during a sermon, as the curiosity or patience of the hearers becomes exhausted; nor is it a symptom of small importance that, whilst few old people are observed there, the young are always to be found in considerable numbers. We are told by Colonel Phipps (who resided several months near Juggernaut, and was present at the great annual festival), that the practice which but recently prevailed of enticing pilgrims to cast themselves under the wheels of the car has now ceased; that the disgusting images with which it was decorated have been removed, and that the *outer* walls of the temple are purged of the like emblems of impurity. 'Where there is shame' (says Johnson), 'there may in time be virtue.' Again, while Martyn found himself everywhere regarded with a degree of suspicion and reserve, that almost shook his better purpose, the late Bishop Heber, we understand, discovered his office to be magnified far beyond his hopes or expectations; received a cordial welcome from those who, some few years earlier, would barely have endured his presence; and was solicited to despatch ordained ministers to several stations that had been hitherto neglected, with an earnestness which could not be mistaken. We could adduce many other facts, relating indeed to individuals, but still above all suspicion, to prove that the mind of the natives is becoming more busy about religious truth—but we abstain, from dislike to a species of argument which is justly listened to with extreme caution, and because we would

not, in any degree, contribute to the growth of a spirit which, proclaiming 'A to be all that could be wished,'—'B a pleasing lad, affectionate and serious,'—'C (who, however, afterwards, poor fellow, trained off) very attentive, and of a dwarfish stature,'—announces, on the other hand, with detestable presumption, that G had been suddenly removed by cholera morbus, just when, in spite of all advice and admonition, he was determined to help a party of Roman Catholics to act a play!

Caste is undoubtedly the great obstacle to the conversion of the East, but it is not an insurmountable obstacle. It existed, with many other Indian peculiarities of the present day, before the age of Arrian; yet Christianity made its way on the coast of Malabar in spite of it. Certain it is, also, that many natives in our own times have actually courted baptism, and thereby broken caste, even where the caste was honourable; and that more have been prevented from taking the same step, only by the importunate entreaties of parents and friends. It is not, indeed, by any measure which 'cometh of observation' that a death-blow can be dealt to this deep-rooted institution;—but time and Christianity will do the work in peace. Thus it is that slavery, in almost all Christian countries, has disappeared, no man knowing when or how—not by the triumphant issue of a servile war, not by any sudden measures of legislatorial emancipations,—but through the operation of the eternal laws of social progress fixed by Providence, and especially, as we cannot but believe, by the slow yet sure operation of that very principle which is now beginning to work in India. Thus it is that witchcraft, which so few generations back held firm possession of the faith of our forefathers, and against which even the lofty mind of a Sir Matthew Hale was not proof, has been quietly laid to sleep. What prejudice of caste could be stronger than the principle of *religious intolerance* in our own country three centuries ago, when even Cranmer could sully his fair fame by one miserable, though, no doubt, most conscientious compliance with it; and, what is perhaps more remarkable, when, in a subsequent age, and after the tempest of

the Reformation had well nigh subsided, even the amiable Bishop Jewell could breathe the temper which spake in James and John at the Samaritan village, in one solitary sentence of his immortal Apology? But years rolled on, and the better spirit was silently prevailing. Through Hooker, who now appeared, its advance may be traced; though his writings (which, however, are of a defensive rather than an aggressive character) occasionally deal out blows against the captious adversaries of the church which he revered, with an asperity savouring more of the times than the man, yet never would they deliver over an heretical offender to the secular arm; and, in the next century, toleration was openly and professedly abetted in a work, which, as it was the first, so it remains the ablest, vindication of the cause—'The Liberty of Prophesying.' With these and many more such instances before us, we cannot but look forward to the time when Brahmin and Soodra shall have the relation to each other of gentleman and peasant, and no other—and this the more confidently, because there is good reason to believe that caste is as much a civil as a religious institution,—as much founded upon convenience as upon conscience.

Such a consummation the establishment of a national church among our own countrymen scattered over India was eminently calculated to advance; and in selecting the founder of that church (a matter of no small importance to its future fortunes), a most sound judgment was exercised. The hints for his conduct in India, which Dr. Middleton committed to writing whilst on ship-board, and which are given in Archdeacon Bonney's Life of him, are worthy of all praise; and to that spirit of piety which influenced him, both in the acceptance and discharge of his high functions, were added, talents for business, and a practical wisdom, which enabled him to struggle with difficulties that would have overwhelmed a mind of a different construction, and to devise measures and regulations of ecclesiastical polity for the infant church, under which, by God's blessing, it will for ever prosper. Still his firmness (and few men had more) was not unfrequently put to

the proof. The appointment of a bishop at all was considered by many a dangerous experiment; and perhaps a jealousy of investing him with too ample powers was the natural consequence. It must, for example, have been vain to expect that a knowledge of Christianity should be diffused on any great scale, without the liberal help of native preachers, over such a country as India—more especially when the civil government cannot, for obvious reasons, give more than their best wishes to the work. The history of our own Reformation (were not the reason of the thing enough) might have established this truth; and whilst Wales and the Norman Isles, where the new doctrines were taught by ministers of their own, became speedy and sincere converts to those doctrines, Ireland, which was visited by English instructors only,—men whose speech was strange and offensive to the great majority of the inhabitants,—never was made fully acquainted with the reformed faith; and so, that critical day being suffered to pass unimproved, has entailed upon the sister-kingdoms, in our own times, a melancholy division of heart. The privilege, nevertheless, of ordaining native Christians was withheld from Dr. Middleton; and though he subsequently sued for it under restrictions, it was still denied to him. On trial, however, it was found that a bishop had not been nearly so mischievous as had been apprehended. No rebellion had followed his appointment; the rupees had continued to drop as fast as before into the Company's treasury: and accordingly, one of the first acts of Dr. Middleton's successor was to ordain a native Christian. Nor was this the only thorn in the side of our first Indian bishop. It may be gathered from his two latter charges, how much he suffered from the divisions which he saw amongst the people, and that the want of unity in church doctrine and discipline afforded him a subject of severe mortification—of mortification proportioned to the strength of his reasonable conviction, that every departure from the tenets of the Church of England was a departure from sound faith and primitive practice. Baptists, Independents, Wesleyan Methodists and Presbyterians were all struggling for precedence; and the poor

heathen lookers-on might well be perplexed with unnecessary difficulties when they perceived that the Christian doctors themselves agreed in nothing but in mutual accusations of error. Having borne up, however, against these difficulties as few men could have done; and having wielded the powers of a bishop for nearly nine years, with a wisdom that has procured for him the admiration of all lovers of our church, this excellent man was gathered to his fathers; and was succeeded by one, of whom if we should now speak somewhat more at large, our excuse must be found in the extraordinary degree of public sympathy with which his recent and untimely death has been regarded, both in England and India.

Reginald Heber was the son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, of Marton, in Yorkshire, and of Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Allanson, of the same county. His father lived just long enough to witness his youthful honours; his mother still survives to lament his early death. He was born April 21st, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, a living at that time held by Mr. Heber, as was shortly afterwards that of Hodnet, in Salop, which, together with the estate, had come into possession of his family by a marriage with an heiress of the ancient and honoured name of Vernon. In his childhood, Reginald Heber was remarkable for the eagerness with which he read the Bible, and the accuracy with which he remembered it; a taste and talent which subsequent acquirements and maturer years only served to strengthen, so that a great portion of his reading was intended, or at least was employed, to illustrate the Scriptures; and perhaps few men of his day had attained so masterly a knowledge of the historical parts of the Bible as well as the doctrinal, or could have thrown happier light upon its oriental customs, its difficult geography, or the civil, political, and moral condition of the people to whom it was addressed. We believe it was once his intention to have published notes upon Calmet, a task for which he would have brought all the resources which any single individual could be expected to furnish. Such a work, had it pleased God to restore him to his native land, would have been an agreeable and most useful

employment for his declining years; and many materials for it, in addition to those he already possessed, he would have undoubtedly accumulated during his active researches in the East. To verbal criticism he had not (like his episcopal predecessor) devoted so much attention; nor perhaps did the character of his mind qualify him for making, in that branch of learning, the same progress as in its more popular departments. The patient investigation of a peculiar construction, or the emendation of a corrupted text (necessary as such labours are), are not those in which the faculties of a poet (and such were certainly his) commonly delight; and of the few poets who have attempted minute criticism, most have failed, and none have been eminently successful.

He received his early education at the grammar-school of Whitechurch, whence he was afterwards sent to Dr. Bristowe, a gentleman who took pupils near London. His subsequent career at Oxford, where he was entered of Brazen-nose College, in 1800, proved how well his youthful studies had been directed, and how diligently pursued. The University prizes for Latin verse, for the English poem, and for the English prose-essay, were successively awarded him; and 'Palestine' received the higher and rarer compliment of public and universal praise. Such a poem, composed at such an age, has indeed some, but not many, parallels in our language. Its copious diction,—its perfect numbers,—its images, so well chosen, diversified so happily, and treated with so much discretion and good taste,—the transitions from one period to another of the history of the Holy Land, so dexterously contrived,—and, above all, the ample knowledge of Scripture, and of writings illustrative of Scripture, displayed in it—all these things might have seemed to bespeak the work of a man who 'had been long chusing, and begun late,' rather than of a stripling of nineteen. Some few of our University English prize-poems have had an ephemeral reputation beyond the precincts of Cambridge and Oxford; but 'Palestine' is almost the only one (we can recollect, at most, but two others of which any such language could be fairly used) that has

maintained its honours unimpaired, and entitled itself, after the lapse of years, to be considered the property of the nation. It might have been expected that such a poem would but have been the first of many—that so cordial a welcome would have stamped its author the follower of the muses for life; but having given to the world a small and well-known miscellaneous volume in 1812 (the whole of which did not then appear for the first time), he withdrew almost entirely from a pursuit to which he was by temper strongly inclined, and devoted himself to the unobtrusive duties of the clerical office.[a] From the original pieces of that volume, it would be easy to select thoughts of animation and of tenderness; but unless perhaps 'The Passage of the Red Sea' (which is a noble copy of verses) should be excepted, nothing that, as a whole, comes up to the standard of 'Palestine.' In the translations of Pindar which it contains, it may be doubted whether the deep-mouthed Theban is not made to speak too much after the manner of the great minstrel of Scotland; still they are executed with genuine spirit and elegance, and the rambling movements of an author, who, in his anxiety to escape from an Hiero or an Agesias, is very apt to run riot and lose his way, are connected with no common success. Previous, however, to the production of this volume, and whilst he was yet fellow of All Souls, a society to which (it should have been said) he had been elected from Brazen-nose, Reginald Heber travelled through those parts of Europe which were then open to an Englishman; and some of his observations upon Russia and the Crimea, which Dr. Clarke

[a] Still, out of the fulness of his heart, or at the call of his friends, he would at intervals give proof that his hand had not forgot its cunning, however it might have hung up the harp; and a specimen will not displease our readers:—

'FAREWELL.

'When eyes are beaming
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell;
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell!

'When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the breast to dwell;
When, fettered by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain
Of them that bid farewell!'—MS.

was permitted to extract from his MS. journal, and publish as notes to his own work, have ever been reckoned the *bijoux* of the volume, and, indeed, convey more information in a few words than perhaps would have been communicated by any traveller, except Burckhardt—whose close and pithy sentences not unfrequently resemble these able memoranda.

Having now been put in possession of the valuable living of Hodnet, which had been reserved for him, he married Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, late dean of St. Asaph, and, happy in the prospect of those domestic endearments which no man was more qualified to enjoy, settled himself in his rectory. In no scene of his life, perhaps, did his character appear in greater beauty than whilst he was living here, 'seeing God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy.' His talents might have made him proud, but he was humble-minded as a child—eager to call forth the intellectual stores of others, rather than to display his own—arguing without dogmatism, and convincing without triumph—equally willing to reason with the wise, or take a share in the innocent gaieties of a winter's fire-side; for it was no part of his creed that all innocent mirth ought to be banished from the purlieus of a good man's dwelling, or that he is called upon to abstract himself from the refinements and civilities of life, as if sitting to Teniers for a picture of the Temptations of St. Anthony. The attentions he received might have made him selfish, but his own inclinations were ever the last he consulted; indeed, of all the features in his character this was, perhaps, the most prominent—that in him, *self* did not seem to be denied, to be mortified, but to be forgotten. His love of letters might have made him an inactive parish-priest, but he was daily amongst his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling, often to the hazard of his own life,[a] by their sick-beds; exhorting, encouraging, reproving, as he saw need;

[a] Mr. Heber was, on one occasion, brought to the brink of the grave by a typhus fever caught in this way.

where there was strife, the peace-maker; where there was want, the cheerful giver. Yet in all this there was no parade, no effort, apparently not the smallest consciousness that his conduct differed from that of other men—his duty seemed to be his delight, his piety an instinct. Many a good deed done by him in secret only came to light when he had been removed far away, and, but for that removal, would have been for ever hid—many an instance of benevolent interference where it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness. That he was sometimes deceived in his favourable estimate of mankind, it would be vain to deny; such a guileless, confiding, unsuspicious singleness of heart as his, cannot always be proof against cunning. But if he had not this worldly knowledge, he wanted it perhaps in common with most men of genius and virtue; the 'wisdom of the serpent' was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound.

The Bampton Lectures which he published in 1816 established his reputation in the theological world; for, though many dissented from his views on some speculative points, every competent judge was compelled to do justice to the depth of learning, the variety of research, and the richness of illustration which those compositions displayed.

At home, in his own parish, his sermons were very original —sometimes expanding into general views of the scheme and doctrines of revelation, collected from an intimate acquaintance, not with commentators, but with the details of holy writ itself, frequently drawing ingenious lessons for Christian conduct, from the subordinate parts of a parable, a miracle, or a history, which a less imaginative mind would have overlooked —often enlivened by moral stories, with which his multifarious reading supplied him, and occasionally by facts which had come, perhaps, under his own observation, and which he thought calculated to give spirit or perspicuity to the truths he was imparting: a practice which, when judiciously restrained, is well adapted to secure the rustic hearer from the fate of

Eutychus, without giving offence even to nicer brethren: of which the powerful effect is discoverable (though the figures may be grosser than the times would now admit) in the sermons of Latimer and the Reformers; subsequently, in those of Taylor and South; and still more recently, in the popular harangues of Whitfield and Wesley; and a practice, we will add, which derives countenance and authority from the use of parables in the preaching of our Lord. Of Heber's *language* in the pulpit we shall presently give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Polished it was, for such it was in his ordinary conversation, yet seldom above the reach of a country congregation, and sometimes (when there was a duty to be driven home) plain-spoken to a degree for which few modern men would have had courage. Frequently it exhibited metaphors, bold, and even startling; and ever possessed a singular charm, in the happy adoption of expressions from the pure and undefiled English of our Bible, with which his mind was thoroughly imbued.

In the midst of these exercises of his calling, public and private, he found time to compose many hymns; which, had he completed the series, as (with the assistance of friends) he hoped to have done, would have been in relation to the Gospels for the several Sundays throughout the year—compositions, which those who have seen them will desire that every one should have the opportunity of seeing, and which those will readily believe to be full of beauties, both poetical and spiritual, who are acquainted with the few hymns which he has actually published.[a]

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[a] The following is for St. Stephen's Day:

'The Son of God is gone to war a kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar! Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe, triumphant over pain?
Who boldest bears His cross below? He follows in His train!

'The Martyr first, whose eagle eye could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky, and called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue in midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong. Who follows in his train?

'A glorious band, the chosen few on whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, the truth they knew, and braved the cross and flame,
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel, the lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks the death to feel. Who follows in their train?

In 1822, Reginald Heber undertook a more serious task, which was to furnish a life of Jeremy Taylor, and a critical examination of his writings, for a new edition of the works of that great and good man. Since the publication of his Bampton Lectures, this was the first theological essay of any length in which he had openly engaged. If it be compared (as far as the subject will admit of comparison) with the 'Sermons on the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter,' it will be found that it is the work of maturer knowledge, and a more chastised taste; the style retaining the vigour, perhaps somewhat of the floridness, of former years, but without being complicated, ambitious, or constrained; the matter exhibiting much thought, as well as ample reading, and setting forth, without reserve, the author's own views of most of the controverted points of church doctrine and discipline, which his subject naturally led him to pass in review. But the work derives a further interest from the evident sympathy with which his biographer (perhaps unconsciously) contemplates the life and writings of that heavenly-minded man. Much, indeed, they had in common—a poetical temperament, a hatred of intolerance, great simplicity, an abomination of every sordid and narrow-minded feeling, an earnest desire to make religion practical instead of speculative, and faith vivid in proportion to the vigour of high imagination.

'A noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice, in robes of light arrayed,
They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven, through peril, toil, and pain—
Oh, God! to us may grace be given to follow in their train!'—MS.

There is much of that simplicity which should ever distinguish devotional poetry, in some hymns adapted to popular Welsh airs. We shall transcribe the shortest of them—

'A VESPER-HYMN.

'God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light—
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night—
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night!'—MS.

About the time when this life appeared, Mr. Heber was elected preacher at Lincoln's-inn—a very flattering distinction, whether the character of the electors be considered, or the merits of his predecessor, or those of the distinguished person before whom he was preferred; valuable, moreover, as placing somewhat more 'in oculis civium' a man intended by nature for a less obscure station than that which he had for years been filling,—though assuredly that was one which he, had it been so ordained, would have continued to fill to his dying day, without any querulous suspicion that he had fallen on evil times when merit is overlooked, and talent suffered to spend itself on an unworthy field.

Thus usefully and happily was he engaged,—in town, occupying an honourable and important situation, and with easy access to men of letters, of whom the capital must ever be the resort; in the country, inhabiting a parsonage, built by himself in a situation which he had selected, in the neighbourhood of most of his kindred, amidst friends who loved and reverenced him, and in a parish where none would have desired a greater satisfaction than to have done him a service,—when he was summoned from scenes where, to use a beautiful expression of Warburton's, 'he had hung a thought upon every thorn,' to take upon himself the government of the Church in India. What his struggles at that moment were, those who were near him at the time know well. How could such a man contemplate such a charge without some self-distrust? How could he give up his country without a pang? How could he look forward to an Indian climate without apprehension, not, indeed, for himself (for of himself he was ever prodigal), but for his wife and child? Still a splendid opportunity of usefulness was offered him; and, accustomed as he was, in a degree quite characteristic, to recognize the superintending hand of Providence in all the lesser events of life, it was not to be expected that in one of the nature and magnitude of this, he would see it no longer. After much deliberation, he refused the appointment, not, however, without some misgiving of heart: he shortly after

withdrew his refusal, and was then satisfied that he had acted right. Secular minds may look, and have looked, for the secular motives which might have actuated him; but, in truth,—

'He heard a voice they could not hear,
Which said, no longer stay;
He saw a hand they could not see,
Which beckoned him away.'

'I can say with confidence,' writes he about this time, 'that I have acted for the *best;* and even now that the die is cast, I feel no regret for the resolution I have taken, nor any distrust of the mercies and goodness of Providence, who may protect both me and mine, and, if He sees best for us, bring us back again, and preserve our excellent friends to welcome us. For England, and the scenes of my earliest and dearest recollections, I know no better farewell than that of Philoctetes:—

Χαῖρ', ὦ πέδον ἀμφίαλον,
κἄμ' εὐπλοίᾳ πέμψον ἀμέμπτως,
ἔνθ' ἡ μεγάλη μοῖρα κομίζει,
γνώμη τε φίλων, χὠ πανδαμάτωρ
Δαίμων, ὃς ταῦτ' ἐπέκρανεν.'

Yet a far better farewell than this was his own; for having returned to Hodnet for a few weeks to settle his affairs before his final departure, on Sunday 20th April, 1823, he preached his last sermon there, the effect of which those who read it may partly conjecture—those who heard it (we are told) will never forget. It was printed at the earnest request of the congregation, and as the copies were few, and the circulation local, it may not probably have fallen into the hands of many of our readers: we take advantage, therefore, of a second edition which has been published, to introduce a passage or two from it to their notice. Having spoken in general of the vanity of fixing the affections on a world where everything is fleeting, to the neglect of that Being who alone is for ever the same, he proceeds—

'My ministerial labours among you must have an end; I must give over into other hands, the task of watching over your spiritual welfare; and many, very many, of those with whom I have grown

up from childhood, in whose society I have passed my happiest days, and to whom it has been, during more than fifteen years, my duty and my delight (with such ability as God has given me) to preach the gospel of Christ, must, in all probability, see my face in the flesh no more. Under such circumstances, and connected with many who now hear me by the dearest ties of blood, of friendship, and of gratitude, some mixture of regret is excusable, some degree of sorrow is holy. I cannot, without some anxiety for the future, forsake, for an untried and arduous field of duty, the quiet scenes where, during so much of my past life, I have enjoyed a more than usual share of earthly comfort and prosperity; I cannot bid adieu to those, with whose idea almost every recollection of past happiness is connected, without many earnest wishes for their welfare, and (I will confess it) without some severe self-reproach that, while it was in my power, I have done so much less than I ought to have done, to render that welfare eternal. There are, indeed, those here who know, and there is *One*, above all, who knows better than any of you, how earnestly I have desired the peace and the holiness of His church; how truly I have loved the people of this place; and how warmly I have hoped to be the means, in His hand, of bringing many among you to glory. But I am at this moment but too painfully sensible that in many things, yea in all, my performance has fallen short of my principles; that neither privately nor publicly have I taught you with so much diligence as now seems necessary in my eyes: nor has my example set forth the doctrines in which I have, however imperfectly, instructed you; yet, if my zeal has failed in steadiness, it never has been wanting in sincerity. I have expressed no conviction which I have not deeply felt; have preached no doctrine which I have not steadfastly believed: however inconsistent my life, its leading object has been your welfare—and I have hoped, and sorrowed, and studied, and prayed for your instruction, and that you might be saved. For my labours, such as they were, I have been indeed most richly rewarded, in the uniform affection and respect which I have received from my parishioners; in their regular and increasing attendance in this holy place, and at the table of the Lord; in the welcome which I have never failed to meet in the houses both of rich and poor; in the regret (beyond my deserts, and beyond my fullest expectations) with which my announced departure has been received by you; in your expressed and repeated wishes for my welfare and my return; in the munificent token of your regard, with which I have been this morning

honoured;[a] in your numerous attendance on the present occasion, and in those marks of emotion which I witness around me, and in which I am myself well nigh constrained to join. For all these, accept such thanks as I can pay—accept my best wishes—accept my affectionate regrets—accept the continuance of the prayers which I have hitherto offered up for you daily, and in which, whatever and wherever my sphere of duty may hereafter be, my congregation of Hodnet shall (believe it!) never be forgotten.'

He then exhorts them, by various considerations, to mutual charity and good will; and continues, in words which (long as our extract has already been) we know not how to withhold:—

'Would to God, indeed, I could hope to leave you all as truly at peace with each other, as I trust and believe there is peace between me and you! Yet if there be any here whom I have at any time offended, let me entreat his forgiveness, and express the hope that he has already forgiven me. If any who thinks he has done me wrong (I know of none), let him be assured that the fault, if it were one, is not only forgiven but forgotten; and let me earnestly entreat you all, as it may be the last request which I shall ever make, the last advice which I shall ever offer to you—little children, love one another and forgive one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath loved and forgiven you.'

Having thus taken leave of a parish where he still signified a hope that he might lay his bones, he hastened again to town to receive imposition of hands, and then depart.

'My consecration (he writes to a friend in the country) is fixed for next Sunday; and as the time draws near, I feel its awfulness very strongly—far more, I think, than the parting which is to follow a fortnight after. I could wish (he adds) to have the prayers of my old congregation, but know not well how to express the wish, in conformity with custom, or without seeming to court notoriety.'

A special general meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was now called, and a valedictory address to him pronounced, in the name of that venerable body, by the Bishop of Bristol; an address only yielding in beauty (if

[a] A piece of plate had been given to Mr. Heber by his parishioners.

it does yield) to the reply which it produced—the one dignified, impressive, affectionate—the other glowing with all the natural eloquence of excited feelings.

On Monday, 16th June, 1823, Dr. Heber embarked with his family a little below Gravesend, and, accompanied to the ship by many sorrowing friends, bade adieu to England for ever. Well it is, that every great event in life, which does violence to the feelings, usually brings with it immediate demands upon our exertions, whereby the attention is diverted, and the grief subdued. On ship-board, he found abundant occupation in prosecuting the study of Hindostanee and Persian, which, independently of their prospective usefulness, he, as many others had done before him, found to be possessed of high interest and curiosity,—

'as establishing beyond all doubt the original connection of the languages of India, Persia, and Northern Europe, and the complete diversity of these from the Hebrew and other Semitic languages. Those (he observes) who fancy the Persians and Indians to have been derived from Elam, the son of Shem, or from any body but Japheth, the first-born of Noah, the father of Gomer, Meshech, and Tubal, have, I am persuaded, paid no attention to the languages either of Persia, Russia, or Scandinavia. I have long had this suspicion, and am not sorry to find it confirmed by even the grammar of my new studies. If, in a year or two (he exultingly adds), I do not know them both (Hindostanee and Persian) at least as well as I do French and German, the fault, I trust, will be in my capacity, not in my diligence.'

In the October following, he landed in India with a field before him that might challenge the labours of an apostle, and, we will venture to say, with as much of the spirit of an apostle in him as has rested on any man in these latter days. It was now his anxious wish to compose, as far as in him lay, those unhappy religious dissensions of which we have already spoken; and, without making any concession unbecoming a loyal and true lover of his own church, to set forth the necessity of humility and charity, Christian graces to which schism is so commonly fatal—and without which even the purest

speculative opinions can, after all, be worth nothing. For such a task as this, none, who knew Dr. Heber at all, could deny that he was singularly well fitted. In a personal regard for himself, he was sure to bow the hearts of the people as the heart of one man. Is it not according to our experience to believe, that the affections might have influenced the conclusions of the understanding, and that by his means many angry disputants might have been brought to think alike, and to think as our church directs them? With a further view to more general conformity, he, after a while, suggested to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the propriety of sending out (if possible) missionaries *episcopally* ordained, in order so far to obviate an unfavourable impression produced on the natives, who were at a loss what character to assign to ministers of the Gospel, whom those who supported and dispersed them were unwilling to admit to their own churches. Nor did he think such a measure unlikely to promote the influence of the Church of England (already very considerable) with the different stocks of oriental Christians—Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians—who hold, like her, episcopacy to be of apostolic institution. In accordance with these sentiments, Dr. Heber thought fit to re-ordain several Protestant ministers who made an application to that effect, and though he did not *urge* the universal adoption of such a plan, yet he did not conceal his opinion that it was much to be desired. To the native schools he gave his utmost protection and support; interested in their behalf those whose patronage was most valuable; and took effectual steps for rendering the bounty of his countrymen at home tributary to the same good end. He preached very often: it never had been his practice to spare himself when in England, and in the East he felt further calls in the more pressing wants of the people, and the extreme paucity of the clergy.

Short as his time in India was, his visitations had embraced almost the whole of his vast diocese. To the northern portion of it, which Bishop Middleton (who found ample occupation at Calcutta and in southern India) had never been able to reach,

he first turned his steps; and having journeyed as far as Meerut, 'leaving behind him,' says Mr. Fisher, the chaplain of the station, 'an impression which I think will not soon or easily pass away,' he bent his course southwards, and traversed the country to Bombay.

'Of the way of performing these long journeys in India, I was myself (says the Bishop, in one of the private letters now before us) very imperfectly informed before I came here; and, even then, it was long before I could believe how vast and cumbersome an apparatus of attendance and supplies of every kind was necessary, to travel in any degree of comfort or security. On the river, indeed, so long as that lasted, our progress is easy and pleasant (bating a little heat and a few storms), carried on by a strong south-eastern breeze, in a very roomy and comfortable boat, against the stream of a majestic body of water, with a breadth, during the rainy season, so high up as Patna, of from six to nine miles, and even above Patna, as far as Cawnpore, in no place narrower than the Mersey opposite Liverpool. But it is after leaving the Ganges for the land journey, that, if not the tug, yet no small part of the *apparatus, proventus, et commeatus* of war, commences. It has been my wish, on many accounts, to travel without unnecessary display. My tents, equipments, and number of servants, are all on the smallest scale which comfort or propriety would admit of. They all fall short of what are usually taken by the collectors of districts, and in comparison of what the commander-in-chief had with him the year before last, I have found people disposed to cry out against them as quite insufficient. Nor have I asked for a single soldier or trooper beyond what the commanding officers of districts have themselves offered as necessary and suitable. Yet, for myself and Dr. Smith, the united numbers amount to three elephants, above twenty camels, five horses, besides ponies for our principal servants, twenty-six servants, twenty-six bearers of burdens, fifteen clashees to pitch and remove tents, elephant and camel drivers, I believe, thirteen; and since we have left the Company's territories, and entered Rajapootam, a guard of eighteen irregular horse, and forty-five sipahees on foot, including native officers. Nor is this all; for there is a number of petty tradesmen and other poor people whose road is the same as ours, and who have asked permission to encamp near us, and travel under our protection; so that yesterday, when I found it expedient, on account of

the scarcity which prevails in these provinces, to order an allowance of flour, by way of Sunday dinner, to every person in camp, the number of heads was returned one hundred and sixty-five. With all these formidable numbers, you must not, however, suppose that any exorbitant luxury reigns in my tent; our fare is, in fact, as homely as any two farmers in England sit down to; and, if it be sometimes *exuberant*, the fault must be laid on a country where we must take a whole sheep or kid, if we would have animal food at all, and where neither sheep nor kid will, when killed, remain eatable more than a day or two. The truth is, that where people carry everything with them, tent, bed, furniture, wine, beer, and crockery, for six months together, no small quantity of beasts of burden may well be supposed necessary; and in countries such as those which I have now been traversing, where every man is armed; where every third or fourth man, a few years since, was a thief by profession; and where, in spite of English influence and supremacy, the forests, mountains, and multitude of petty sovereignties, afford all possible scope for the practical application of Wordsworth's "good old rule,"—you may believe me, that it is neither pomp nor cowardice which has thus fenced your friend in with spears, shields, and bayonets.'[a]

In the course of this arduous pilgrimage from Calcutta to Bombay, he found occasions for preaching upwards of fifty times; and the sermon delivered on one of those occasions, at the consecration of a church near Benares, was printed at the request of the Europeans who heard it; and, though bearing marks of having been written in haste, fully justifies their discernment in having made that request. The following passage has much of the peculiar manner of the author of 'Palestine':—

'If the Israelites were endowed, beyond the nations of mankind, with wise and righteous laws, with a fertile and almost impregnable territory, with a race of valiant and victorious kings, and a God who (while they kept his ways) was a wall of fire against their enemies round about them; if the kings of the wilderness did them homage, and the lion-banner of David and Solomon was reflected at once from the Mediterranean and the Euphrates—it

[a] Letter dated Barrechar (Guzerât), March 14, 1825.

was, that the way of the Lord might be made known by their means upon earth, and that the saving health of the Messiah might become conspicuous to all nations.

'My brethren, it has pleased the Almighty, that the nation to which we ourselves belong, is a great, a valiant, and an understanding nation; it has pleased Him to give us an empire, on which the sun never sets—a commerce by which the remotest nations of the earth are become our allies, our tributaries, I had almost said our neighbours—and, by means (when regarded as human means, and distinct from His mysterious providence) so inadequate, as to excite our alarm as well as wonder, the sovereignty over these wide and populous heathen lands. But is it for *our* sakes that He has given us these good gifts, and wrought these great marvels in our favour? Are we not rather set up on high in the earth, that we may show forth the light by which we are guided, and be the honoured instruments of diffusing those blessings which we ourselves enjoy, through every land where our will is law, through every tribe where our wisdom is held in reverence, and in every distant isle which our winged vessels visit? If we value, then (as who does not value?), our renown among mankind; if we exult (as who can help exulting?) in the privileges which the providence of God has conferred on the British nation; if we are thankful (and God forbid we should be otherwise!) for the means of usefulness in our power; and if we love (as who does not love?) our native land, its greatness and prosperity,—let us see that we, each of us in our station, are promoting to the best of our power, by example, by exertion, by liberality, by the practice of Christian justice and every virtue, the extension of God's truth among men, and the honour of that holy name whereby we are called. There have been realms before as famous as our own, and (in relation to the then extent and riches of the civilized world) as powerful and as wealthy, of which the traveller sees nothing now but ruins in the midst of a wilderness, or where the mariner only finds a rock for fishers to spread their nets. Nineveh once reigned over the East; but where is Nineveh now? Tyre had once the commerce of the world; but what is become of Tyre? But if the repentance of Nineveh had been persevered in, her towers would have stood to this day. Had the daughter of Tyre brought her gifts to the Temple of God, she would have continued a Queen for ever.'

This visitation gave the Bishop an opportunity of ascertaining the state and wants of the Christian congregations in the

northern districts of his diocese, where in four principal places, Benares, Chunar, Merut, and Agra, he had the satisfaction of finding service performed, in Hindostanee, according to the Liturgy of the English Church; it also brought him acquainted with a race of men of a character far more manly than the Bengalese, dwelling, under native chiefs, among the mountains near Rajmahâl, in the province of Bahar—not divided into castes, indifferent to the idolatries of the plains, and on every account offering, as the Bishop thought, a very promising field for Christian teachers. He accordingly (by way of beginning) fixed a missionary at Boglipoor, a place affording local advantages for the establishment of schools, for learning the language, and becoming acquainted with the heads of these clans, who appear to be a primitive race, protected by their fastnesses from much contact or intercourse with the invaders that, from time to time, have made India their own. The Bishop entertained a very sanguine hope that a conversion of no ordinary extent would be thus effected, and regarded the beginning thus made as doubly important, on account of the connections which, in all probability, exist between these tribes and the Goands and other nations of Central India, whom they are said strongly to resemble in habits and character.

In a letter to one of his friends, written at the close of this extensive journey, the bishop distinctly expresses his satisfaction that he had never, in the whole course of it, turned either to the right hand or to the left for the sake of gratifying curiosity—that he had travelled in his episcopal capacity, and allowed no other objects to interfere with those which were pressed on him by the character of his functions. But no accomplished Englishman, far less a deeply-read and deeply-thinking scholar like Heber, could traverse these regions without having his attention called to many objects, which may not, at first sight, appear to have been, in his case, professional. The whole state and condition, however, of the Indian population, it was, in fact, most strictly and sacredly his duty to study; and how successfully he carried his talents to this object

we have in our power to show, by some passages from his MS. correspondence. The letter, from which we are about to quote, was written in March, 1825;[a] and addressed to one of his oldest and most intimate friends,—a gentleman, not of his own profession, but engaged in the business of the world, and the duties of a high public station. We offer no apology for citing largely from such a letter, written upon such a subject, and are sure our readers will require none. It is not often that the English public are permitted to listen to such a witness as Bishop Heber, upon the concerns of their Indian fellow-subjects. Poet as he was by nature, it is nevertheless true, that a highly philosophical cast of mind is apparent in all his writings upon political subjects. He was equally enabled to work out the most serious speculations of what may be termed Political Science, and at the same time to combine and compare those varieties of detailed facts, on which Political Science, if sound, will be found to depend.

'Though the greater part of the Company's provinces (except Kumaon) are by no means abundant in objects of natural beauty or curiosity, the prospect offering little else than an uniform plain of slovenly cultivation, yet, in the character and manners of the people, there is much which may be studied with interest and amusement; and in the yet-remaining specimen of oriental luxury and pomp at Lucknow; in the decayed, but most striking and romantic, magnificence of Delhi; and in the Taj-Mahal of Agra (doubtless one of the most beautiful buildings in the world), there is almost enough, even of themselves, to make it worth a man's while to cross the Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

'Since then, I have been in countries of a wilder character, comparatively seldom trodden by Europeans, exempt during the greater part of their history from the Mussulman yoke, and retaining accordingly a great deal of the simplicity of early Hindoo manners, without much of that solemn and pompous uniformity which the conquests of the House of Timur seem to have impressed on all classes of their subjects. Yet here there is much which is interesting and curious. The people, who are admirably

[a] This is the same letter from which we have already taken the description of Indian travelling.

described (though I think in too favourable colours) by Malcolm, in his Central India, are certainly a lively, animated, and warlike race of men, though, chiefly from their wretched government, and partly from their still more wretched religion, there is hardly any vice, either of slaves or robbers, to which they do not seem addicted. Yet such a state of society is at least curious, and resembles more the picture of Abyssinia as given by Bruce, than that of any other country which I have seen or read of; while here too there are many wild and woody scenes, which, though they want the glorious glaciers and peaks of the Himmalaya, do not fall short in natural beauty of some of the loveliest glens which we went through ten years ago in North Wales; and some very remarkable ruins, which, though greatly inferior as works of art to the Mussulman remains in Hindoostân Proper, are yet more curious than them, as being more different from anything which an European is accustomed to see or read of.

'One fact, indeed, during this journey has been impressed on my mind very forcibly—that the character and situation of the natives of these great countries are exceedingly little known, and in many instances grossly misrepresented, not only by the English public in general, but by a great proportion of those also who, though they have been in India, have taken their views of its population, manners, and productions from Calcutta, or at most from Bengal. I had always heard, and fully believed till I came to India, that it was a grievous crime, in the opinion of the Brahmins, to eat the flesh or shed the blood of any living creature whatever. I have now myself seen Brahmins of the highest caste cut off the heads of goats as a sacrifice to Doorga; and I know, from the testimony of Brahmins, as well as from other sources, that not only hecatombs of animals are often offered in this manner as a most meritorious act (a Rajah, about twenty-five years back, offered sixty thousand in one fortnight), but that any person, Brahmins not excepted, eats readily of the flesh of whatever has been offered up to one of their divinities; while among almost all the other castes, mutton, pork, fish, venison,—anything but beef and fowls,—are consumed as readily as in Europe. Again, I had heard all my life of the gentle and timid Hindoos, patient under injuries, servile to their superiors, &c. Now this is doubtless, to a certain extent, true of the Bengalese (who, by the way, are never reckoned among the nations of Hindoostân by those who speak the language of that country), and there are a great many people in Calcutta who

maintain, that all the natives of India are alike. But even in Bengal, gentle as the exterior manners of the people are, there are large districts close to Calcutta, where the work of carding, burning, ravishing, murder, and robbery, goes on as systematically, and in nearly the same manner, as in the worst part of Ireland; and on entering Hindoostân, properly so called, which, in the estimate of the natives, reaches from the Rajmahâl hills to Agra, and from the mountains of Kumaon to Bundelcund, I was struck and surprised to find a people equal in stature and strength to the average of European nations, despising rice and rice-eaters, feeding on wheat and barley-bread, exhibiting in their appearance, conversation, and habits of life, a grave, a proud, and decidedly a martial character, accustomed universally to the use of arms and athletic exercises from their cradles, and preferring, very greatly, military service to any other means of livelihood. This part of their character, but in a ruder and wilder form, and debased by much alloy of treachery and violence, is conspicuous in the smaller and less good-looking inhabitants of Rajpootam and Malwah; while the mountains and woods, wherever they occur, show specimens of a race entirely different from all these, and in a state of society scarcely elevated above the savages of New Holland, or New Zealand; and the inhabitants, I am assured, of the Deccan, and of the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, are as different from those which I have seen and from each other, as the French and Portuguese from the Greeks, Germans, or Poles. So idle is it to ascribe uniformity of character to the inhabitants of a country so extensive, and subdivided by so many almost impassable tracts of mountain and jungle, and so little do the majority of those whom I have seen deserve the gentle and imbecile character often assigned to them. . . . . .

'I met, not long since, with a speech by a leading member of the Scotch General Assembly, declaring his "conviction that the truths of Christianity could not be received by men in so rude a state as the East Indians, and that it was necessary to give them first a relish for the habits and comforts of civilized life before they could embrace the truths of the Gospel." The same slang (for it is nothing more) I have seen repeated in divers pamphlets, and even heard it in conversations in Calcutta. Yet, though it is certainly true that the lower classes of Indians are miserably poor, and that there are many extensive districts where, both among low and high, the laws are very little obeyed, and there is a great deal of robbery, oppression, and even ferocity, I know no part of the population,

except the mountain tribes already mentioned, who can with any propriety of language be called uncivilized. Of the unpropitious circumstances which I have mentioned, the former arises from a population continually pressing on the utmost limits of subsistence, and which is thus kept up, not by any dislike or indifference to a better diet, or more ample clothing, or more numerous ornaments, than now usually fall to the peasant's share (for, on the contrary, if he has the means, he is fonder of external show and a respectable appearance, than those of his rank in many nations of Europe), but by the foolish superstition, which Christianity only is likely to remove, which makes a parent regard it as unpropitious to allow his son to remain unmarried, and which couples together children of twelve or fourteen years of age. The second has its origin in the long-continued misfortunes and intestine wars of India, which are as yet too recent (even where their causes have ceased to exist) for the agitation which they occasioned to have entirely sunk into a calm. But to say that the Hindoos or Mussulmans are deficient in any essential feature of a civilized people, is an assertion which I can scarcely suppose to be made by any who have lived with them. Their manners are at least as pleasing and courteous as those in the corresponding stations of life among ourselves; their houses are larger, and, according to their wants and climate, to the full as convenient as ours; their architecture is at least as elegant; and though the worthy Scotch divine may, doubtless, wish their labourers to be clad in hoddin grey, and their gentry and merchants to wear powder and mottled stockings, like worthy Mr. —— and the other elders of his kirk-session, I really do not think that they would gain either in cleanliness, elegance or comfort, by exchanging a white cotton robe for the completest suit of dittos.

'Nor is it true that, in the mechanic arts, they are inferior to the general run of European nations. Where they fall short of *us* (which is chiefly in agricultural implements and the mechanics of common life), they are not, so far as I have understood of Italy and the South of France, surpassed in any great degree by the people of those countries. Their goldsmiths and weavers produce as beautiful fabrics as our own, and it is so far from true, that they are obstinately wedded to their old patterns, that they show an anxiety to imitate our models, and do imitate them very successfully. The ships built by native artists at Bombay are notoriously as good as any which sail from London or Liverpool. The carriages and gigs which they supply at Calcutta are as handsome, though not so dur-

able, as those of Long Acre. In the little town of Monghyr, three hundred miles from Calcutta, I had pistols, double-barrelled guns, and different pieces of cabinet-work brought down to my boat for sale, which in outward form (for I know no further), nobody but perhaps Mr. —— could detect to be of Hindoo origin; and at Delhi, in the shop of a wealthy native jeweller, I found brooches, ear-rings, snuff-boxes, &c., of the latest models (so far as I am a judge), and ornamented with French devices and mottos.

'The fact is, that there is a degree of intercourse maintained between this country and Europe, and a degree of information existing among the people as to what passes there, which, considering how few of them speak or read English, implies other channels of communication besides those which we supply, and respecting which I have been able as yet to obtain very little information.

'Among the presents sent last year to the supreme Government by the little State of Ladeh, in Chinese Tartary, some large sheets of gilt leather, stamped with the Russian eagle, were the most conspicuous. A traveller, who calls himself a Transylvanian, but who is shrewdly suspected of being a Russian spy, was, when I was in Kumaon, arrested by the commandant of one of our fortresses among the Himmalaya mountains; and, after all our pains to exclude foreigners from the service of the native princes, two Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour were found, about twelve months ago, and are still employed in, casting cannon, and drilling soldiers for the Seik Raja, Runjeet Singh. This, you will say, is no more than we should be prepared to expect; but you, probably, would not suppose (what I believe is little, if at all, known in Russia itself), that there is an ancient and still-frequented place of Hindoo pilgrimage not many miles from Moscow;[a]—or that the secretary of the Calcutta Bible Society received, ten months ago, an application (by whom translated I do not know, but in very tolerable English) from some priests on the shore of the Caspian sea, requesting a grant of Armenian Bibles. After this, you will be the less surprised to learn that the leading events of the late wars in Europe (particularly Buonaparte's victories) were often known, or at least rumoured, among the native merchants of Calcutta, before Government received any accounts from England; or that the suicide of an English minister (with the mistake, indeed, of its being Lord

[a] This is probably rather loosely said; that is, if, as we suspect, Bishop Heber alludes to the same place of which we have a description in Dr. Henderson's 'Russian Travels.' (See the article on that book in the 'Quarterly Review' for March, 1827, p. 363.)

Liverpool instead of the Marquis of Londonderry) had become a topic of conversation in the "Burra Bazaar" (the native exchange), for a fortnight before the arrival of any intelligence by the usual channels.

'With subjects thus inquisitive, and with such opportunities of information, it is apparent how little sense there is in the doctrine that we must keep the natives of Hindoostân in ignorance if we would continue to govern them. The fact is, that they know enough already to do us a great deal of mischief, if they should find it their interest to make the trial. They are in a fair way, by degrees, to acquire still more knowledge for themselves; and the question is, whether it is not the part of wisdom, as well as duty, to superintend and promote their education while it is yet in our power, and supply them with such knowledge as will be at once most harmless to ourselves and most useful to them.

'In this work the most important part is to give them a better religion. Knowing how strongly I feel on this subject, you will not be surprised at my placing it foremost. But even if Christianity were out of the question, and if, when I had wheeled away the rubbish of the old pagodas, I had nothing better than simple deism to erect in their stead, I should still feel some of the anxiety which now urges me. It is necessary to *see* idolatry, to be fully sensible of its mischievous effects on the human mind. But of all idolatries which I have ever read or heard of, the religion of the Hindoos, in which I have taken some pains to inform myself, really appears to me the worst, both in the degrading notions which it gives of the Deity; in the endless round of its burdensome ceremonies, which occupy the time and distract the thoughts, without either instructing or interesting its votaries; in the filthy acts of uncleanness and cruelty not only permitted but enjoined, and inseparably interwoven with those ceremonies; in the system of castes, a system which tends, more than anything else the Devil has yet invented, to destroy the feelings of general benevolence, and to make nine-tenths of mankind the hopeless slaves of the remainder; and in the total absence of any popular system of morals, or any single lesson, which the people at large ever hear, to live virtuously and do good to each other. I do not say, indeed, that there are not some scattered lessons of this kind to be found in their ancient books; but those books are neither accessible to the people at large, nor are these last permitted to read them; and, in general, all the sins which a Sudra is taught to fear, are, killing a cow,

offending a Brahmin, or neglecting one of the many frivolous rites by which their deities are supposed to be conciliated. Accordingly, though the general sobriety of the Hindoos (a virtue which they possess in common with most inhabitants of warm climates) affords a very great facility to the maintenance of public order and decorum, I really never have met with a race of men whose standard of morality is so low, who feel so little apparent shame in being detected in a falsehood, or so little interest in the sufferings of a neighbour not being of their own caste or family; whose ordinary and familiar conversation is so licentious; or, in the wilder and more lawless districts, who shed blood with so little repugnance. The good qualities which there are among them (and, thank God! there is a great deal of good among them still) are, in no instance that I am aware of, connected with, or arising out of, their religion, since it is in no instance to good deeds or virtuous habits of life that the future rewards in which they believe are promised. Their bravery, their fidelity to their employers, their temperance, and (wherever these are found) their humanity and gentleness of disposition, appear to arise exclusively from a natural happy temperament; from an honourable pride in their own renown, and the renown of their ancestors; and from the goodness of God, who seems unwilling that His image should be entirely defaced even in the midst of the grossest error. The Mussulmans have a far better creed; and, though they seldom either like the English or are liked by them, I am inclined to think, are, on the whole, a better people. Yet, even with them, the forms of their worship have a natural tendency to make men hypocrites, and the overweening contempt with which they are inspired for all the world beside, the degradation of their women by the system of polygamy, and the detestable crimes, which, owing to this degradation, are almost universal, are such as, even if I had no ulterior hope, would make me anxious to attract them to a better or more harmless system. In this work, thank God, in those parts of India which I have visited, a beginning has been made, and a degree of success obtained, at least commensurate to the few years during which our missionaries have laboured; and it is still going on, *in the best and safest way, as the work of private persons alone, and although not forbidden, in no degree encouraged, by Government.*

'In the meantime, and as an useful auxiliary to the missionaries, the establishment of elementary schools for the lower classes and for females is going on to a very great extent, and might be carried to

any conceivable extent to which our pecuniary means would carry us. Nor is there any measure from which I anticipate more speedy benefit than the elevation of the rising generation of females to their natural rank in society, and giving them (which is all that, in any of our schools, we as yet venture to give) the lessons of general morality extracted from the Gospel, without any direct religious instruction. These schools, such of them at least as I have any concern with, are carried on without any help from Government. Government has however been very liberal in its grants, both to a Society for National Education, and in the institution and support of two colleges of Hindoo students of riper age, the one at Benares, the other at Calcutta. But I do not think any of these institutions, in the way after which they are at present conducted, likely to do much good. In the elementary schools supported by the former, through a very causeless and ridiculous fear of giving offence to the natives, they have forbidden the use of the Scriptures, or any extracts from them, though the moral lessons of the Gospel are read by all Hindoos who can get hold of them, without scruple and with much attention; and though their exclusion is tantamount to excluding all moral instruction from their schools, the Hindoo sacred writings having nothing of the kind, and, if they had, being shut up from the majority of the people by the double fence of a dead language and an actual prohibition to read them, as too holy for common eyes or ears. The defects of the latter will appear when I have told you that the actual state of Hindoo and Mussulman literature, *mutatis mutandis*, very nearly resembles what the literature of Europe was before the time of Galileo, Copernicus, and Bacon. The Mussulmans take their Logic from Aristotle, filtered through many successive translations and commentaries, and their metaphysical system is professedly derived from Plato ("Filatoun"). The Hindoos have systems not very dissimilar from these, though, I am told, of greater length and more intricacy; but the studies in which they spend most time are the acquisition of the Sanscrit, and the endless refinements of its Grammar, Prosody, and Poetry. Both have the same Natural Philosophy, which is also that of Aristotle in Zoology and Botany, and Ptolemy in Astronomy, for which the Hindoos have forsaken their most ancient notions of the seven seas, the six earths, and the flat base of Padalon, supported on the back of a tortoise. By the science which they now possess, they are, some of them, able to foretell an eclipse or compose an almanac; and many of them

derive some little pecuniary advantage from pretensions to judicial astrology. In Medicine and Chemistry, they are just sufficiently advanced to talk of substances being moist, dry, hot, &c., in the third or fourth degree; to dissuade from letting blood or physicking on a Tuesday, or under a particular aspect of the heavens; and to be eager in their pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Immortality.

'The task of enlightening the studious youth of such a nation would seem to be a tolerably straightforward one. But though, for the college in Calcutta (not *Bishop's College* remember, but the Vidhalya, or Hindoo College), an expensive set of instruments has been sent out, and it seems intended that the natural sciences should be studied there, the Managers of the present institution take care that their boys should have as little time as possible for such pursuits, by requiring from them all without exception a laborious study of Sanscrit, and all the useless and worse than useless literature of their ancestors. A good deal of this has been charged (and in some little degree charged with justice) against the exclusive attention paid to Greek and Logic till lately in Oxford. But in Oxford we have never been guilty (since a better system was known in the world at large) of teaching the *Physics* of Aristotle, however we may have paid an excessive attention to his *Metaphysics* and *Dialectics*.—In Benares, however, I found, in the institution supported by Government, a professor lecturing on astronomy after the system of Ptolemy and Albumazar, while one of the most forward boys was at the pains of casting my horoscope; and the majority of the school were toiling at Sanscrit grammar. And yet, the day before, in the same holy city, I had visited another college, founded lately by a wealthy Hindoo banker, and entrusted by him to the management of the Church Missionary Society, in which, besides a grammatical knowledge of the Hindostanee language, as well as Persian and Arabic, the senior boys could pass a good examination in English grammar, in Hume's History of England, Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, the use of the globes, and the principal facts and moral precepts of the Gospel, most of them writing beautifully in the Persian, and very tolerably in the English, character, and excelling most boys I have met with in the accuracy and readiness of their arithmetic. The English officer who is now in charge of the Benares Vidhalya is a clever and candid young man, and under him I look forward to much improvement. . . . . Ram-Mohun-Roy, a learned native, who has

sometimes been called, though I fear without reason, a Christian, remonstrated against this system last year, in a paper which he sent to me to put into Lord Amherst's hands, and which, for its good English, good sense, and forcible argument, is a real curiosity, as coming from an Asiatic.'

In another part of the same letter, the Bishop treats incidentally of a topic, with their inattention to which both Professor Von Schlegel and his brother have bitterly reproached the English—the architectural antiquities of Hindoostân.

'I had myself (says he) heard much of these before I set out, and had met with many persons, both in Europe and at Calcutta (where nothing of the kind exists), who spoke of the present natives of India as a degenerate race, whose inability to rear such splendid piles was a proof that these last belong to a remote antiquity. I have seen, however, enough to convince me both that the Indian masons and architects of the present day only want patrons sufficiently wealthy or sufficiently zealous, to do all which their fathers have done, and that there are very few structures here which can, on any satisfactory grounds, be referred to a date so early as the greater part of our own cathedrals. Often, in Upper Hindoostân, and still more recently in Rajpootana and Malwah, I have met with new and unfinished shrines, cisterns, and ghâts, as beautifully carved and as well proportioned as the best of those of an earlier day. And though there are many buildings and ruins which exhibit a most venerable appearance, there are many causes in this country which give this appearance prematurely. In the first instance we ourselves have a complex impression made on us by the sight of edifices so distant from our own country, and so unlike whatever we have seen there. We multiply, as it were, the geographical and moral distance into the chronological, and can hardly persuade ourselves that we are contemporaries with an object so far removed in every other respect. Besides this, however, the firmest masonry in these climates is sorely tried by the alternate influence of a pulverizing sun, and a continued three months' rain. The wild fig-tree (*pupul* or *ficus religiosa*), which no Hindoo can root out, or even lop, without a deadly sin, soon sows its seeds and fixes its roots in the joints of the arching, and being of rapid growth, at the same time, and in a very few years, increases its picturesque and antique appearance, and secures its eventual destruction. Lastly, no man in this country repairs or

completes what his father has begun, preferring to begin something else by which his own name may be remembered. Accordingly, at Dacca are many fine ruins, which at first impressed me with a great idea of their age. Yet Dacca is a modern city, founded, or at least raised from insignificance, under Shah Jehanghir, in A.D. 1608; and the tradition of the place is, that these fine buildings were erected by European architects in the service of the then governor. At Benares, the principal temple has an appearance so venerable, that one might suppose it to have stood unaltered ever since the Treta Yug, and that Mena and Capila had performed austerities within its precincts. Yet it is historically certain that all the Hindoo temples of consequence in Benares were pulled down by Aurungzebe, the contemporary of Charles the Second, and that the present structure must have been raised since that time. The observatories of Benares, Delhi, and Jagpoor, I heard spoken of in the carelessness of conversation, not only as extremely curious in themselves (which they certainly are), but as monuments of the *ancient* science of the Hindoos. All three, however, are known to be the work of the Rajah Jye Singh, who died in 1742!

'A remote antiquity is, with better reason, claimed for some idols of black stone, and elegant columns of the same material, which have been collected in different parts of the districts of Rotas, Bulnem, &c.—These belong to the religion of a sect (the Boodhists) of which no remains are now found in those provinces. But I have myself seen images exactly similar in the newly-erected temple of the Jains, a sect of Boodhists, still wealthy and numerous in Guzerat, Rajpootana, and Malwah; and in a country where there is literally no history, it is impossible to say how long since, or how lately, they may have lost their ground in the more eastern parts of Gundwana.

'In the wilds which I have lately been traversing, at Chittore Ghur more particularly, there are some very beautiful buildings, of which the date was obviously assigned at random, and which might be five hundred or one thousand, or a hundred-and-fifty years old, for all their present guardians know about the matter. But it must be always borne in mind that one thousand years are just as easily said as ten, and that in the mouth of a Cicerone they are sometimes thought to sound rather better.

'The oldest things which I have seen, of which the date could be at all ascertained, are some detached blocks of marble, with inscriptions, but of no appalling remoteness; and two remarkable

pillars of black mixed metal, in a Patan forest near Delhi, and at Cuttab-Misar in the same neighbourhood; both covered with inscriptions, which nobody can now read, but both mentioned in Mussulman history as in their present situation at the time when "the Believers" conquered Delhi, about A.D. 1000. But what is this to the date of the Parthenon? Or how little can these trifling relics bear a comparison with the works of Greece and Egypt?

'Ellora and Elephanta I have not yet seen. I can believe all which is said of their size and magnificence; but they are without date or inscription: they are, I understand, not mentioned, even incidentally, in any Sanscrit MS. Their images, &c., are the same with those now worshipped in every part of India, and there have been many Rajahs and wealthy individuals in every age of Indian history who have possessed the means of carving a huge stone-quarry into a cathedral. To our cathedrals, after all, they are, I understand, very inferior in size. All which can be known is, that Elephanta must probably have been begun (whether it was ever finished seems very doubtful) before the arrival of the Portuguese at Bombay; and that Ellora may reasonably be concluded to have been erected in a time of peace under a Hindoo prince, and therefore either before the first Afghan conquest, or subsequently, during the recovered independence of that part of Candeish and the Deccan. This is no great matter certainly, and it *may* be older; but all I say is, that we have no reason to conclude it is so, and the impression on my mind decidedly accords with Mill—that the Hindoos, after all, though they have doubtless existed from very great antiquity as an industrious and civilized people, had made no great progress in the arts, and took all their notions of magnificence from the models furnished by their Mahometan conquerors.'

He closes this letter with some remarks on the Burmese war.—We must repeat the date—March 14, 1825:—

'We are now engaged, as you are aware, in a very expensive and tedious war, in countries whither the Mahometans were never able to penetrate. This tediousness, together with the partial reverses which the armies have sustained, have given rise to all manner of evil reports among the people of Hindoostân, and to a great deal of grumbling and discontent among the English. After all, I cannot myself perceive that there is anybody to blame. Everybody cried out for war in the first instance as necessary to the honour of the Government, and murmured greatly against Lord Amherst for not

being more ready than he was to commence it. Of the country which we were to invade, no intelligence could be obtained, and, in fact, our armies have had little to contend with except a most impracticable and unknown country. It is unfortunate, however, that after a year and half of war, we should, except in point of dear-bought experience, be no further advanced than at the beginning; and there are very serious grounds for apprehending that if any great calamity occurred in the East, a storm would follow on our North-western and Western frontier, which, with our present means, it would be by no means easy to allay. Something, however, has been gained: if we can do little harm to the Birmans, it is evident, from their conduct in the field, that, beyond their own jungles, they can do still less harm to us. And the inhabitants of Calcutta, who about this time last year, were asking leave to send their property into the citadel, and packing off their wives and children across the river, will hardly again look forward to seeing their war-boats on the salt-water lake, or the golden umbrellas of their chiefs erected on the top of St. John's Cathedral. I was then thought little better than a madman for venturing to Dacca. Now the members of Government are called all manner of names because their troops have found unexpected difficulty in marching to Ummerapoora.'

His sojourn at Bombay was rendered somewhat remarkable by the arrival, nearly at the same time, of a bishop from Antioch, to superintend that part of the Syrian Church which refuses allegiance to the Pope. After a suspension, for some years, of all intercourse with the country from which its faith originally sprung, and which in later times, by a fresh supply of ministers, had enabled it to throw off, in a great measure, the usurpations of the Church of Rome enforced by the Portuguese, it was now destined to rejoice once more in a nursing-father from Syria. The favourable disposition of this branch of the Syro-Malabaric Church towards our own had long been known. It is a curious fact, however, and one that may be new to our readers, that Principal Mill, in 1822, found their college and parochial schools at Cottayam, under the direction of three clergymen of the Church of England, who, without compromising their own views, gave no offence to the Metropolitan, who consulted and employed them; using for themselves and

their own families the English Liturgy in one of his chapels; and condemning by their silence those portions of the Syrian ritual which, as Protestants, they could not approve, and which they trusted the gradual influence of the knowledge they were helping to disseminate would at length, and by regular authority, undermine. Nor was this friendly feeling less conspicuous in the readiness with which Mar Athanasius (the Syrian prelate) attended the service at Bombay, according to the English forms, and received the communion at the hands of Bishop Heber. Neither was it likely to be diminished by a small viaticum for the prosecution of his journey to Malabar, and a donation to the poor students in theology at Cottayam, which the Bishop was enabled to bestow from the bounty of the Christian Knowledge Society,—an application of their funds which, if disproved—(he writes with his usual modesty and disinterestedness) 'I will most cheerfully replace.'

We think it right to quote a passage from another letter, addressed, while at Bombay, to the same correspondent to whom the Bishop wrote from *Burrecar*:—

'The attention of all India is fixed on the siege of Bhurtpore, in Rajpootana, on the event of which, far more than on anything which may happen in the Birman empire, the renown of the British arms, and the permanency of the British empire in Asia must depend. The Jâts are the finest people in bodily advantages and apparent martial spirit whom I have seen in India, and their country one of the most fertile and best cultivated. Having once beaten off Lord Lake from their city, they have ever since not only regarded themselves as invincible, but have been so esteemed by the greater part of the Mahrattas, Rajpoots, &c., who have always held up their example as the rallying point and main encouragement to resistance, insomuch that, even when I was passing through Malwah, "galantee shows," like those carried about by the Savoyards, were exhibited at the fairs and in the towns of that wild district, which displayed, among other patriotic and popular scenes, the red-coats driven back in dismay from the ramparts, and the victorious Jâts pursuing them sabre in hand. Their fortress, too, has really all the advantages which can arise from an excellent situation, an imposing profile, a deep and wide ditch, a good show of cannon, and a very numerous and hardy

garrison; while the means which Sir D. Ochterlony has been able to collect against it, though really far more considerable than could, under all circumstances, have been expected, are described in a letter from General Reynell as *very barely* adequate to all which they have to do,—and the present intensely hot season is a circumstance greatly unfavourable. Still I do not find that any of my military acquaintance despond. On the contrary, they all appear to rejoice at the opportunity offered for effacing the former very injurious impression which had been made by Lord Lake's failure, though they admit that, should our army fail again, few events would go so near to fulfil the shouts of the mob a few months back in the streets of Delhi:—"Company ka raj ho guia!" "The rule of the Company is at an end." Meantime, heartily as I desire the success of our arms,—and the more so because the cause, I believe, is really a just one,—I am very sorry for the Jâts themselves, with whose rough independent manner I was much pleased, and who showed me all possible civilities and hospitality in passing through their country. . . . . But this is one among many proofs which have fallen under my notice, how impossible it is to govern these remote provinces from Calcutta, and how desirable it is to establish a separate presidency for Northern and Central India, either at Agra, Meerut, or perhaps Saugur.'—*Letter dated Bombay, May* 10, 1825.

Ceylon, which Heber next visited, might seem to be a Paradise on earth. Gentle undulations of what in England might be called well-dressed lawn (we speak of the S. W. quarter)—rivers rapid, deep, clear—cocoa-palms peeping forth from vast tracts of jungle, and marking to an experienced eye the site of some sequestered village—mountain sierras of no inconsiderable height, and of shapes the most fantastic—plants of all hues, the choicest ornaments of an English hot-house—precious stones of every variety, unless, perhaps, the emerald—such are some of the riches of Ceylon. But the picture has its deep shadows. Along the borders of those romantic streams there lurks an air, that no man can breathe long, and live;—a fact the more remarkable, as the tanks or standing pools of the same country are said to exhale an atmosphere of health, and to one of these Kandy has been supposed to owe its comparative salubrity. Snakes and other reptiles are so abundant,

so active, and so deadly, that but few birds are seen, and, for the songsters of an English grove, the traveller must be content to receive in exchange 'apes that mow and chatter at him,' as if the island were Prospero's. Female infanticide is reported to prevail in some districts to a considerable extent—and we can easily believe this of a country in which several brothers of the same family are accustomed to share the same wife; and, to crown all, at night the blaze of the sacrifice, the dance, and the drum, proclaim that those who worship at all, worship the devil. Yet, with all this, the island holds out a prospect of better things. The noble experiment of Sir Alexander Johnstone, as to the introduction of a species of jury trial, appears to have been crowned with most encouraging success. The prejudice of caste is far less powerful than on the Continent; and the Dutch had long ago established in it a system of parochial schools and parochial preaching, which, though for some time fallen into decay, the Bishop hoped, with the concurrence of Government, which he solicited, to restore to more than former usefulness, and connect with the national church. Meanwhile, as a secondary measure, he moved the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to establish one or more central schools in the island, for the board and education of a certain number of native Christian youths, who might thus be qualified to act as schoolmasters; and, in case of promising talents, become recruits for the college at Calcutta, thence to return in due time, and shed blessings on their native island. Before quitting Ceylon, the Bishop paid a visit to Kandy—a spot where the honour of England suffered a stain, and which our troops must have taken possession of once more, with feelings not unlike those of the army of Germanicus, when they reached the secluded scene where the legions of Varus had left their bones to whiten. Little, indeed, could it have been thought twelve years before, that a capital which was then the den of the most blood-thirsty and treacherous savage that ever disgraced a throne, and in whom, if his subjects must needs have a devil to adore, they might have found him to their hands, was destined so

soon to be the peaceful abode of a Christian minister, and the resting-place of a most Christian Bishop.

After an absence of about fifteen months, in October, 1825, he again arrived at Calcutta, where he remained long enough to make his reports to England—to preside at meetings where his presence was required—to hold an ordination, and, what was of no small importance, to promote the building of a church in the native town at Calcutta, where service might be performed by the missionaries on the spot, or in the neighbourhood, in the Bengalee and Hindostanee languages, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England. Such a measure had been adopted elsewhere with the happiest effects, amongst the Hindoos, a people remarkably alive to what is graceful and decorous in external worship; and here, it was hoped, might prevent the few right ideas, which the youths had gathered at the schools, or in the perusal of Christian books, from being entirely effaced by the idolatrous practices they were daily condemned to witness.

This done, the Bishop hastened to Madras, a presidency which he had reserved for a separate visitation, and wherein it was ordained that he should end his course. On Good Friday, he preached at Combaconum; on the crucifixion; and on Easter Sunday, at Tanjore, on the resurrection. The day following he held a confirmation at the same place; and in the evening delivered an address to the assembled missionaries, as he stood near the grave of Schwartz, a name which he had ever venerated. He arrived at Trichinopoly on the first of April, 1826, and the same evening wrote a letter, of which the following is a part:—

'I have been passing the last four days in the society of a Hindoo Prince, the Rajah of Tanjore, who quotes Fourcroy, Lavoisier, Linnæus, and Buffon, as fluently as Lady Morgan—has formed a more accurate judgment of the poetical merits of Shakspeare than that so felicitously expressed by Lord Byron—and has actually emitted English poetry very superior indeed to Rousseau's Epitaph on Shenstone—at the same time that he is much respected by the English officers in his neighbourhood as a real good judge of a

horse, and a cool, bold, and deadly shot at a tiger. The truth is, that he is an extraordinary man, who, having in early youth received such an education as old Schwartz, the celebrated Missionary, could give him, has ever since continued, in the midst of many disadvantages, to preserve his taste for, and extend his knowledge of, European literature, while he has never neglected the active exercises and frank soldierly bearing which become the descendant of the old Mahratta conquerors, and by which only, in the present state of things, he has it in his power to gratify the prejudices of his people, and prolong his popularity among them. Had he lived in the days of Hyder, he would have been a formidable ally or enemy, for he is, by the testimony of all in his neighbourhood, bold, popular, and insinuating. At present, with less power than an English nobleman, he holds his head high, and appears contented; and the print of Buonaparte which hangs in his library is so neutralized by that of Lord Hastings in full costume, that it can do no harm to anybody. . . . . To finish the portrait of Maha Rajah Sarbojee, I should tell you that he is a strong-built and very handsome middle-aged man, with eyes and nose like a fine hawk, and very bushy gray mustachios—generally very splendidly dressed, but with no effeminacy of ornament, and looking and talking more like a favourable specimen of a French general officer than any other object of comparison which occurs to me. His son, Rajah Sewajee (so named after their great ancestor), is a pale, sickly lad of seventeen, who also speaks English, but imperfectly, and on whose account his father lamented, with much apparent concern, the impossibility which he had found of obtaining any tolerable instruction in Tanjore. I was moved at this, and offered to take him with me in my present tour, and afterwards to Calcutta, where he might have apartments in my house, and be introduced into good English society; at the same time, that I would superintend his studies, and procure for him the best masters which India affords. The father and son, in different ways, the one catching at the idea with great eagerness, the other as if he were afraid to say all he wished, seemed both very well pleased with the proposal. Both, however, on consulting together, expressed a doubt of the mother's concurrence; and, accordingly, next day, I had a very civil message, through the Resident, that the Ranee had already lost two sons; that this survivor was a sickly boy; that she was sure he would not come back alive, and it would kill her to part with him; but that all the family joined in gratitude, &c., &c.

'So poor Sewajee must chew betel, and sit in the zenanah, and pursue the other amusements of the common race of Hindoo Princes, until he is gathered to those heroic forms, who, girded with long swords, with hawks on their wrists, and garments like those of the king of spades (whose portrait-painter, as I guess, has been retained for this family), adorn the principal room in the palace. Sarbojee (the father) has not trusted his own immortality to records like these; he has put up a colossal marble statue of himself by Flaxman, in one of his halls of audience, and his figure is introduced on the monument (also by Flaxman) which he has raised in the mission church to the memory of his tutor, Schwartz, as grasping the hand of the dying saint, and receiving his blessing.

'Of Schwartz and his fifty years' labour among the Heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity which he acquired, both with Mussulmans, Hindoos, and contending European Governments, I need give you no account, except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the south of India. I used to suspect that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character, that he was too much of a political prophet, and that the veneration which the heathen paid, and still pay him (and which, indeed, almost regards him as a superior being, putting crowns and burning lights before his statue), was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless (as he was one of the most successful) missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard to money is nothing; he was perfectly careless of power, and renown never seemed to affect him even so far as to induce an outward show of humility. His temper was perfectly simple, open, and cheerful; and in his political negotiations (employments which he never sought, but which fell in his way) he never pretended to impartiality, but acted as the avowed, though certainly the successful and judicious agent of the orphan prince entrusted to his care, and from attempting whose conversion to Christianity he seems to have abstained, from a feeling of honour. His other converts were between six and seven thousand, besides those which his predecessors and companions in the cause had brought over. The number is gradually increasing, and there are now in the south of India about two hundred Protestant congregations, the numbers of which have been sometimes vaguely

stated at forty thousand. I doubt whether they reach fifteen thousand; but even this, all things considered, is a great number. The Roman Catholics are considerably more numerous, but belong to a lower caste of Indians (for even these Christians retain many prejudices of caste), and in point of knowledge and morality, are said to be extremely inferior.

'The Brahmins, being limited to voluntary votaries, have now often very hard work to speed the ponderous wheels of Suon and Bali through the deep lanes of this fertile country. This is, however, still the most favoured land of Brahminism, and the temples are larger and more beautiful than any which I have seen in Northern India. They are also decidedly older; but as to their very remote age, I am still incredulous.'

The date of this letter gives it a melancholy interest. It was probably the last that this admirable man wrote. Next day being Sunday, he again preached and confirmed, a rite which he administered once more on Monday morning in the Fort Church. He returned home to breakfast; but before sitting down, took a cold-bath, as he had done the two preceding days. His attendant, thinking that he stayed more than the usual time, entered the apartment, and found the body at the bottom of the water, with the face downwards. The usual restoratives of bleeding, friction, and inflating the lungs, were instantly tried, but life was gone, and, on opening the head, it was discovered that a vessel had burst on the brain, in consequence, as the medical men agreed, of the sudden plunge into the water whilst he was warm and exhausted. His remains were deposited, with every mark of respect and unfeigned sorrow, on the north side of the altar of St. John's Church at Trichinopoly.

The disastrous intelligence of his decease was communicated with every caution to his unfortunate widow (who had been left at Calcutta with her two children) by her relation, Lord Combermere. She is left to mourn an irreparable loss, but not without that resignation and acquiescence in the will of Providence, which the precepts and example of her husband were so calculated to inspire and confirm in her mind.

True it is that an apparent accident was the immediate cause

of the abrupt termination of the Bishop's life, but it may well be thought that his constitution was becoming more frail and susceptible of injury through his unremitted exertions—exertions which he was led to make by habits formed in a more temperate climate—by a fear which beset him of sinking into that supineness which a residence in India is so apt to engender and by a spirit thoroughly interested in the pursuit of the great object before him. So long as this immense portion of the globe, extending from St. Helena to New Holland, is consigned to the ecclesiastical superintendence of one man, and that one man is not deterred from doing his best by the impossibility of doing much, it is to be feared there must be a certain waste of valuable life; for what European, arriving in India at the age which a bishop has usually reached before he obtains his appointment, is likely to preserve his health long, in the midst of the disquietudes attending a new establishment —remote from the mother-country—incomplete in its subordinate parts—in its fruits perpetually disappointing the hopes and efforts of the labourer—whilst to all this must be added, the extreme difficulty (to say the least of it) of timing all the journies right, where so many, and of such length, must be made, and of always selecting for them those seasons of the year, and those hours of the day, which are least deadly.[a]

Thus died this faithful servant of God, in the 43rd year of his age, and the third of his episcopacy, labouring to the last in the cause that was nearest his heart, and, like Fletcher of Madely, almost expiring in the very act of duty. The world may honour his memory as it will, though such as were best acquainted with him can scarcely hope that it should do him justice—for he had attached himself to no party, either in church or state, and therefore had secured no party-advocates, and of forms, by which mankind at large (for the want of less fallacious means of estimating character) are almost compelled to abide, he was not, perhaps, a very diligent observer:

[a] We are happy to learn, as this is going through the press, that India is about to be divided into several separate dioceses.

but in India a strong sense of his worth has manifested itself, as it were, by acclamation. At Madras, a meeting was held, a few days after his death, in the Government Gardens, the excellent Sir Thomas Munro in the chair, where to say that lamentation was made over him would be a weak word—there was a burst of affectionate feeling, which proves, were proof wanting, how grievous a loss the cause of Christianity has sustained in the removal of an advocate whose heart and head were equally fitted to recommend it. A subscription was forthwith commenced on a scale of Indian munificence, for a monument, to be erected to him in St. George's Church; and this was taken up with the warmest zeal everywhere, and among all ranks and conditions of men throughout the presidency.[a] At Bombay it was determined to found a scholarship for that presidency, at the college at Calcutta, to be called Bishop Heber's Scholarship—a testimony of respect the most appropriate that could have been devised; and examples so generous have not been lost upon the capital of Bengal.

It is very pleasing to hear all this. Still, none could know him truly as he was, without visiting (as we have often done) the parish where he had chiefly resided from his childhood upwards—where he had been seen as the son, the husband, the father, the brother, the master, above all, as the shepherd of the flock. There, we are told, the tidings of his death were received by all as if each had lost a personal friend; and though a considerable interval had elapsed since he bade them farewell, their sorrow was as fresh as if he had just breathed his last under that roof which, in doubt, in difficulty, and in distress, had so frequently been their refuge. These are arguments of his worth the most genuine that can be offered, and which it would now be injurious to suppress; others may speak of the richness of his conversation, the playfulness of his fancy, the delicacy of his taste, of the almost unequalled vigour and retentiveness of his memory, which, had it not been over-

[a] The *native* subscriptions in the lists are numerous, beyond what we could have believed.

shadowed by higher intellectual qualities, would alone have constituted him an extraordinary man—of that memory which always supplied him with the apposite quotation, the suitable illustration, the decisive authority—but it has been the main object of these pages (however imperfectly attained) to discover something of 'the hidden man of the heart,' and to hold out to those who cannot hope to rival the high endowments of Bishop Heber, or to follow him in the public and splendid parts of his career, the imitation of those virtues which the under-current, as well as the palpable course, of his life presented—of his charity, his humility, his abandonment of every selfish feeling, his piety, at once enthusiastic and practical, exhibited in the unobtrusive and heartfelt purity of his own life, and in the tempered fervour and happy fruits of his labours as a minister of the Gospel.

II.—MILTON.

(JUNE, 1827.)

WE are sorry to be opposed on any occasion to the authority of the learned and venerable Bishop of Salisbury; but that the recently-discovered 'Treatise of Christian Doctrine' is the long-lost work of Milton, appears to be now established beyond all controversy. By evidence from the state-paper office, brought to light since Dr. Sumner's translation appeared, and incorporated in the present edition of Mr. Todd's Life of the great poet, it seems that Daniel Skinner, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and probably nephew of Cyriack, consigned such a treatise, together with Milton's state-letters, to the hands of Elzevir, to be printed at Amsterdam—that Elzevir declined publishing them, as containing things which, in his opinion, had better be suppressed, and wrote to that effect to Sir Joseph Williamson, then one of the secretaries of state—that meanwhile Dr. Barrow, the master of Trinity, sent a peremptory order to Skinner, who was at Paris, to repair immediately to college, and to desist from making public 'any writing mischievous to church or state,' on pain of forfeiting his fellowship;' and, by a conjecture, almost amounting to certainty, it is supposed, that the said Daniel Skinner did; in

* *The Poetical Works of John Milton; with Notes of various Authors.* The Third Edition. With other Illustrations, and with *Some Account of the Life and Writings of Milton;* derived principally from Documents in His Majesty's State-Paper Office, now first published. By the Rev. H. J. Todd, &c. 6 vols. 8vo.

obedience to this summons, return to England, and deliver up the suspected papers to the secretary.

It was natural enough that the exhumation of such a work should again direct the attention of the world more particularly to the writings of its illustrious author; and that, after the lapse of a century and a half, we should look on the relic with the feelings of the Roman peasant whose ploughshare happened to turn up the bones of his forefathers, and, with him, wonder at the gigantic stature of the men who lived in the civil wars.

Still we must not suffer a great name to lead us astray—'Unusquisque valeat in arte suâ.'—Cicero was an admirable orator, yet a very ordinary writer of verse; and Sir Isaac Newton is pronounced, by no mean authority, to have been, out of his own province, but a common man. Whilst we bow, therefore, to Milton as the poet—in Milton as a divine or a statesman we can only see a visionary; and cannot but think that, to assert his merits in these latter departments, is to come forward (if we may use the words of a great master of eloquence) 'with hymns and cymbals to adore the mighty luminary when he is suffering an eclipse.'

The character of Milton, long as it has been before the world, has, until lately, been but partially understood. It is not to be gathered from his poetry alone, and his prose (vigorous as some of it is) has been little studied; nor indeed are his views on many points so fully developed in any of his former works as in this most curious 'Treatise of Christian Doctrine.' In him we now possess, filled up with all the accuracy of detail, a magnificent specimen of the Puritan in his least offensive form; the fervour, the devotion, the honest indignation, the moral fearlessness, the uncompromising impetuosity, the fantastic imagination of the party, all conspicuous; unalloyed, however, by the hypocrisy, the vulgarity, the cant, the cunning, and bad taste which have so generally made the name to stink in the nostrils of men.

It is only by the study of individuals that we can make a tolerable estimate of the merits and defects of a body of men,

which is one of the most remarkable in our annals, and which has not left itself without witness in the civil, religious, and even domestic relations of our country, to this very day. Happily materials for forming such a judgment are abundantly supplied in the fruitful biography of those times: for ill indeed should we fare were we compelled to put our trust in the professed historian of Non-Conformity. With Neal, we must even walk like Agag, when suspicious of danger, '*delicately*.' He may not always directly assert what is false, but he perpetually suppresses what is true—where he has not the boldness to make a charge, he can imply a suspicion—where a plain tale would set him or his party down, he can be ambiguous as an oracle, prepared with one sense to mislead his reader, with another to save himself. It would be at least as fair to go to Hudibras or Drunken Barnaby for a picture of a Non-Conformist, as to trust to Neal for that of a Churchman. With him, every refractory freak of a Puritan is a struggle of conscience, and every act of resistance in a bishop an argument of bigotry. The one the most reasonable, the other the most narrow-minded of men, the scruples of the Roundhead are to be treated with tenderness, as respectable and innocent, those of the ecclesiastic to be over-ruled as mere cloaks to ambition and avarice; the crazy projects of the one are so many instances of lofty and seraphical virtue, the prudential considerations of the other are low, time-serving, and earthly.

That many amongst the Puritans acted in the most perfect sincerity of heart, there can be no dispute. They no doubt believed that the doctrines they taught, and the schemes they proposed, were for the best—and the same may be said of most of the inmates of Bedlam. Certain, however, it is, that had it fallen to their lot to conduct the Reformation under Elizabeth, the great cause would have run infinite risk of miscarriage. That arbitrary monarch had a leaning towards Rome in almost everything but the doctrine of papal supremacy. To the real presence she was understood to have no objection; the celibacy of the clergy she decidedly approved; the gorgeous rites of the ancient form of worship she admired,

and in her own chapel, retained. There wanted little but a Sampson or a Cartwright at the head of affairs at this critical period, instead of a Parker or a Whitgift, to put out the candle that old Latimer had lighted, and to sacrifice the substantial interests of religion to a cope and surplice.

Those, truly, were days when gnats were strained at and camels swallowed; else it should seem strange indeed, that persons who could not tolerate a piece of innocent Irish linen because it had decorated the shoulders of a priest, should find no qualms at abandoning their congregations (which was often the alternative) to that very priest in disguise; or that men, who in all things professed to take the Scriptures for their guide, should have forgotten that those very Scriptures do not require us to consult the conscience of every capricious humorist—that St. Paul would not circumcise Titus to please the captious brethren, nor our Lord himself forbid his disciples to eat with unwashen hands, or to pluck ears of corn on the Sabbath, for fear of giving offence to those who had no right to be offended.

It is most true that we owe much of the present beauty of our constitution to this rigid scrupulosity; and so it is true, that we owe much of the present beauty of our metropolis to the great fire; yet small praise is due to the element itself, in either case, for the good of which it was the accidental cause. Out of the fury of the flames arose spacious and regular streets; out of the commotions of the zealots the Bill of Rights and Act of Toleration. But we should feel more grateful for the benefit, did we perceive less selfishness in the benefactor. The Puritans, like many others, were just patriots enough to struggle manfully for the possession of power, and to keep it carefully in their own hands when they had got possession. Tithes, pluralities, the disabilities of dissenters, and the restrictions of the press, were the *anathema maranatha* of the conscientious Presbyterian in distress. No sooner is it his turn to be king, than he seizes for himself benefices with both hands, preaches extirpation of schism, and the necessity of a censorship; in short (as Swift says), 'gets

on a horse and eats custard,' with as few compunctious visitings as the worst of those whom he had supplanted. The scene again changes, and enter the Independents—men who had been, of all others, the most clamorous for liberty, and most abusive of the parliament for their cruelty to the king—and how do they act? Scarcely are they firm in their seats, before they publish their repentance of their former clemency; cry God mercy for their kindness to a forlorn and fallen monarch; confess that they were under a temptation, deprive him of his chaplains, and cut off his head.

If Cromwell himself was more magnanimous than his party, it was probably from policy rather than principle—more from expansion of head than of heart, though that heart was not always dead to kinder impulses. It is certain that he sanctioned some measures of gross oppression and intolerance (that of the Tryers for instance), where he could so act without dread of consequences. Like Frederick of Prussia, however, he in general felt himself above the fear of 'paper pellets,' or divisions of the people: he kept aloof, with the lion in the fable, till the contending bulls had exhausted one another, and then he well knew the spoil would be his own.—It was his strength to sit still.

After the defeat of Worcester (the period when the lord-general began to know his own purposes, and to discover that the vision which flitted before him 'the semblance of a kingly crown had on'), the Royalists lay grovelling and prostrate; they, therefore, might be safely neglected. The Presbyterians, who had been made drunk by success, only needed to be left to themselves, that they might uncover yet more of their own nakedness, and sink themselves into a contempt that should render them harmless, by the gross inconsistency of their practice with their professions—'the latter end of their commonwealth most grievously forgetting the beginning.' The Independents, the friends of the usurper, whilst he allowed every man to vent what nonsense and run into what extravagances he pleased, would have soon discovered that he no longer wielded 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' had he

used it to suppress those fantastic movements amongst them, which, as many believed, and many more affected to believe, were the suggestions of the Spirit. To constrain them was, therefore, no policy for him. They were fulminating balls, which would be quiet till they were crushed. Indeed, of the explosive materials of which this latter body consisted, it is difficult to form a notion in these less tumultuous times. Every man amongst them thought for himself, and probably no ten men of them all thought alike. If the world could have been emptied of all but John Lilburne (it was said by Judge Jenkins), John would have quarrelled with Lilburne, and Lilburne with John. Each individual had his peculiar political or religious nostrum at the service of his friends, who wondered in their turn that he could be so absurd as not to see the superiority of their own. It would be as rational, therefore, to produce the single brick for the sample of a house, as the single Independent for that of the party to which he belonged. In every sense of the word, both as politicians and divines, their name was 'Legion.' Nevertheless, as it is only by an induction of particulars that we can come to a general conclusion, we shall venture to attempt one portrait, out of many belonging to this heterogeneous body; and at the same time, by collecting our facts from his several writings, and bringing them together, endeavour to show at a single view the British constitution in church and state, as it would have come fresh from the hands of the Arch-Puritan, John Milton. We commend it to those who look to this great poet for maxims of practical wisdom in the affairs of men; declaring for ourselves, that we know not where a parallel case can be found to its extravagance, unless it be in the projects of some of the male and female reformers in Aristophanes, the notable commonwealth of Gonzalo, or, perhaps, in those still more insane burlesques, the prize-constitutions of the Harrington Club.

Detesting, as we do from our hearts, much of the conduct of the Parliament, we should equally scorn to justify every act of King Charles: yet this we cannot help remarking, that whatever disposition he might have had to conciliate and satisfy

his people, his people were not in a condition to be satisfied or conciliated. He would have had as much chance of success as the Sicilians, when in terms the most insinuating they coax Mount Ætna to abstain from an eruption: a crisis was at hand which had been in preparation through several reigns, and which no wisdom on the part of this unfortunate man could have warded off. Charles committed errors, no doubt; no doubt he struggled hard to retain that which he honestly believed he had inherited—the possession of absolute power: it was natural that he should; but, to make him and his obstinacy responsible for the great rebellion, is to argue without any reference to the temper of the people he had to rule. The elements of society were as ungovernable as the winds. The picture of the mental commotion in England, which Milton draws in his 'Areopagitica,' is truly appalling.

'Behold,' says he, 'this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with its protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present as with their homage and their fealty the approaching Reformation:—others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement; what could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?'

It is an easy matter for modern patriots sitting over their claret and filling a bumper to the 'Constitution,' to bring heavy charges of delinquency against Charles; but we must remind them that the Constitution, as it now is, even in theory, would have been far from satisfying the cravings of that unhappy monarch's subjects, who partook, in a very remarkable degree, of the taste of the horse-leech's daughters. That the king should have a negative voice on the decisions of his parliament, Milton treats as a mere chimæra,—or that a law

should not be binding without the consent of the Lords,—or that taxes cannot be legally levied by the Commons alone.[a] But we need not stay to examine how Milton read the constitution, as it had been: it is better to proceed, as we promised, and set forth what he wished it to be for the time to come.

The Miltonian government of England, then, is to consist of a grand council, elected by the people, and supplied from time to time with new members, as vacancies may occur, but in itself perpetual. It is curious, however, and it is a fact which it would be unfair to supress, that the poet's plan of election is that recently adopted, with some modifications, in France,—

'which does not commit all to the noise and shouting of a rude multitude, but permits only those of them who are rightly qualified to nominate as many as they will, and out of that number others of a better breeding to choose a less number more judiciously, till, after a third or fourth sifting, or refining of exactest choice, they only be left chosen who are the due number, and seem by most voices the worthiest?'

Nor is it less singular that he suggests, in case objection be made to a *permanent* council, the annual retirement of a third part of the senators, according to the precedence of their election, a provision which, like the former, has been admitted by the French, though not exactly in the proportion here assigned, and of which David Hume is commonly supposed to have originated the idea. Meanwhile, every county is to be erected into a separate and subordinate republic, the chief town being the seat of the local government, whither the gentry who compose it may resort, to appoint their own judges, model their own courts, and execute their own laws in their own way, without revision and without appeal—a plan in some sort resembling what has been adopted in the United States of North America.

Should the grand council propose enactments affecting the

[a] Vol. i. p. 405, Iconoclast; vol. ii. p. 212, Defence, &c.; vol. ii. p. 222, Burnett's abridged edition.

country at large, it shall be left to these lesser commonwealths to express, within a limited time, their assent or dissent, so as to be bound, however, by the opinion of the majority of the shires. The specific nature of the changes which Milton contemplated in the laws of the land does not fully appear: it seems probable, however, from a passage in the 'Sampson Agonistes,' that in this he would have gone hand-in-hand with Ludlow, making a clear stage in the constitution, sweeping away all existing statutes, and so giving room for others more conformable to the new order of things—the sin of *omission* being that which he has the modesty to think brought upon the saints their political reverses and the indignation of heaven.[a]

The question of the Church is to be disposed of next, a subject upon which he explains himself in yet more ample detail. Now, the bishops having been found to infect religion with the 'dead palsy,' the clergy in general being 'hirelings and grievous wolves,' and their proctors a 'hell-pestering rabble,' it is high time that these should be all done away. It being possible, however, that ministers may not be found ready to teach for nothing (which is much to be desired, and the primitive practice), tithes, moreover, being 'unjust and scandalous,' and all fees 'accursed and simoniacal,' it remains for the clergy to depend for support on the voluntary alms of their hearers; but, it being hard, and altogether contrary to the freedom of the gospel, that people should go to their own parish church, where they might possibly sit with as much profit as 'the sheep in their pews at Smithfield,' they are to follow whom they will, and bestow their charity on him they like best. Here, however, it occurs that, under such a dispensation, some luckless mar-texts might be left without sheep or shearing: to them, therefore, it is humanely suggested that they may go preaching through the villages, where their

[a] 'Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high;
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission.'—v. 690.

audience will be less critical, or add to their pastoral charge the more lucrative functions of tradesmen, surgeons, bricklayers, and carpenters.—(*C. D.* 489. v. i. 169. Burnett's edition.) Thus would they resemble St. Paul, at least by working with their own hands, and (in the characteristic language of the great anti-puritan divine) have the advantage of 'being able to *drive the nail home,* in the literal sense, and to *make* a pulpit before they preach in it.'

It may be true that, under such a system, the learning of the church would be but scanty; ecclesiastical literature, however, is worthless, or worse, for 'whatsoever time, or the heedless hand of blind chance hath drawn down from of old in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shells or shrubs, unpicked, unchosen—these are the Fathers.' The study of the Fathers, therefore, may be safely dismissed; it is enough that the Bible be read without comment, without prejudice, and without fear. Then will it be perceived that the great doctrine of *Christian liberty* is the master-key of the whole: use this, and it will be found that the minister needs no call besides the consciousness of gifts within him—no interpreter besides his own assurance of the truth. Let him be fully persuaded of any proposition in his own mind, and it is enough: even the Scripture may deceive him, for its text may be corrupt—the Spirit cannot, for its characters are pourtrayed fresh from the finger of God. The evidence, therefore, of his own heart is the paramount evidence of all.

> 'He who receives
> Light from above, from the fountain of light,
> No other doctrine needs, though granted true.'
> *P. R.* iv. 290. *C. D.* 476.

The Scriptures being yet further opened by the same key of Christian liberty, it will be manifest that prayers are not to be circumscribed by place or time, by church or Sabbath, all situations and all seasons being equally suitable—that set forms of devotion are to make way for extempore effusions, the Lord's Prayer itself being intended rather to be copied in

its spirit than used in its letter—that acts of self-denial and bodily mortification profit not, and therefore are to be discarded as onerous—that the whole law of Moses, moral as well as ceremonial, the Decalogue no less than the ritual, is abolished, and that the love of God, and of our neighbour, enjoined in general terms, and admitting of an enlarged and liberal interpretation, has superseded all specific injunctions—that marriage is to be disencumbered of its inconvenient restrictions, and a greater latitude allowed it, the unmeetness of the parties being a satisfactory ground of divorce, and the niggardly allowance of one wife at a time being a frivolous and vexatious regulation.[a]

Measures, however, so novel, and so much in advance of the times, require a corresponding change in the system of education. Our universities and public schools, therefore, are to give place to 'spacious houses fit for academies,' one of which is to be established in every city, offering a wholesome and happy nurture to our youth, instead of that 'asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age.' Here will every stripling, by the time he is one-and-twenty, have read more Latin and Greek authors than, perhaps, the most veteran scholar in these degenerate days: he will, besides, have mastered the Italian, the Hebrew, the Chaldee, and Syrian at 'odd hours.' He will have made himself, in his school-room and play-ground, a complete farmer, architect, engineer, sportsman, apothecary, anatomist, lawgiver, philosopher, general officer of cavalry, skilled in 'embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging, and battering,' equal to the command of an army the moment he has escaped from the rod; and thus will he prove himself, 'in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, no poor, shaken, uncertain reed, of such a tottering conscience as many great counsellors show themselves, but a steadfast pillar of the state.'[b]

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[a] We wish we could afford room for quoting at length the defence of polygamy. It is, perhaps, the most curious thing in the whole Treatise of Christian Doctrine.

[b] See Treatise 'of Education,' pp. 266 268, 269, 270-274, vol. i.

Inconsistency in its notions was the natural infirmity of a spirit thus visionary, acting, as such a spirit is wont to do, on momentary impulse, rather than mature principle; and surely no man's conclusions are more discordant with one another than those of Milton—'Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.' He reviles Charles I. for interfering in the return of members to parliament by 'intimations and court letters,' and commends Cromwell for his discretion in nominating them by '*his own writ*,' and thus 'allowing the privilege of voting to those only to whom it was expedient to allow it;'—the privileged,—it is needless to say,—being Cromwell and his council—the happy result of their choice, the Bare-bones parliament. He abhors every restraint upon the freedom of the subject, yet would put into the hands of the magistrate 'the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes,' that mirth might not become licentiousness. He reproaches, in the bitterest terms, the weakness of those who (in the language of his day) 'did the work of the Lord negligently;' yet denies not but 'it is the part of prudence to comply with the necessity of the times, for the sake of public peace and private safety.'—(*C. D.* 704.) He ascribes every 'social perfection in this life, civil or *sacred*,' to discipline, (v. i. 54,) yet discovers, from the church claiming to herself 'worldly authority,' (without which, in some degree, there can be no discipline) that the 'apostolical virtue is departed from her.'—(p. 80.) He despises the idea of making the senses auxiliary to devotion, yet he loves, poetically at least, 'the cloyster,' the 'pealing organ,' and the cathedral's 'dim religious light.' He allows of individual inspiration, and yet pronounces a general council of bishops and elders altogether incompetent to making decrees.—(*C. D.* 493.) He considers the Mosaical law, moral as well as ceremonial, abolished; yet, throughout his book on Christian Doctrine, proves moral obligations to be binding, by texts from that law. He advocates the interpretation of Scripture exclusively according to its spirit, yet argues the questions of polygamy, divorce, and falsehood, on grounds of the most servile adherence to its letter. He reproaches Tertullian (when it answers his purpose to

shake his authority on the subject of episcopacy) as an unfaithful expounder of Scripture, 'because he goes about to form an imparity between God the Father and God the Son' (v. i. p. 40); yet himself, in his 'Paradise Lost,' makes the Son only the first of created things (iii. 383), and again shifting his ground, maintains, in the same poem, the pre-existence of angels (v. 600); and in his 'Treatise of Christian Doctrine,' expressly and distinctly avows his Arianism.

'Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?'

Need we then wonder that Milton should have had so little influence on the age in which he lived, and even with the party to which he had attached himself? Removed from him by many generations, and regarding him (who can help so regarding him?) as one of the most gifted men that our country has produced; thrown, too, upon times eminently calculated (as might have been supposed) to bring his talents into play;—it is not without surprise that we find him considered by the rulers of his day, chiefly, if not altogether, as a person possessing an unusual flow of Latin and vehemence of invective, and in so far fit to be made the minister of their purposes, but not the partner of their counsels. The master-spirits of that age might talk, and pray, and sing psalms with those who had the innocence of the dove, but they preferred consulting with such as had the subtlety of the serpent. Milton was too visionary to be followed; too sincere to be controlled; too ambitious of what he thought perfect, to acquiesce in what others might think practicable. He would admit of no compromise; he would hear of no obstacles; seasons were never to be watched; prejudices to be respected; nor allowance to be made for inveteracy of habit, dulness of apprehension, or conflict of opinion. On he would go right to his end, through flood and fell, with the obstinacy of a Roman road.—'Inveniam viam, aut faciam.' In Milton's phrase, Cranmer and Ridley were 'time-serving and halting prelates;' yet, whilst the sublime reveries of himself and his friends are now scarcely known to the antiquary, the changes which those 'time-serving and halting prelates' wrought in the religion of their country,

are to this day stedfast as ever; and the mighty effects with which their measures, their *tame* measures, were pregnant, have only been made more manifest by the revolution of years. Milton was about as well qualified to act a part in the practical business of life as Plato would have been, if, according to his wish, he could have 'unsphered him.' He might, for aught we know, have legislated admirably for the inhabitants of the moon, but for those of the earth it was out of the question. He lived in a world of his own creation, and peopled it with beings of other passions than ours. Jacob Behmen, who could teach his followers to smell angels, was not too mystical for him; and had he been born in later times, he would probably have preferred Joanna Southcote or William Huntington, S. S., to the whole bench of our bishops, and the Fasting Woman of Tutbury to the most florid of her sex.

Those temptations which practically fill the world with confusion and misery, which stock our prisons, and madhouses, and hospitals, he threw out of his reckoning, as utterly contemptible and powerless. In his sight they, doubtless, were so; for far are we from charging him with any deliberate intention of producing the mischief to which his system would have necessarily led. The Sabbath might have been abolished, and Milton would still have employed it in devotion; the Liturgy might have been suppressed, and he would still have poured out his soul before God with the eloquence of a prophet; churches might have been demolished, but still would he have erected for himself a chapel in his heart; austerities might have been discouraged, but his rule would have ever been that which the 'strictest temperance taught;' indolence might have been made no reproach, but he would still have been stirring before the chime of the matin-bell; libertinism might have rejoiced at his doctrines of polygamy and divorce, but their author would still have remembered that the high reward of accompanying the Lamb with celestial songs is reserved for those who have not 'defiled themselves with women.'

We do not charge him with bad intentions, but with bad

theories—with making no allowance in his machinery for friction. He forgets that men are made of flesh and blood; he only sees them, as Madame de Stael says, *en buste;* he supposes that, 'because *he* is virtuous, there will be no more cakes and ale;' in all his speculations the body is regarded as a mere engine, which the soul condescends to employ for the present, and over which its control is as absolute as that of an astronomer over his telescope, or a carpenter over his plane;—'*animus* cujusque, is est quisque.' Is the king to be imprisoned? Then why not killed, for what matters it whether the 'useless bulk of his person' be stowed in a coffin or a gaol? Is the marriage-bed violated? Why call for a divorce, whilst mutual aversion is not permitted to annul the contract? The injury of a worthless vessel is not to be compared with that of a wounded spirit. Do the martyrs expire in the flames? What of that? Who would not give his body to be burned, if the occasion called for it?

A man who was thus all his life long dwelling in the third heaven, was not the material out of which Cromwell could fashion an adviser, or a confidant. Time was, when the Protector had been living there himself, but he had thought better of it, and was now content to walk the earth. Accordingly, Milton had not interest enough to procure for his friend Marvell a laborious appointment of two hundred pounds a year (*Todd*, v. i. 163); and when Peter Heimbach solicits his good offices towards obtaining a subordinate situation in the embassy to the Dutch, he at once declares his inability to serve him by reason of his very little intimacy with those in power (p. 246); so ludicrous is the effort of his biographer, Dr. Symmons, to exalt the secretary of foreign tongues into the secretary of state for foreign affairs! (*Life*, p. 230.)

We do not speak thus of Milton wantonly. Who would take delight in using irreverently a name which is bound up with the glories of England? But, surely, in proportion as his authority is great, we ought to be jealous of its misapplication:—'Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.' The most judicious of his admirers will admit that, in his political writings,

the author of 'Paradise Lost' has fallen; and their aim will be, not to expose that fall, by making it a subject of eulogy, but to contribute towards its decency, and to hide it with their mantle. Nor do we speak thus of Milton unadvisedly; it is his own acknowledgment, that, in writing on matters of polity, 'he knew himself inferior to himself;' and that, 'led by the genial power of nature to another task, he had in this but the use of his left hand.' Clarendon, who omitted none of the men that stamped the times in which he lived, makes no mention of Milton, either in his History, or (where he had a fair opportunity of introducing him, incidentally, amongst the other great wits of his day), in his Life; Baxter, a voluminous writer on the side of the Presbyterians, and who severely censures some of the coadjutors of the poet in the cause of independency, passes him over in profound silence. His doctrine of divorce was received with ridicule;[a] and when he was summoned before the House of Lords, at the instigation of the Presbyterians, to answer for this act of heterodoxy, he was speedily dismissed, as though the sentiments were too absurd to do injury, or to provoke censure. On the eve of the Restoration came out his 'Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth,' which met with a jocular reply, and scarcely deserved any other; and though after the return of the king, he was taken before the House of Commons, in custody of the sergeant-at-arms, he was forthwith released on paying the fees. Persecution, to a man of Milton's spirit, would have been a mercy; toleration and neglect he could not endure, nor forgive. In the querulous address to Heaven of his Samson, we may recognize the language of the mortified politician:—

> 'He led me on to mightiest deeds,
> Above the nerve of mortal arm,
> Against the uncircumcised, our enemies:
> But now hath cast me off, as never known.'

The fact is, that the estimation in which Milton is now held

[a] See Sonnet XI., and Warton's Note.

disables us from judging calmly of the rank in which he stood with his contemporaries. Many years after the publication of the delightful poems of his youth, he speaks of himself to Salmasius as of a person but little known (v. ii. 381). Waller, not Milton, was long reckoned the 'Virgil of the nation;' and, strange as it may now seem, there were probably very few, even among scholars, during any part of Milton's life, who would not have preferred the posthumous fame of the elegant panegyrist of Cromwell and Charles the Second, to that of the author of 'Comus' and 'Paradise Lost.' Milton's lesser poems, indeed (unaccountable as it may seem), appear, for a long while, to have fallen into utter neglect; and the first attention paid to the 'Penseroso' and 'Allegro,' by a writer of any note, is in the 'Eloisa' of Pope, where some remarkable expressions from those exquisite pieces are adopted without acknowledgment, and, perhaps, under the impression that, to works so little known, no acknowledgment was due. Even in a paper of the Spectator, some lines are quoted by one of the correspondents, as taken from a 'poem of Milton's, which he entitles Il Penseroso,' a form of speech which, as the context shows it not to be intended for something characteristic of the individual using it, argues the poem itself to have been but little read at the time. It is difficult to conceive a stronger proof of the gross depravity of taste which prevailed during the reign of Charles II. than the simple fact, that these two noble efforts of human imagination for a season expired under its sensual influence:—

'Fie on sinful phantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!'

We have thus entered into the personal character of Milton somewhat more at large, because its leading feature has not been hitherto sufficiently marked. All the world knew that he was an eloquent, a high-minded, 'an austere man,' mighty in the Scriptures; but how visionary he was (though Warburton threw out hints that could not have been altogether neglected by able inquirers) none of his biographers ever told us—not indeed, perhaps, until the 'Treatise on Christian Doctrine' was

brought to light, could they tell us at full; yet here, and here alone, will be found the solution of many anomalies in his history, and of many peculiarities in his poems. A Life of Milton is yet a desideratum in our literature. Johnson hated his democratic principles, and despised his impracticable philosophy: the severity with which he handled him was only restrained by veneration for his piety, and perhaps ignorance of his Arianism; but the bias of his mind is not more discoverable in the sternness of his criticism, than in his selecting for his dictionary, as an example of a sonnet, that very one by Milton which he pronounces 'contemptible.' Johnson was in nothing more remarkable than in his reverence for common sense; to this he appeals on all occasions—in his maxims of government, in his regulations of society, in his canons of criticism: his wisdom was the wisdom of Socrates, practical rather than speculative, homely rather than sublime; he thought that its true province was on the earth, not in the clouds; its proper minister, experience, not conjecture: all this was against Milton, and in favour of Pope; the latter of whom he, perhaps, extravagantly commends—from the former he no less extravagantly detracts. Dr. Symmons, who has since produced a life of the poet, has the advantage of admiring his subject to idolatry, but his style is pitiable—feeble, inflated, aiming at that of Johnson, and succeeding, as he who stuffs himself as large as Falstaff makes himself a prince of wits. This Doctor is a great lover of liberty in church and state, and, therefore, chants forth Milton and independence for ever, with the discrimination of a burgess for Westminster: yet discrimination he has, for he characterizes Ovid as 'diffuse and languid;' talks of the 'flexibility of Dr. Parker,' 'who might be regarded' (we presume on that account) 'as the *Horsley* of his age;' discovers a still more accurate knowledge of this latter prelate, by ascribing (because others had done the same) a famous sermon, which he preached before the House of Lords, (or, at least, the appendix to that sermon), to Bishop Watson, who, as any Doctor ought to have known, would have been the last man on earth to preach, or write,

anything like it; wastes, accordingly, much good sarcasm upon that excellent whig; and, with a blind determination to run a-muck in his politics at every man whose memory we have been accustomed to respect, he creates an opportunity of ascribing 'Burke's crusading zeal against the French Revolution' to his pension—alike unmindful, that, when his own hero defended the regicides, he was writing by order of a council, and upon an annual stipend, while the calumniated Burke, when he published his 'Reflections,' &c., had neither superior to control, nor pension to pervert him.

We have seldom met with a finer example of 'the thread of your verbosity spun beyond the staple of your argument,' than the following:—the egregious Doctor introduces Milton to Grotius, and, after a flourish of trumpets, such as might precede a Dialogue of the Dead in Lucian or Erasmus, thus continues—

'Were we able to ascertain with precision all the circumstances of this interview between two extraordinary men, eminently raised above the level of their species by their talents and their attainments,'—[well, what then?] 'we should probably acquire nothing from our knowledge to excite our wonder, or, if our expectations were high, to save us from disappointment. In the formality and coldness of a first meeting, and especially where one party would be restrained by the consciousness of having much to lose, and the other by the felt impropriety of *pressing upon established rank and reputation*, no great display of erudition, or brilliant interchanges of fancy, were likely to take place—compliments requited with civilities, some inquiries respecting the traveller's plans, and some advice respecting their execution, constituted, perhaps, the whole of the conference between these two memorable men.'—p. 80.

The laudable delicacy of Milton upon this occasion we venture to recommend to Dr. Symmons's consideration; and then (we trust) we shall have no more talk of Dr. Symmons' 'honouring with his notice' a work of Dr. Johnson, nor hear a pigmy like this begging pardon of the admirers of a giant, whilst he assures them, that 'Johnson actually wanted the

power to comprehend the greatness and elevation of Milton's mind.'

The new Life by Mr. Todd will not supply the defect of which we have spoken. It disarms criticism by its perfect modesty and absence of pretension; but it has more the air of a legal instrument than of a poetical memoir. It contains, indeed, some novel facts, the fruits of Mr. Lemon's researches in the State-paper Office, and it was the announcement of these in the title-page that turned our attention to an edition of Milton with which, in all other respects, we had long been sufficiently acquainted. Those facts, however, are few in number, and (except so far as they decide the 'Treatise on Christian Doctrine' to be Milton's) of trifling importance; for it scarcely can be considered a matter of grave concern to know that Milton received his orders from the council, as a clerk from his employers—that his salary was £288, which was afterwards, on his blindness, commuted for a pension of £150—that he was reluctant to pay his mother-in-law, Ann Powell (with whom probably he had no great reason to be satisfied), her thirds, out of the estate of her deceased husband, to which he had succeeded, by discharging the fine upon it—or that she, on the other hand, was afraid to press her suit against a man, who held her daughter as a hostage, and whom she represents as 'hasty and choleric.' Mr. Todd is, no doubt, a laborious man, but he is miserably out of his vocation as an editor of our poets. To edit an author is not to empty upon him the contents of a pedantic common-place book; notes are only useful or desirable when they serve to illustrate. If the writer has stolen from others, let him be exposed—if he has adverted to an obsolete custom or an obscure history, let him be explained—if his readings be doubtful, let him be corrected by appropriate reference to the phraseology of the times. But Mr. Todd's quotations seldom show anything but that other writers have expressed a common thought like Milton, where it would not have been easy for them to have expressed it differently; and, after the fashion of his craft, he is too apt to desert us in our distress, and

cumber us with help when we are safe on land. Thus the meaning of

'Smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness till it smiled,'

is left to the reader to discover how he can; whilst the phrase 'bosky bourn,' which occurs shortly after, elicits a whole page of needless exposition—

'For commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold a farthing-candle to the sun.'—

If our memory does not fail us, he gives a couple of pages of notes, in his edition of Spenser, on that dark phrase—

'A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plain.'

And so he goes on through the two great poets who have had the misfortune to engage his kind offices. Of Milton's *peculiar* sources of thought and illustration—of the rabbinical writings, for example—he knows absolutely nothing. But enough of Mr. Todd: his edition of 'Paradise Lost' is so heavy a disgrace to our literature, that we may, perhaps, be induced, on some future occasion, to make it the subject of a separate critical notice; and, for a similar reason, we shall certainly ere long devote some pages to his edition of Johnson's Dictionary. But our present concern is with Milton.

Let us now turn to him in a new character;—and here we are ready to avow that the same quality of mind which made his politics worthless, gave to his poetry its superlative charm. The very

'Light which led astray
Was light from heaven—'

Excess of imagination is commonly to be paid for, whether dearly or not, by defect of judgment. The growth of the one faculty is the decline of the other: years, which make us more wise, make us less imaginative; and, in the madman, where the reason is prostrate, the fancy triumphs. Shakspeare, who in this, as in almost everything, was a splendid exception to all general rules, united both these faculties in their

exuberance—and, of all the singular features of his mind, none is perhaps so singular as this. The opinion of Shakspeare would have been worth having, not merely on the construction of a poem, but on the making of a will, on the purchase of an estate, or the committal of a culprit at a justice's meeting. This union of powers nature denied to Milton; she gave him an imagination equal to that of the great dramatist, but she refused him his common sense. Nothing was ever so *unearthly* as his poetry. The most unpromising subject, after passing through his heated mind, comes out purged, and purified, and refined; the terrestrial body dissolves in the process, and we behold in its stead a glorified body. That which was by nature a frail and perishable flower, when transplanted to his fancy, becomes 'immortal amaranth.'

A young girl and her brothers are benighted and separated as they pass through a forest in Herefordshire. How meagre is this solitary fact!—how barren a paragraph would it have made for the Herefordshire journal, had such a journal been then in existence. Submit it to Milton, and beautiful is the form which it assumes. Then rings that wood with the jocund revelry of Comus and his company, and the maiden draws near in the strength of unblemished chastity, and her courage waxes strong as she sees

'A sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night'—

and she calls upon Echo to tell her of the flowery cave which hides her brothers, and Echo betrays her to the enchanter. Then comes the spirit from the 'starry threshold of Jove's court,' and in shepherd-weeds leads on the brothers to her rescue;—and the necromancer is put to flight, but not till he has bound up the lady in fetters of stone;—and Sabrina hastens from under her 'translucent wave' to dissolve the spell —and again they all three bend their happy steps back to the roof of their fathers.

This is not extravagant rhapsody—the tale is still actually preserved; but it is preserved like a fly in amber. The image

is a mere thing of wood, but Milton inshrines it, and it becomes an object of worship. Deprive Milton of the privilege of sending Milton's thoughts forth, and the secret of his strength is gone. In *translation* he is not only below himself, but below those who have not a thousandth part of his genius. His version of the Psalms is not above that of Sternhold and Hopkins.

The arrival of Lady Derby at Harefield is to be greeted by her friends and household. Then is Harefield (after the fashion indeed of the times, but by no common artist) converted into an Arcadia, and the noble guest is ushered in by a company of peasants, and their homage is directed by the genius of the wood, who chaunts the praises of the new queen of Arcady in strains of exquisite delicacy—'ipsa mollities'—strains which he had learned to sing by listening, 'in deep of night,' to the harmony of the spheres.

His friend perishes by sea as he passes from Chester to Ireland. Again Milton clothes this naked fact in imagery of his own, and Mr. King is no longer his college companion, but the shepherd with whom he had been accustomed 'to drive a-field under the opening eyelids of the morn'—and the crazy vessel is no more a material hulk, but capable of perfidy, and rigged with curses, and built in an eclipse;—and the Church does not lament the loss of a promising member, but the pilot of the Galilean lake moans over one who would so well have plied the herdsman's art, and put to shame the careless hinds;—and his fellow-students are not besought to honour his memory with their funeral songs, but the muses who loved him are called upon to purple the ground where, in imagination at least, he lies, with fresh flowers, and to lavish upon it the embroidery of spring.

It has been said that this is not the natural mode of expressing passion—that where it is real, its language is less figurative—and that 'where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.' In general this may be true; in the case of Milton its truth may be doubted. In his verses on the death of an infant he indulges a similar vein, yet the concluding stanza could

hardly have been written by one who wrote without sympathy —and in his 'Epitaphium Damonis,' where he laments the early death of Deodati, his schoolfellow, his coeval, him in whom his soul delighted, and whom he lost before civil war could have hardened his heart, it is still under the same pastoral figures.

The mind of Milton was perfect fairy-land; and every thought which entered it, whether grave or gay, magnificent or mean, quickly partook of a fairy form. It is in illustration of this circumstance, and with a view to the vindication of Milton's better feelings, that we have given a brief analysis of one or two of his lesser poems. We do not believe that he loved his friend less because he chose to call him Lycidas instead of Mr. King; and we are sure that he did not love the clergy more because he represented them as shepherds instead of rectors. He thought in romance; the daily occurrences of life were translated into romance almost before his mind could act upon them. It happened as naturally as an analyist mechanically translates his propositions into algebra before his investigation begins. There is no universal language of grief. It takes its complexion from the country, the age, the individual. In its paroxysms no man thinks of writing verses of any kind; then the rhymes of a ballad-singer would be as much out of place as the strains of a Theocritus. We exclaim, as King David does, 'My son! My son!' When the paroxysm is past, every man will write such verses (if he write them at all) as the ordinary turn of his mind dictates. Bishop Andrews said his prayers in Greek: who would, on that account, doubt the sincerity of the great scholar's devotion? Milton lamented his friend in the language of romance: who would, on that account, deny that the poet's sorrow was unfeigned? Men act and speak under suffering agreeably to the manner in which they act and speak in general. Cicero was, by habit, a reader and writer of philosophy; and therefore, when his daughter dies, he gives vent to his grief by studying philosophical treatises on that affection of the mind. Marmontel was, by habit, a reader and writer of plays; and, therefore, when he

loses his favourite child, and witnesses the affliction of his wife, he betakes himself to composing (so he tells us), as an analogous subject, the opera of 'Penelope.' The one acted like a Roman, the other like a Frenchman; yet the distress of both parents was, no doubt, sincere. The objection which has given occasion to these remarks has arisen, in our opinion, from that imperfect view of Milton's character, with which we have charged both his enemies and his friends. They forget that he was a visionary—they insist upon his grieving like a man of this world, though he lived in a world of his own—they expect that Tippoo Saib's dreams should be those of an European prince, instead of an Asiatic sultan—that the stuff they are made of should be the clamours of the people, the insolence of the press, the intriguings of a diplomatist, instead of tributary monarchs, and white elephants, and extermination of the infidels. Milton was a visionary; he was so by constitution—he was so through loss of sight—he was so through the form of religion which he had embraced. Even his *earliest* poems breathe little or nothing corporeal. A boy of eighteen must have had more than the usual share of taste for metaphysical masks, to put into the mouth of Ens a speech to his eldest son Substance, and to start a conversation between Quantity, Quality, and Relation. After he became blind, his images were supplied him by reflection more than by sense: they were, therefore, abstract, indistinct, undefined—the essentials present with him, the accidents perhaps absent. We may think that we have a good idea of a hippogriff; yet where were his wings, what was their construction,—was he ten hands high, or twice ten? Yet all this we should have known at once had we ever seen him in the yard at Tattersall's. The eye of flesh was wanting to Milton, and therefore he had to trust to that inward eye, before which, however he might desire it, all mist could not be purged and dispersed. His very colours in 'Paradise Lost' and 'Regained' are recollections: they are either *golden* or *black*; all the intermediates are forgotten.

But his religion was, perhaps, the most influential cause of the three: it was in the spirit of his party to despise all outward

and visible signs, and herein Milton was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. The state of religion has in every country, and at every age, in a great degree regulated literature and the arts. Sculpture never succeeded in Egypt, because scarcely one of all the gods of the Egyptians was of a human shape: monkeys, monsters, onions, and leeks, 'these were thy gods, O Egypt!' The statuary, therefore, never felt his piety stimulate his chisel. In Greece, the artist was conscious that his own brain, like that of Jupiter, might give birth to a deity—his spirit kindled within him, and the marble started into a shape scarcely unworthy an immortal. After the revival of the arts, the Virgin Mary may be strictly reckoned the patroness of painters—devotion refined the conceptions, and guided the pencil of the Italian. There is scarcely a great picture of which the subject is not sacred: magnificent scenes were to be found elsewhere, but they would not do—Andromache was extinguished by the Madonna, and Priam by St. Francis. The religion of Protestants did not admit of pictures or statues, and consequently the art of making them with success in Protestant countries decayed—medals, academies, exhibitions were lavished in vain—they were beggarly substitutes for the afflatus from on high: wanting this, the painter became a worker on canvas, the sculptor a stone-mason. Nor have the effects of the Reformation been less perceptible on poetry. This was not necessarily confined, like painting and sculpture, to the expression of material and sensible objects. There was no need, therefore, for the Protestant to reject it altogether as a help to devotion; but he would be disposed to limit its province, far more than it had hitherto been, to the operations of pure spirit. An attempt, indeed, has since been made by the Moravians to restore the reign of anthropomorphism to sacred poetry; but the attempt was eminently unsuccessful, and has only proved the more clearly how offensive is that taste to the feelings and faith of a reformed people. There is wanted, for the endurance of such poetry, the spectacle, the sacrifice, the procession, the drama, the life and actions of the goddess or saint—all, in fact, which fills the hymns of Homer or Pindar

with imagery appropriate to the appetite and experience of those for whom they were written: neither may it be here out of place to remark that the devotions of Protestant congregations are seldom, perhaps, improved by that spirit of theopathy sometimes perceptible in hymns selected for their use by individual ministers. It is well if such compositions do not more frequently disgust than edify—if they do not rather debase the Deity than elevate the man. For these reasons, wherever the Reformation has extended, poetry in general, and sacred poetry in particular, has assumed a new character. It is become more sublime and less picturesque, more philosophical and less popular, more argumentative and less descriptive.

And here, we conceive, is to be found the true cause of the remarkable difference which subsists between two poems written on somewhat similar subjects, and by authors of a somewhat similar taste—the 'Divina Commedia' and the 'Paradise Lost.' Dante had in him much of Milton—more of him than a cursory perusal of his writings would discover, for the direct coincidences between them are not numerous. We believe that Milton might be more frequently traced to Tasso and Ariosto than to Dante, though, in spirit, he had not much in common with either of them—with the former scarcely anything. It is probable, indeed, that Dante was naturally more of an Epicurean than our great poet, yet it was by the influence of Divine wisdom, (if Beatrice is to be considered in that light, which is questionable,) that he was preserved or rescued from the thraldom of the flesh, an influence to which the puritan ascribed the same practical and important consequences.—(*Purg.* xxx.) Both had a strong taste for satire, and were not unfrequently content to sacrifice poetry and propriety to the inordinate and unseasonable indulgence of it.—Both were remarkable for their love of political liberty, which drove them into active opposition to the governments under which they lived; nor was Dante less alive than Milton himself to the abuses of the church, or more temperate in the language with which he exposed them. Indeed, it is not without some

astonishment that we perceive the boldness with which both he and succeeding poets of Italy (Bojardo, Berni, Ariosto, &c.), to say nothing of the novelists, levelled their ridicule and invective against the clergy: a good deal of this, however, was only ridicule and invective in manuscript. For a long while ignorance of the art of printing, and, subsequently, the paucity of those who could read, disarmed these weapons of their sting: it was probably on this account, no less than through the happy schism of the papal see, that Wickliffe was suffered to die quietly in his bed, and the vial of wrath reserved for later and more enlightened times. Dante does not confine himself to expressions of regret for the fatal gift of Constantine: he attacks the pope as an unclean thing, chewing, indeed, the cud, but not having the cleft-hoof,[a] and reprobates the 'woman that sits upon the scarlet-coloured beast, and plays the wanton to the princes of the nations,' with the indignation of a soldier of Cromwell.[b]

But, for all this, the rites and ceremonies of his gorgeous church had taken fast hold of him, and in spite of his inclination for an ideal world—(which may often be traced both in the choice of his subject and in his treatment of it, and which, had he lived in Milton's age and country, would have made itself more manifest); in spite of a fondness for mysticism and theological speculation such as the Schoolmen taught him—in spite of a rage for the metaphysics of his day, in which he buries (especially in his 'Paradise') both himself and his reader beyond redemption—in spite of all this, the dramatic character of his church had made itself felt on his susceptible imagination, and the disposition of that church to embody every religious conception in some corporeal form had nurtured in him (that which he had not by nature) a taste for poetical materialism. Accordingly, the 'Divina Commedia' is a Roman Catholic poem, the 'Paradise Lost' a Protestant, almost a puritan poem throughout. Milton was singularly happy in the choice of his subject, which, whether good or bad in itself, was ad-

[a] Purg. xvi. [b] Purg. xxxii.

mirably adapted to the temper and genius of the man: he had consulted well—'*Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent!*' It is by no means certain that he could have written an 'Iliad,' an 'Æneid,' or a 'Jerusalem Delivered;' it is by no means certain that he would have succeeded in 'Arthur:' none of those themes would, in the same degree, have called forth that peculiar quality of mind, which is the only key to the right understanding of Milton. In 'Paradise Lost' he could revel in a creation of his own: nothing like any part of it had ever been matter of human experience. The proceedings of good or evil spirits are things of which we are profoundly ignorant; they were fair subjects for speculation—so were the feelings, the occupations, and the circumstances of our first parents. They were living in a condition of which so little is known with certainty, that much might be conjectured without offence. They were living, too, in a state where Milton's moral and political notions were in their proper place. The multiplication of mankind, and the depravity which attended it, had not as yet rendered restraints needful—no system of government was as yet called for—the rights of man were as yet uncircumscribed—forms and ceremonies were not as yet wanted. Milton's visions of church and state were precisely intended for Paradise: they adorned and improved his subject. We would rather meet with them there, than with the schemes of the most rational and sober-minded statesman in the world. The very genius of human sagacity could never have legislated for the garden of Eden with half the effect.

'Paradise Lost' is a poem which a painter can scarcely touch: a living artist of considerable talent has been trying of late to *illustrate* it throughout, and the results are deplorable; we doubt if they would have been much better had Martin been a Michael Angelo:[a] the 'Divina Commedia' teems with

[a] We are not so absurd as to think that the 'Paradise Lost' contains no passages which might inspire a true painter. Satan calling on his host to arise, by the present President of the Royal Academy, is one proof to the contrary—a noble picture, almost as much superior, we imagine, to any other historical piece of any other living artist, as Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits are above contemporary rivalry.

subjects which challenge the bold brush and substantial colours of a mortal man: the one cannot be translated into bodily parts—much of the other may. There is that difference between them which subsists between the 'Tempest' and 'Coriolanus,'—both noble productions of the mind, but the one losing in representation on the stage as much as the other gains.

Milton's similes exalt his subject, but do not illustrate: Dante's illustrate, but do not always exalt. When the spirits in council applaud, it is 'as the sound of waters deep,'—when they rise, 'their rising is as thunder heard remote,'—when they pursue their sports, it is 'as when armies rush to battle in the clouds.' On the other hand, when the robber is dissolved into ashes by the sting of a serpent, he revives astonished like a man from an epilepsy. (*Infern.* xxiv.) When Beatrice casts upon Dante a look of pity for his ignorance, it is as when a mother gazes upon her crazy offspring. (*Par.* i.) When the halo of glory envelopes the beatified spirits of the moon, it is like the ball which incloses the silkworm. (*Par.* viii.) When Dante and his companion shoot up into the second heaven, the immortal inhabitants congregate around them like fishes about a bait. (*Par.* v.) Milton delights in abstract terms, far more than his illustrious forerunner in the paths of Hell and Paradise. It is not the round shield that hangs upon the shoulders of Satan, but 'its *broad circumference.*' The swan does not row her proud body, but 'rows her *state* with oary feet.' The Tempter in the wilderness does not hypocritically bend his aged head to the Saviour, but 'bows low his *grey dissimulation.*'

Milton's descriptions, again, are broad, general, in the mass —Dante's sharp, dramatic, and touched from the life. The covetous spirit in 'Paradise Lost' admires—

'The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold.'

In the 'Inferno' he lies with his face upon the earth, and exclaims—

'Adhesit pavimento anima mea.'

Milton astonishes, but does not interest: we have too little in common with him or his. His subject does not allow him to

be much conversant with human passions, for into Paradise human passions had not entered. We listen to the speeches of his mortal and immortal agents, as to the words of superior beings whom we may fear and reverence, but—not love. Dante, on the contrary, is perpetually striking a note, by which all our sympathies are awakened: it is one of his characteristic charms, that he contrives to introduce man, and the feelings of man, into all his scenes, animate or inanimate. How exquisite is his picture of evening!—we know not how to translate it—indeed Gray knew not how, for he tried the last lines.

'Era già l'ora che volge 'l disio
A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce 'l cuore
Lo dì, ch' han detto a' dolci amici, A Dio:
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paja 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.'—*Purg.* viii.

Who would exchange this touching thought, which must come home to the heart of every man (especially if his steps have ever led him to a foreign land), for the most faithful representation of twilight, Hesperus, and the nightingale?

We have said that Dante not unfrequently writes in Milton's vein, and, laying aside his materialism, assumes a lofty indistinctness, which gives abundant scope to the fancy of his readers. Thus, when Virgil inquires his way from the Souls of the Proud, an answer reaches him like that from the spirit in Job: there comes a voice, but he can discern no form from which it comes. When the Spirits of the Envious fly rapidly past the two poets, they hear the rustle of their wings and their dolorous cry, till it dies in the distance; but the shades themselves are invisible. Of the same kind is his picture of the approach of an angel with a boat, freighted with souls for Purgatory, a mountain-island, according to Dante, on the opposite hemisphere.

'Meanwhile we tarried near the rippling tide
As men that mused upon their destined way,
Who move in thought, though still their limbs abide—

When lo! as sometimes Mars, with fiery ray,
Gleams through the grosser air at dawn of day,
From forth the western ocean—such the sight,
(Strongly my memory can that hour portray),
As onward o'er the waters rushed a light
In speed surpassing far the eagle's nimblest flight.

'Thence, for a little space, I turn mine eye,
Bent through my guide that mystery to explore,
And look I once again, and now espy
The object larger, brighter than before—
Somewhat of white on either side it bore,
But what I knew not—shapeless all it seemed,
And issuing by degrees; and somewhat lower,
A like appearance indistinctly gleamed,
Till plain, at length, confessed, an angel's pinions streamed.'—*Purg.* ii.

We may be forgiven for citing one passage more of the same character; for we do not think that credit has been always given to Dante for possessing the faculty of filling the mind by one ample, undetailed conception. Access to the city of Dis, where the heretics receive their reward, is denied to Dante and Virgil by the refractory gate-keepers: they pause awhile, well assured that the Almighty will soon dispatch his swift angel to open for them a-way. His advent is thus described:—

'And now came up along that turbid tide
A crashing uproar pregnant with dismay:
Trembled thereat the shores on either side,
No less than when the whirlwind tears his way,
Invited, where the sultry vapours play,
To fill the void impetuous. At one swoop
It storms the wood—nor brooks it there delay;
Before its dusty vanguard proud trees stoop
Branchless and bloomless—flies each herd and shepherd troop.

'My eyes unhooding—"Now," quoth he, "thy nerve
"Of vision stretch along yon ancient lake
"Mantling with yeasty foam—and well observe
"Where chief the dusky vapour throngs opaque."—
As scud the frogs at sight of hostile snake,

And hie them all for safety to the shore,—
So did I mark those abject spirits quake,
And haste their flight by thousands: one before
Who crossed with foot unstained the Stygian torrent o'er—

'And he, his left hand waving to and fro,
Cleaved from before his face that murky sky,
Unwearied but for this—and now I know
In him heaven's sovereign messenger was nigh.
Then turn I to my guide—his eloquent eye
Bade me be still, and lowly to the plain
Bow, as the spirit immortal passed me by—
He toward the gate, ah! in what huge disdain,
Advanced, and with his wand he smote and oped amain—

'"Outcasts of heaven! O race accursed!" he cries,
While yet his steps on that dread threshold stand,
"What hardihood is this? What bold emprize
"Dares ye to kick against his high command
"Whose word is steadfast—whose Almighty hand
"Can vex your senses with a tenfold hell?
"Have ye for this your mastiff's sufferings scanned,
"Whose chain-worn throat and muzzle still may tell,
"Where fate ordains her law, 'tis bootless to rebel?"

'He said—and back that noisome path pursued,
Nor word to us he spake—but seemed like one
Whose thoughts on other, deeper subjects brood,
Than care of aught his eyes might light upon.'—*Infern.* ix.

There are many other passages in this beautiful poet of a similar class, which justify us, we conceive, in our assertion, that the general *style* of his poetry was the result of the circumstances in which he was placed, rather than of the temper with which he was born. Though Milton had been both an Italian, and a Catholic, it may be doubted whether he would have been as graphic as Dante—but had Dante been an Englishman, and a Protestant, it is not improbable that he would have been as sublime as Milton.

In the foregoing passage will be seen some of that learning which Dante is so fond of producing, and so frequently mis-

applies. His gates of purgatory, on being opened, grate like the doors of the Roman treasury when Cæsar entered and plundered it. The Indolent are punished, not only like the Israelites, who were cut off in the wilderness, and did not live to see the promised land; but, like the Trojans, who deserted Æneas in Sicily, and thereby had no share in the glory of laying the foundation of Rome. Statius relates the primary cause of his conversion to have been the reading of Virgil's Pollio; and, in the true spirit of those times, when Christianity and Paganism were almost confounded, we hear of *Jupiter* having been crucified for the children of men. Often, indeed, he is more happy; but in general his mixture of the sacred and profane argues his participation in that depravity of taste, which has not been thoroughly corrected, even in our country, till very recent times; and the prodigality with which he illustrates his subject, by reference to Roman history, and occasionally to that of Greece (which he obtained at second-hand), savours, to us, of the crude learning of a school theme.

In the management of his scholarship, as, indeed, in the measure of it, Milton far surpassed him. It was said by Bentley, of Warburton, in relation to his learning, that he never knew a man with so great an appetite and so bad a digestion. Milton's digestion was admirable; whatever he borrowed from the ancients he made his own; in him it does not seem quotation, but coincidence. This was not the virtue of his day: applications of passages from the classics abound to profusion in contemporary authors; but they are seldom properly assimilated to the subject matter—they are fragments of the Parthenon in the mud walls of a Turkish cottage: Milton used them (if we may be allowed so homely an illustration) as the manufacturer uses rags, not for patchwork but for paper. His likeness to the ancients is much more often that of *expression* than of *feature*. Sometimes, indeed, he makes an open and lavish display of his vast acquirements; but even here there is a *ripeness* in his knowledge which bears witness that it is not forced for the occasion, but is the fruit of

years. The catalogue of the evil spirits in 'Paradise Lost' is, perhaps, the most masterly account of ancient idolatry, brief as it is, in the English language; and at the same time serves to show, that Milton had not only framed for himself a system of divinity, but a system of mythology also,—the latter, indeed, far the more mature of the two. But in none of his works is his reading made so *directly* subservient to his ends, as in his 'Paradise Regained'—a poem arguing in its author a more than common confidence in the exuberance of his own resources. It was a bold scheme, indeed, to undertake the structure of even so short an epic as this, out of the history of our Lord's temptation,—comprised, as that history is, in half a score verses of St. Matthew, and forbidding, by its very nature, any violent interference with recorded facts; yet the imagination of Milton, duly exercised upon those elements with which his memory was stored, enabled him to expand his subject, without profaning it, into a poem which, had it been only an episode (as it should have been), would have borne a comparison with the happiest that have been written. Our Lord is 'an hungered,' and through that appetite tempted of the devil. Narrow as this ground is, for Milton it is enough; and he forthwith raises a table in the wilderness, furnished from 'Pontus and Lucrine lake and Attic coast,' and the charming pipes are heard to play, and Arabian odours and early flowers breathe around, and nymphs and naiads of Diana's train are summoned forth to dance beneath the shade; and the whole is combined into one of those splendid banquets with which nothing but a most perfect knowledge of antiquity could have supplied him. Again, Satan takes 'the Saviour into an high mountain, and shows him the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.' Then is the scholar awakened once more: the hint suffices to unlock the magazines of his learning; the fountains of that great deep are broken up; and now the Parthians, with all their martial appointments, and the evolutions peculiar to them, appear before us in the most faithful array; and now, in her turn; Rome under Tiberius is depicted, with the spirit, indeed, of a poet, but with the accuracy

of a contemporary annalist; and her imperial palace, the houses of her gods, the conflux of divers nations and languages at her gates; the embassies from afar crowding the Emilian and Appian roads; the prætors and proconsuls hasting to their provinces, or on their triumphant return; all fill the mind's eye, till it is again carried away 'to the westward,' and the flowery hill of Hymettus offers itself to our notice; and Athens, with its picturesque suburbs, is unfolded with a perspicuity and precision that might challenge the most scrupulous critic to quarrel even with an epithet (so true is Milton to his Grecian masters); whilst her schools of philosophy, the sects into which they are divided, the dogmas they severally espoused—all pass in rapid review, leaving us confounded at the mental plenitude of this extraordinary man. Yet it has been argued by some modern critics, that Milton derived no benefit from his books; that he would have had fewer difficulties to encounter had he lived when the world was younger and refinement less. Many years before the appearance of 'Paradise Lost,' however, he gave it as his own opinion, that 'industrious and select reading' was demanded of him who could write an epic poem with success. Deprive him of those treasures 'out of which he could bring things new and old,' and his characteristic attribute of *force* is gone. If there be one circumstance more than another which sets him above Virgil and Homer, it is this, that he takes more violent possession of the mind of his reader by crowding upon him a phalanx of thick-coming thoughts. Satan's legions lie entranced upon the sea of fire, 'thick as the leaves in the brooks of Vallombrosa.' Here another poet might have ended. Not so Milton:—they are, moreover, like the scattered sedge on the coast of the Red Sea, when Orion hath vexed it with fierce winds. Still something more is wanted—not to complete the simile, but to overwhelm the reader; and in throng Busiris and the Memphian chivalry, and floating carcasses, and broken chariot-wheels. The fallen Archangel is compared to the sun when he shines through the horizontal misty air, shorn of its beams: this is a splendid picture in itself; but Milton does

not think it enough: he presses on with another magnificent feature, the eclipse. Nor is this all: the concomitant horrors of the disasters it is believed to portend, perplexity to monarchs, and revolution to nations, are superadded,—and then 'the charm's wound up.' Now, for much of this profusion, the poet is indebted to his reading—probably a noble fragment of Pindar supplied him with no inconsiderable part of the latter passage. Be that, however, as it may, such copiousness, we maintain, can only belong to the poet of a civilized age—to the poet who can lay under contribution the stores of generations past—whose possessions are by inheritance as well as by acquirement;—without this, he would be apt to weary his reader, for want of affluence and variety of matter. He would be an Ossian, perpetually among mists and mountains. Natural objects may supply materials for an eclogue; but for an epic they will not suffice. It will not do to be 'babbling of green fields' for four-and-twenty books, or even for twelve.

It must be confessed, that while knowledge thus accumulates and ideas multiply, *language* will be necessarily losing much of its primitive character—it will be rendered more expeditious—words will become *winged*—a syllable will express a sentence—a fable will contract itself into a simile—a simile into a metaphor, and the metaphor itself, by habitual use and novel application, be at length forgotten as a figure: just as, when property increases, barter gives way to copper money, and that again to silver and gold, and these in their turn to pound notes, so called long after their name has ceased to excite any idea of real *pounds*. Poetry may lose something in expression by the one process, and commerce may lose something in security by the other; but the substantial gain will, in both cases, be far more than enough to balance the inconvenience. 'Words are, after all, but the daughters of the earth; things are the sons of heaven.' Milton came into the world when it was filled with knowledge, which he could employ in his art; and if this was a misfortune, it was the misfortune of him who eats the honey which he never helped

to make. He came into the world when the language of his country was formed, and by consequence less figurative than it had been; but was it on that account an instrument less fitted for his peculiar genius? The vocabulary which he wanted, was one that should be rather conversant with spirit than matter; and we cannot but think that Milton's most sublime and unearthly conceptions would have sunk under the phraseology (however in many respects admirable) of Chaucer's times.

Let us not hear a polished language blamed for the defects of those who know not how to put it forth. It must be wielded by the master before its true force can be known. The philippics of Demosthenes were pronounced in the mother-tongue of every one of his audience; but who amongst them could have answered him in a single sentence like his own? Who amongst them could have guessed what Greek could do, though they had spoken it all their lives, till they heard it from his lips? The bow of Ulysses is not to be cast away, because in common hands it will not discharge an arrow.

The secret of using a language with effect, is to use it from a full mind. If it is the means by which we seek deliverance of thoughts that are struggling for a vent—

> 'Thoughts that rove about,
> And loudly knock to have their passage out,'

it will be almost infallibly eloquent. Indeed of eloquence, whether in speaking or writing—'*Sapere* est principium et fons.' Let the same individual treat of a subject which he has mastered, and of one where his knowledge is only superficial, and how different will be his powers of expression—in the former case, how rich and elastic—in the latter, how poor and cramped! With what justice, then, can Milton complain of being born an age too late for epic poetry, when, had he been born earlier, his mind could not have been enriched with half the knowledge, nor, by consequence, his tongue with half the utterance? But what is to become of the poets of

former times under such a theory? We have said that they are inferior to Milton, chiefly because they had not his knowledge: they could not, therefore, overwhelm their readers by such a tempest of thought; but, nevertheless, much knowledge they had, and without it, we maintain, could not have been what they were. No barbarous age has ever yet seen the birth of a great poem. Of the author of the 'Inferno' we have already spoken—his settled intention to avail himself of the learning of former times is sufficiently manifested by his taking Virgil bodily for his guide. Of the latter we need not say a word—his age was confessedly an epoch of intellectual refinement. But what is to be done with Homer? Let us but listen to the expounders 'of his genius and writings,'[a] and we must believe that, in his time, letters were unknown, or but newly known, in Greece—that his poems—yes, poems of seven-and-twenty thousand lines—were preserved for some generations by memory; nay, that the author of the 'Iliad' could hardly count ten—that the word πεμπασσεται, applied to Proteus, when he was taking account of his sea-calves, indicates that he had a difficulty in getting beyond *five*, and that his earnest invocation to the Muses, as the daughters of Mnemosyne, to help him in reckoning his ships and soldiers, is inspired from his own very limited knowledge of arithmetic! When the spirit of Homer was introduced to the spirits of his Commentators in the presence of Lemuel Gulliver, that sagacious observer remarked, that they appeared, on meeting, to have had no previous acquaintance whatever. We are not surprised at it. If we turn to the poet himself, we shall find indeed a few traces—voluntary in all probability, and assumed—of barbarism; but many, by no art to be explained away, of refinement. Were the case otherwise, we know not what right we have to identify the manners of the age in which he lived, with the manners of the age in which he wrote. But even if we take the standard of refinement from the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' nothing appears to warrant the most improbable

[a] See Wood's Essay.

and monstrous conclusion, that in Greece literature had no infancy, but came forth at once in the fulness of the stature of a perfect epic. In extracting from the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' proofs of barbarism, persons are too apt to measure other countries by their own: for instance, Englishmen have divided and subdivided labour, till some thirty or forty hands are wanted to make a pin; yet it does not follow that we are to set down the people of Ithaca as mere savages, because Ulysses, with an immense establishment, had his clothes manufactured in his own house. In this case, the age of Augustus would be an age of barbarism, for in classical Italy a similar system prevailed. Englishmen maintain a lofty carriage towards their servants; Telemachus allowed the keeper of his swine (who probably, however, was viewed in the light of a bailiff) to sit at his own table; yet nothing follows from this, except that the notions of the Greeks were less aristocratical than our own—not that they were less refined; for again we say, in the most polished ages of Greece and Rome, servants were treated with a familiarity that now astonishes us. Witness the scenes in Aristophanes, in Terence, in Plautus. Columella reproaches, with unheard-of barbarity, certain gentlemen of his time, who would not let their footmen talk whilst they were waiting at dinner. Homer's princes are often employed in operations that would devolve upon butchers in these days, and the halls and courts of their palaces converted into slaughter-houses and shambles; but with the Greeks and Romans, the butcher partook of the character of priest,—the cow, of the victim—the shambles, of the altar. Their associations were, from ours, 'wide as the poles asunder;' and those terms of sacrifice which are apt to set our thoughts to run upon a ruffian in a blue frock, with one spur and a carrion horse, would more probably have suggested to them a venerable man in a vesture of white, with a chaplet of flowers about his head, and clouds of incense shrouding his person.

On the other hand, we see positive symptoms of courtesy, of delicacy, of luxury in the manners of Homer, which cannot be mistaken. The urn out of which water is poured on the

hands of the guests, is of gold, and the ewer which receives it, of silver (Od. i. 136): the wine is preserved in earthern jars to be eleven years old, and is then drunk out of vessels of the precious metals (Od. i. 142; ii. 290; iii. 330): the plate is wrought and ornamented (iii. 440): Helen's distaff is of gold, the basket for the yarn of silver edged with gold (iv. 132): the chair of Penelope is of ivory and silver (xix. 55): the doors of the palace of Alcinous are adorned with gold, the posts with silver; and figures of dogs, of the same metals, and worked with great perfection, repose on either side the entrance; golden images of boys, bearing torches, light the banqueting-room (vii. 91-100); servants are clad with something of the fastidious parade of modern times (xvi. 330). On the Continent there were sufficient roads: Nestor offers Telemachus his carriage and horses, to convey him to Sparta, with the politeness of a modern squire (iii. 325): Menelaus presses him to prolong his stay; urges the pleasure he should have in showing him Greece; yields with perfect good-breeding to his earnest wish to go; presents him with a silver cup at parting; and, whilst Helen gives him a mantle to keep for his future bride, he conducts him to his carriage, and pouring forth a libation of wine, wishes him good speed (xv. 125): when Penelope determines to go down into the hall amongst the suitors, and boldly counsel her son to come out from among them, she shrinks from the indelicacy of appearing alone,—requests two of her maids to attend her,—veils herself,—is received by the suitors on their feet,—and, addressing Telemachus aloud, reproaches him with a want of spirit in suffering (as he had done) a stranger to be insulted under the roof of his father (xviii. 183-224).

In all this we profess ourselves unable to discover anything like a barbarous state of society; and think that, to draw such a conclusion from such premises, would require something of the ingenuity of Hardouin, who seriously assured the world that Virgil and Horace were the productions of the monks of the dark ages. But we must have done. We can see, then, no reason for despairing of another epic poem, at least on the

score of the 'age having become too picked.' The true poet will find himself strengthened by the wholesome study of past times, and, like the 'Matine Bee,' extract, from whatever he settles upon, additional sweets. The renewed interest for the writings of Milton, which has recently manifested itself, is a proof that the taste of the public is still undepraved; and in the more diligent contemplation of those writings the seeds of future poetical excellence may at this moment be scattered abroad. At a period when the fugitive publications of the day are so apt to engross the time and attention of the reading world, to the utter neglect of the great authors who are gone, it is the duty of every well-wisher to the sound literature of his country, to take advantage of any temporary disposition to *try back* which may discover itself, and, as far as in him lies, to cherish the good spirit, and keep it alive. Therefore it is that we make no apology for having devoted so many of our pages to Milton, whose personal character the newly-discovered treatise has helped to develope, and whose defects we have set down, assuredly not in malice, but in honest opposition to those who would make them matter of praise; considering that the errors of Plato are the more dangerous, because with such a man, it is hardly a disgrace to err.

The politics of Milton had been consigned to oblivion by common consent, until recent circumstances accidentally revived them; and now to oblivion they had better return—they are his 'uncomely parts.' Of his poetry, it would require a tongue like his own to speak the praise; it invigorates the understanding, it purifies the affections, it lifts up the heart to God—'Virtue goeth out of it.' Ever will it endure, to put to shame those who pervert the noblest gift of heaven to low and sensual abuse. Ever will it remain a triumphant memorial that the lamp of genius shines with the brightest lustre when it is fed with the purest oil.

III.—REFORMATION IN ITALY.[a]

(Jan., 1828.)

It has been often asked, with an air of triumph, by the Roman Catholics, where was the religion of Protestants before Luther? And it has been as often replied, in the Bible. But though this answer was enough, another might have been given, and one, perhaps, more to the purpose.

Differing, as we do, from Milner, in his Church History, on very many points, in this we concur with him—that from the time when Christianity was first planted, there has ever been in existence a body of men, obscure, perhaps, as the seven thousand in Israel, to whom the name of the True Church more especially belonged; and who, amidst the corruptions, the discouragements, and the dangers of a world with which they had but little in common, and which was not worthy of them, pursued their pure course in privacy.

It is not easy, indeed, to get with accuracy at the state of religious opinion, where it differed from the Church of Rome, before the Reformation. Then it was that the strings of the tongue were thoroughly loosed, and many sentiments, which, though in being, had been nearly without witness, first found a free utterance. It has been the boast of that church, that for many previous centuries she was at union with herself, and that divisions and dissent were not known within her borders.

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[a] *History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy, in the Sixteenth Century; including a Sketch of the History of the Reformation in the Grisons.* By Thomas M'Crie, D.D. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1827.

The boast, like many others from the same quarter, requires qualification, as Bishop Jewel has abundantly proved; but allowing it to be founded in truth, what could be more natural, than that 'when the strong man, armed, kept the house, his goods should be at peace'?—and who has ever heard of Whigs, Tories, or Radicals in Turkey? Yet it would be contrary to all experience to believe that such a revolution in the world as Luther effected could have been wrought by one private individual, without the aid of powerful predisposing causes. It is not usual with men, who are more than half a century in advance of their generation, to make any great and permanent change in its character—Luther happened to be the first to put the world into the waters, after the angel had sufficiently troubled them. But some hundred years before the reformer was born (perhaps, in one instance, from the earliest ages of Christianity) there had been communities of men to be found, in the south of France, in England, in the valleys of the Alps, in Calabria, in Bohemia, perhaps in Spain itself, who held doctrines essentially the same as those afterwards established at the Reformation, and by means of whom the leaven could not fail to be propagated in some degree throughout Europe: for it is a mistake to suppose that the familiar intercourse of nations is a thing of modern growth, and that turnpike-roads and mail-coaches, canals and steamboats, are the only methods by which we can bring together distant lands, *dissociabiles terras*. Commerce undoubtedly does great things in this way now, but so it did heretofore by other ways; and it may even be doubted whether the custom of resorting in person to the great fairs holden in various parts of Europe, lasting for eighteen or twenty days, and whilst they lasted giving to an uninclosed waste the appearance of a populous and well-ordered city—it may be doubted, we say, whether these points of annual concourse did not bring together a much greater number of foreigners (limited as trade then was) than can be seen upon all the exchanges of a country at this day, when the safe and rapid transmission of letters, and the universal institution of banks, have rendered

any closer communication among merchants for the most part unnecessary. Then the traffic in the wooden saint, in the rosaries that had hung about the neck of the famous Virgin of the spot, or in the girdles that had encircled her waist (whoever has seen the stalls of a Roman Catholic fair in our own times will well believe that such 'hallowed trinkets, which brought a benediction to the buyer,' would not be wanting), might chance to be the occasion of some casual confession of faith in the parties who dealt or refused to deal, and thus might they, perhaps, teach and learn some scriptural heresy, whilst, like children, they were playing in the market-place.

But whatever commerce might do to promote an intercourse amongst the different States of Europe, pilgrimage did more—the more distant the object of devotion, the greater was the merit in visiting it; and every country took care to be provided with a source of gain so simple and commodious. Many were the bones left to whiten on their road to St. James of Compostello, or our Lady of Walsingham. The wife of Bath

> 'Thries hadde ben at Jerusaleme,
> She hadde passed many a strange streme,
> At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
> In Galice, at Seint James, and at Coloine.'

Indeed, so common appears to have been the practice amongst our own countrymen of visiting *Rome*, that the name of that holy city has, perhaps, furnished us with our most familiar term to express wandering to a distance. The Eternal City was long the political capital of the world, and was then frequented by the nations as the seat of arts, of arms, and of lucrative employment. She was now the religious capital of the world, and frequented, with perhaps equal zeal, as the seat of the true faith, and the fountain of ecclesiastical preferment. Like Jerusalem at the feasts, it was the resort of persons dwelling in every region under heaven, and a certain circulation of ideas was by this means established throughout the whole of Christendom. The spirit in which those religious rambles were undertaken, and the motley character of the pil-

grims brought together, are well seen in the 'Canterbury Tales,' or the humorous 'Peregrinatio' of Erasmus; and all that curiosity could extract or loquaciousness impart, would not fail to come out by the way.

Nor was this all—under various pretences, the pope claimed a right to present to benefices even in countries beyond the Alps; and Italian priests, who would naturally maintain a correspondence with their friends at home, were everywhere to be found. The universities of note, again, collected students from distant lands. In the beginning of the sixteeenth century, there were so many English at the University of Ferrara as to form a distinct and influential body in that learned society. An interchange of professors, moreover, which was constantly taking place, contributed to expedite the communication of thought and knowledge amongst those classes of men who were precisely the best fitted to speculate, and to impart their speculations to others; and Latin, being then an universal language, both among scholars and diplomatists, removed at once the obstacle to intercourse, which must have arisen out of a difference in vernacular tongues, by providing a medium common to all. Freemasons, again, were a kind of nomade tribe, who journeyed on, and, like the patriarchs of old, marked their resting-places by setting up noble altars to their God; their very occupation must have rendered them conversant with religious matters, and the suspicion with which they were soon regarded, and which, in a measure, has descended to our own times, may possibly have had its origin in some heretical opinions they might be supposed to entertain and propagate. John of Gaunt, who patronised Wickliffe, patronised them. Minstrels were ever upon the stroll from abbey to abbey, and from hamlet to hamlet, retailing their own adventures, or the wonders they might have heard, to the monks and villagers, who, like the Athenians, and for the same reason, were always right glad "to hear some new thing,' though it should be (as it often was in the case of the monks) to their own prejudice: and mendicants by profession, often, no doubt, assuming the cowl, as they now do the sailor's jacket, rambled over a country

in the spirit of Autolycus, in numbers of which we may judge from the multitudes executed in our own land after the dissolution of the monasteries, when they betook themselves to plunder for their bread.

These were some of the channels through which, in former times, province communicated with province, and nation with nation; and how effectually, may be guessed even from the vocabulary of our own tongue. We have often thought that it would be a subject of curious and most interesting inquiry, to trace the history of England, political, religious, and domestic, in its *language*, and in its language *alone*. We are persuaded that it might be done, and that upon such an investigation it would be found that our intercourse with Italy has been far greater than our vulgar annals, or even our literature itself, would lead us to conclude: though our literature bespeaks it to have been considerable, and especially in its more popular department of ballads, plays founded upon ballads, and gossips' stories, the substance of which must have circulated chiefly 'per ora virûm,' from mouth to mouth; as now a favourite air creeps by degrees throughout Europe. The nature of that intercourse (the arts, the conveniences, the vices introduced by it) would be discovered in the class of Italian words we have naturalized. Independently of ecclesiastical and theological terms (which would, of course, prevail), from Italy we derive, in a great measure, our terms of war, of book-keeping, of cookery, of gambling, the names of some of our commonest sports and pastimes (blind man's *buff*, for instance), and very many of our strongest expressions of abuse, contempt, and abhorrence—these last the dregs, perhaps, of the camp of the crusaders.

Johnson, who is least happy in the *etymological* department of his dictionary, has not kept Italy sufficiently in sight, and has, consequently, sometimes embarrassed himself, (as in his miserable exposition of the word 'rubbish,') where an attention to this principle would have set him at ease. But we must hold our hand from a seductive subject, which we have been led incidentally to touch upon, whilst we have been

endeavouring to show the communication which in ancient times subsisted between remote countries, and the facility with which opinions might be spread, and knowledge conveyed, throughout the civilized world.

Thus it was, we apprehend, that many of those religious truths, which the Reformation brought out, had been already dispersed, with more or less local success, over a great part of Catholic Europe; and that Luther's province was, not to call into existence the spirit which shook the popedom to its foundations, but to call it into action.

Wickliffe, indeed, has been usually allowed to have been the forerunner of Huss, and Huss of Luther; but even Wickliffe seems to have been but the avowed representative of a very large portion of his countrymen, and the organ by which they spoke sentiments hitherto suppressed through dread of consequences. He neither believed in the supremacy of the pope, nor in transubstantiation, nor in the right of the clergy to monopolize the Scriptures; yet so far were his doctrines from being offensive to the people, that when he was brought before the bishops, at Lambeth, they clamoured for his release—so far were his tenets from being unpopular, that persons holding them travelled from county to county, preaching them, not only in churches and churchyards, but in markets and fairs, 'to the great emblemishing (as it was said) of the Christian faith.' Knyghton, a contemporary historian, does not scruple to say, 'that you could not meet two people in the way, but one of them was a disciple of Wickliffe;' and Wickliffe himself asserts that the third part of the clergy thought with him on the Lord's Supper, and would 'defende that doctrine on paine of theyr lyfe.' Nor will this be matter of surprise, when it is recollected that some centuries before Wickliffe's translation of the New Testament, Saxon versions of portions of the Gospels at least had been made, 'for the edification,' as it is expressly said, 'of the simple, who know only this speech.' Spirits congenial to Wickliffe were already in Bohemia, where the effect of his writings was acknowledged by the severity with which they were suppressed. The Albigenses

had been denounced by canons, preached at by St. Bernard, and tortured by St. Dominic, so early as the twelfth century. About the same period Peter Waldo lifted up his voice at Lyons, with a success that called forth the anathema of the pope;—and the valleys of the Alps were peopled, from an age the most remote, with a race of hardy mountaineers, whose seclusion had preserved their faith from corruption, and whose protestant tenets are the subject of authentic record to this day. It is the testimony of an enemy (Raynerius), and, therefore, above suspicion, that they did not believe in modern miracles, rejected extreme unction and offerings for the dead, denied the doctrines of transubstantiation, purgatory, and the invocation of saints, and, to sum up all, regarded the Church of Rome as the woman of the Revelations. It is true, that he mixes up these accusations of heresy with heavy charges against their morals; but this has ever been the artifice both of Pagans and of Roman Catholics, to crush a rising sect. In the present instance, nothing is wanted to expose the futility of such charges, but to compare them with those of others no less hostile (as the learned Usher has done), when it will be found that 'their testimony agreeth not together.' On the other hand, the more friendly voice of La Nobla Leyçon, a Waldensian document written about the year 1100, and the authority of which has never been questioned, enforces the law of the ten commandments, that against idols not excepted—the duty of searching the Scriptures—as also of praying to the Trinity, though without a word in favour of the invocation of saints or the Virgin, and represents confession and absolution as unavailing, the power of forgiving sins, though claimed by the priest, belonging to God alone. With the history of this heroic band of brothers the public has, of late, been made familiar; but whilst the sufferings and the constancy of the original stock of the Vaudois have claimed and received the sympathy of every man who has a heart, the fate of a colony, which it sent forth to seek its fortunes in the south of Italy, has been unworthily overlooked:—

'In the year 1370,' writes the learned and able author now before

us, 'the Vaudois, who resided in the valleys of Pragela, finding themselves straitened in their territories, sent some of their number into Italy, to look out for a convenient settlement. Having discovered in Calabria a district uncultivated and thinly peopled, the deputies bargained with the proprietors of the soil, in consequence of which a number of their brethren emigrated thither. Within a short time, the place assumed a new appearance: villages rose in every direction; the hills resounded with the bleating of flocks; and the valleys were covered with corn and vines. The prosperity of the new settlers excited the envy of the neighbouring villagers, who were irritated at the distance which they preserved, and at their refusal to join with them in their revels and dissipation. The priests—finding that they received nothing from them but their tithes, which they paid regularly, according to the stipulation entered into with the proprietors, and perceiving that they practised none of the ceremonies usual at the interring of their dead, that they had no images in their chapels, did not go in pilgrimage to consecrated places, and had their children educated by foreign teachers, whom they held in great honour—began to raise the cry of heresy against the simple and inoffensive strangers. But the landlords, gratified to see their grounds so highly improved, and to receive large rents for what had formerly yielded them nothing, interposed in behalf of their tenants; and the priests, finding the value of their tithes yearly increase, resolved, prudently, to keep silence. The colony received accessions to its numbers by the arrival of their brethren, who fled from the persecutions raised against them in Piedmont and France; it continued to flourish when the Reformation dawned on Italy; and after subsisting for nearly two centuries, it was basely and barbarously exterminated.'—p. 4.

Thus do we find, that at either extremity of Italy itself, (to say nothing of other heretical countries, which were in constant communication with Italy,) bodies of men were living depositories of the true faith, more or less complete, during a period which, as the Roman Catholic church would persuade us, exhibited universal concurrence in her doctrines and submission to her decrees.

Meanwhile, in spite of the jealousy with which the clergy endeavoured to keep exclusive possession of the Scriptures, several translations into the Italian—ill done, indeed, but still

indicating the latent spirit, whose workings we are examining—made their appearance in the fourteenth century, if not earlier; while that of Malermi, a monk of Camaldovi, was printed at Venice in 1471, and is said to have gone through no less than nine editions in the ensuing thirty years. Indeed, the establishment and continuance of the Inquisition, a contrivance expressly for the extinction of freedom of opinion in matters of faith, is of itself a most distinct acknowledgment, on the part of the Roman Catholic church, how early there existed a formidable opposition to her dogmas; and, accordingly, when that opposition developed itself more fully after the preaching of Luther, those sanguinary tribunals were proportionally multiplied, as the legitimate and approved extinguishers of heresy.

The limits of a review will not allow us to enter into details necessary to do justice to this part of our subject; sufficient, however, has been said to show, that long before the era of the Reformation, commonly so called, many of the sentiments of the reformers were cherished in several places, to our certain knowledge, and, probably, in still more, where the tyranny of the times has left us in ignorance of them. Dante, undoubtedly, was not speaking at random, in his assertion, (and it is worthy of attention, if it were only for its very early date,) that the burning sepulchres of his heretics were far more abundantly stocked with victims than was commonly supposed:—

> 'Quî son gli eresiarche
> Co' lor seguaci d' ogni setta, *e molto*
> *Più, che non credi, son le tombe carche.*'—*Infern.* ix.

Thus were the doctrines 'which they call heresy,' ready at all times, as it were, to be slipped from the couples, and to supplant the superstitions and idolatries of the papal system whenever, by any intrepid assailant and propitious crisis, that system could be overthrown.

It is probable, however, that it would have been long before the mere force of truth could have prevailed against a fabric constructed with the worldly wisdom of the Roman Catholic

church; but it was cankered at heart, and its corruptions cried aloud to heaven. Here was the secret of its weakness—the lives of the clergy, both regular and secular, were disgusting multitudes, and preparing mankind to hail the day when they should be exposed and put to shame. In a history of the progress of the Reformation, whether in Italy or elsewhere, the feelings of disaffection to the established forms of worship, which the sight of gross abuses occasioned, ought not to be passed over. Dr. M'Crie might have added to the interest, and indeed to the value of his volume, by more ample reference to the poets and novelists of Italy, who lived during those ages in which the papacy was filling up the measure of its iniquities. We single out this class of authors, because they afford a fair sample of the state of public opinion in the times when they lived; and because their own incidental reflections on the condition of religion and its professors, ought to have that weight which belongs to undesigned and unobtruded testimony. Of the novelists we shall not stay to say more, than that, in general, those innocent fairy tales in which they abound, and many of which our nurses still teach us, are usually made to relate to some lucky peasant or luckless prince, whilst any discreditable adventure is as sure to be saddled upon a priest or a nun. The poets will engage more of our attention, and are better worth it.

Of Dante's hostility to the Church of Rome, we had recently occasion to say something in our review of Mr. Todd's edition of Milton. His feelings, however, towards it were perfectly distinct from those of the parties with whom we have been hitherto dealing. These latter denounced the *doctrines* of the church; the poet embraced its doctrines, but execrated their *abuse*.

Signor Rosetti, indeed, in a most elaborate, learned, and ingenious commentary on the Inferno, recently published, pronounces the 'Divina Commedia' to have nothing to do with theology; that it is a purely political poem; that it attacks the pope as the head of the Guelphic party, without any reference to his spiritual character; that it is, in short, a covert

enterprise of the Ghibellin against the Guelph: and that its language is a kind of freemason's phraseology, only to be understood by the initiated. Thus *amor*, for instance, stands for *Roma*, by inversion; or, if it be written *amore*, then it stands for *amo-re*, by division; and in these senses combined, it implies, that the Ghibellin *loved* a *king* for *Rome*, or, in other words, thought that Italy would prosper best under the single sceptre of the emperor;—*Donna*, or *Madonna*, is the *power* of the emperor;—*salute* is the *emperor* himself, for, like the Marquis of Carabas, the emperor is here and there and everywhere;—*I morti* are the Guelphs; *I vivi* are the Ghibellins, &c. With these keys, and some others of the same sort, Signor Rosetti unlocks all the mysteries of Dante for a considerable time—till at length it pleases the poet, for some reason or another, to lay aside these symbols and adopt a fresh set, which are discovered, however, by the commentator with the same sagacity as before, and the treasure-house is opened with the same success as before. Nor is this all: other secrets are to be got at by piecing syllables together which are scattered throughout a whole line, or even half a dozen lines, when up starts a Ghibellin, or your old friend the emperor—like harlequin, whose limbs being collected from different quarters of the stage, combine at once into a perfect and living man. For example, that glorious passage in the ninth canto, descriptive of the approach of the angel to the city of Dis, of which we spoke in the article already alluded to, wraps up the emperor in a way which certainly might have escaped an ordinary reader;—non altrimenti è fatto che d'un ven*to* impetuoso per gli avversi ardo*ri* Che fier la selva; e senz alcun ratten*to*, &c., where it will be perceived by the letters in italics, that the emperor *Enrico* is very intelligibly expressed.

Now, supposing this scheme to be as sound as we are afraid it is visionary, we should think it a misfortune to be thoroughly versed in it. In our eyes, it would be the utter ruin of Dante as a poet; and sundry curious conundrums would be all that we should get in exchange for those noble bursts of inspira-

tion which we had found in him, or thought we had found in him, in the days of our happier ignorance of these rabbinical expositions. Besides, to us it is an offensive idea, that the sublime scenes of an invisible world of souls, a hell, a purgatory, and a paradise, should, after all, be only parables relating to a factious squabble in Italy. This seems to us to be reversing the order of things grievously, and making the thing typified of ten-fold less consequence than the type. Who, for instance (to advert once again to the passage in the ninth canto), would not rather believe that the city of Dis meant the city of Dis than the city of Florence?—that the heretics it contained were really heretics than Guelphs?—that the angel who descended to open the gates which were shut against Dante and Virgil, was actually a messenger of God, empowered with his wand to smite the portals, and make a way into that infernal town, than that it was the Emperor Henry, with his sceptre, demanding admission for the Ghibellins into Florence? We do not dispute the ingenuity of Signor Rosetti, we are only contending that it is misapplied; indeed, when this, his favourite theory, does not cross his path, his commentary is excellent, keeping close to the text, completing the ellipses, and leading his reader by the hand, step by step, through the rough places of his difficult author, with an admirable knowledge of the road. For the reasons, therefore, which we have given, we shall continue to regard Dante more as the theologian than the politician, and proceed, as we were about to do before this digression, to say a word or two on the view he took of his church.

Its doctrines, we repeat, he allowed, and only exclaimed against their perversion. For the accommodation of heretics in another world, he provides, like a good son of his intolerant mother, sepulchres glowing with fervent heat, and no suspicion seems to cross his mind that they were thus out of their proper element. A purgatory, he admits, and stations at its gate in angel duly armed with his keys and commission from St. Peter: yet he tells us that the apostle had cautioned him against opening too freely, and admitting a herd of miscreants who

would trample him to death (Purg. xi). He believes it to be the duty of those who are alive to pray for the souls that are therein, and he represents them, in their turn, making supplication for their friends on earth (Purg. xi); but he adds, in direct opposition to all excessive merchandise of souls, that purgatory did, in fact, receive very few—that its doors creaked on their hinges for want of use, and that mankind, in general, rushed headlong, and at once, to the bottomless pit (Purg. x). Priestly absolution he does not dispute, yet he reckons it profitless without repentance; and a luckless friar, who had sinned at the pope's suggestion, and upon the faith of his promise that he would open heaven for him notwithstanding, finds himself, to his surprise, amongst the damned (Infern. xxvii). He condemns to a joyless abode, among the spirits in prison, all who had died without baptism, however innocent their lives (Infern. iv). He constantly addresses the Virgin in language of the most chivalrous devotion, and sometimes with the most touching tenderness (Purg. xx). He kindles at the thought of a crusade, and bitterly reproaches the pope and cardinals with brooding over their gains, whilst Nazareth, 'where Gabriel spread his angel wings,' was left a prey to the infidels (Par. ix). He had no wish to interfere with the rights of the clergy as ministers of God, and gratuitously selects as a subject for sculpture, the death of Uzzah, when he stretched forth an unconsecrated hand to bear up the ark (Purg. x). But the *union* of secular and ecclesiastical dominion he holds in abomination; this he would tear asunder; to this he imputes the spiritual downfall of the church (Purg. xxvi); and pouring out upon its consequent corruptions the fiercest vials of his wrath, he denounces it as the destroyer of his country (Purg. x), the beast (xvi), the harlot (xxxii). He peoples his hell with its ministers, plaguing them with divers plagues; and they dash against each other huge stones in disorderly conflict; and they stand on their heads in burning jars; and are closed up in regions of thick-ribbed ice; and make their moan from the summits of pyramids of flame in which they

are envelôped; and are crushed under excessive weights; and are torn by the forks of vindictive fiends, when they venture to peep out of the boiling pitch wherein is their everlasting portion.

Dante would have rejoiced to see his church efficient and prosperous. To its radical errors in faith he was not alive, for he was a reader and admirer of Thomas Aquinas (Par. x. et seq.), and was evidently better versed in the historical and picturesque parts of the Scriptures, than in the doctrinal; but that there was something in it grievously wrong he was fully aware, and so was Petrarch who succeeded him.

Petrarch, like Dante, was a good Roman Catholic; he had no desire to quarrel with the established creed; he was himself a churchman; he had a priest in his house, and built a chapel to the Virgin, at Arqua: but his own powerful language almost sinks under the indignation he feels at the abominations which had polluted the sanctuary. He calls down fire from heaven upon his church, as the mother of all the wickedness which was abroad in the world (Son. 194). Bacchus and Venus are its gods (195). Beelzebub sits in the midst of its bishops, blowing up with his bellows the flames of their lusts (194). In an old edition of the Sonnets of Petrarch, which lies before us, these to which we have referred, and others like to them, have been carefully effaced by the hand of some former owner, whose manes we have no intention to disturb, whilst we offer to our readers the following translation of the hundred and ninety-sixth:—

'Thou fruitful spring of woe! thou hapless home
Where heaven's displeasure finds its place of rest!
Temple of heresy! foul error's nest!
Thou impious Babylon, once hallowed Rome!
Forge of all fraud! dread prison-house and tomb
Of virtue thou, while vice thou fosterest!
'T is strange, O hell, by living fiends possessed,
If Christ, at length, decree thee not thy doom!

'For at thy birth thou lowly wast and chaste,
Now at thy parents dost thou lift the horn,
A shameless harlot! Where then hast thou placed
Thy hope? In chamberings and in wealth ill-born?
Take, Constantine, take back thy gift, or haste
And purge thy world, O God! o'er which we mourn.'

The spirit which spake in these men (and in Petrarch it spake yet more vehemently, if possible, in his letters than in his poetry) was preparing the way for the reformers: and an abhorrence of the abuses of a system, was the natural forerunner of an inquiry into the cause of those abuses, and a suggestion of the remedy.

The corruption, however, continued unabated, and the effect it now began to produce was no longer a feeling of indignation,—*that* had died away,—but a feeling of levity and heartless unbelief: religion itself seemed ready to founder under the insupportable weight of the vices of its professors. Now an air of jesting and licentious badinage, upon subjects the most sacred, was gone forth, and we look in vain for the earnestness of a former age, which, amidst all its errors, could not behold with patience the prostitution of a blessing it knew how to value, and loathed the wickedness of men who could find in their hearts to poison the fountains of living waters.

It was now the fashion to ascribe to Turpin, an archbishop, (a fictitious one to be sure,) whatever monstrous and incredible lies a romancer might invent, and to appeal with mock gravity to the authority of such a character for their truth. The addresses to the Deity or saint, with which the cantos of the 'Morgante Maggiore' begin, seem often to breathe sincerity, and even devotion; yet it is very difficult to reconcile the frequent burlesque application of the language, the imagery, and even the doctrines of the Scriptures, in which this poem abounds, with a belief in their authority. Pulci, perhaps, was not after all an infidel professed, as the French (who never lose one for want of claiming him) would persuade us; but he was one of thousands, both clergy (to whom he belonged) and laity, whose motto still was '*vive la bagatelle*,' and who went thoughtlessly

dancing to the grave of their faith like flies to a candle. The same spirit manifests itself in the poets that followed him,—a spirit of ill-timed levity on the gravest subjects. We do not deny that passages might be produced both from Ariosto and Berni, which, taken by themselves, would seem to show that they were Christians and even Roman Catholic Christians; but still they are perpetually laughing in their sleeve. If they affect to look serious, they succeed, like Cicero's augurs when they met in the street. If a thought of religion comes across them, it is sure to be associated with Friar Tuck. They feel no loyalty (how should they?) towards the system by which such men earned their bread, and without heeding what distant consequences might result from their sportive sallies, they amuse themselves at the expense both of clergy and creed, and let the world pass. They forwarded, however, the Reformation, without meaning it. They might say with the boy, who threw a stone at a dog and hit his step-mother, that, though it was intended otherwise, it was not quite lost. Such passages as the following must have operated like one of Luther's caricatures. Astolfo climbs to the moon, and, amongst other odd furniture which has escaped to that planet from the earth,

> 'Of soups all spilt an ocean he espies,
> And of his doctor asks the interpretation;
> 'Tis alms, quoth he, which, when the good man dies,
> He leaves behind him for his soul's salvation:
> A mount of flowers he sees, of stately size,
> Once sweet, but now a vile abomination,
> This is the gift (with reverence be it said)
> That Constantine to good Silvester made.'—
>
> *Orland. Fur.* xxxiv. 80.

Again, the angel Michael is represented by Ariosto, as having received orders to look for Silence, and to lead him to the assistance of some recruits, who were on their march to join the Christian army at Paris, but were anxious that the enemy should have no intelligence of their approach. When he had executed this commission, he was to find Discord, and turn

her loose amongst the pagan troops, to waste and divide their strength:—

'Now Michael, pondering where to go in quest
Of Silence, came to this determination,
That to search church and abbey would be best,
Where friars lead a life of contemplation,
And to be speechless is a vow professed—
So, where these good men meet in congregation,
Where sleep, and where they make their frugal cheer;
In short, where not?—is writ up, 'Silence here.'

Trusting to find him thus, away he hied,
And waved impatiently his wings of gold;
Nor thought he less, that here too at his side,
Rest, Charity, and Peace, he might behold:
But all his hopes he quickly found belied,
When, as he reached the cloister, he was told,
No more does Silence this abode delight in,
Nor tarry here at all, except in writing.

'Nor Pity, no nor Peace can he descry,
Nor Love, nor Rest, nor Meekness, all are fled—
Time was they dwelt here, but 'tis long gone by,
Pride, Hate, Sloth, Lust, Rage, Avarice, in their stead,
Have made it their resort. The angel's eye
Looked on the novel sights, and wondered—
Then passed the hideous legion in review,
And, lo! perceived amongst them Discord too.

'Now, touching Discord, it was heaven's command,
That Silence found, he search for her as well;
So Michael had most naturally planned
To seek her, where he thought she lived—in hell.
Who would have guessed, that in this hell at hand,
Mid mass and matins, she should choose to dwell?
Doubtless to him extremely odd it seemed,
To find her so much nearer than he deemed.'

Orland. Fur. xxiv. 79.

Some time after, it appeared that this malicious lady had deserted the task assigned her, so that the angel had to fetch her back. Accordingly, another opportunity is afforded the

poet of a fling at the monks, of which he does not fail to avail himself:—

'Down to the abbey Michael winged his way,
Where Discord might be, such was his reflection,
And found her in the chapter-house that day,
Presiding at an officer's election.
High mirth she took in witnessing the fray,
For breviaries flew in each direction;
But Michael of her hair seized tight possession,
And gave her kicks and buffets at discretion.'

Orland Fur. xxvii. 37.

Berni treats the regular clergy with as little ceremony as Ariosto. Banter is the weapon which he also generally uses, and with nearly as great effect. Now and then, however, he is serious and severe:—

'Another tale my verse must now express,
Suffice it for my twentieth canto's theme;
Whereby perchance a man may shrewdly guess
That all are not such saints as they would seem;
And though grey, purple, damask be their dress,
Nor without glove to touch a coin they dream,
And stoop with visage pale and downcast eyes,
'Tis doubtful if they go to Paradise:—

'Nay! though with crucifix in hand they pace,
Alone, in sackcloth, humbled to the dust,
And though the rochet they most tightly lace,
And look like sausages expertly trussed;
And though as fed on horsebeans frowns their face,
And though their unctious, unshorn beards disgust,
And though they seek caves, grottoes, rocks, and holes,
As craw-fish, rabbits, hedge-hogs do, and moles.

'Let holiness in holy life begin,
Not in the saintly tongue or face or weeds:
Weep ye a brother's wrong, a brother's sin,
Be peaceful, courteous, merciful your deeds.
Scorn, by dissembling, praise of man to win:
No mask the single-hearted Christian needs;
But through the door he enters brave and bold,
Nor, like some sly thief, skulks into the fold—

'These are the sinful generations, these,
Of whom God's fiercest hatred is the lot—
All errors else his eye with pity sees,
Beholding them, his anger waxeth hot.
Wretches! ye glow without, within ye freeze!
Ye whited tombs! while bones beneath ye rot!
Away with trimming thus the outward part,
Inward direct your looks, and cleanse the heart.'

Orland. Innamor. b. i. c. xx. § 1.

We do not scruple to bring forward Ariosto and Berni as witnesses of the temper which was abroad before Luther. Both died before him, the one ten, the other thirteen years; but so familiar had the times long been with writings of this kind, and so little danger was apprehended from them, that they were licensed, read, and even encouraged by pope and prelate, whilst they were uncovering their nakedness before Italy and Europe.

Even Erasmus himself does not appear to have been aware of the effect his 'Colloquies' would have upon the temporal interests of the church. That admirable scholar delighted in exercising a talent for humour, which he possessed above any man of his time; and the monks and friars chanced to furnish him, as they did the poets of Italy, with excellent materials on which to employ it. This circumstance, probably in some measure decided him in the choice of his subject: for Erasmus was too timid—too fond of literary ease—too ambitious of the favour of the great—too undecided in his own notions, both as to the doctrines and government of the church, to embark with spirit in such a sea of troubles as the Reformation. Accordingly, like a faint-hearted recruit, he shuts his eyes when he pulls the trigger, and recoils from the report of his own piece. Indeed, when we now look back, and calmly consider the many sad presages, which for generations had been warning the church of its danger, nothing seems more remarkable than its apparent security and unconcern. Even the clergy themselves, some as poets, and more as novelists, ventured to act the part of ill birds, as if nothing was further from their thoughts than the evil that was in store for them. The fact, however, seems

to have been, that before the discovery of the art of printing, manuscripts were chiefly in possession of the monks, who bought them up with avidity, and purposely stood in the way of all private purchasers. Whatever exposures, therefore, these manuscripts might make, were looked upon as *esoteric* doctrines, which might serve to enliven the listless seclusion of the cloister. And even after this noble invention had been perfected, it was some time before the world (or which was the same thing, the church) was aware of its powers. It was like the acquisition of a new sense—its functions were to be learned by experiment alone—their nature and wonderful extent could not be conjectured with any certainty. The pope, who had so long governed with despotic authority all the springs of human action, might have well supposed that such an engine as the press would not be beyond his control; there was now, indeed, no chance of letters becoming the private property of the priests, like the hieroglyphics of Egypt, but he might still flatter himself that types would be innocently employed in giving more ample circulation to his bulls, and propagating the gainful impostures of his office. Certain it is, that, even after the press had been laid under restrictions, works, the most adverse to the church in her then condition, were sanctioned, not from indifference to her present interests, not from ignorance of the contents of such publications, but simply because safety long enjoyed had begot a notion that there could be no danger, and authority long undisputed the flattering dream that it was indisputable.

But, in truth, the vitals of religion, vigilance and earnestness about it, were gone. The religious world was a stage, and men and women merely players. If God was to be praised, it was not to be done with the heart, but with the very best organs and choristers that could be got together for love or money. The robe of righteousness might not be put on; but if lace, brocade, embroidery could be of any service, there they were at heaven's command. The prayers which were said might not be a very sweet-smelling savour, but then there was the choicest incense from Arabia to make up for it. The light

within was not so bright as might be wished, but if candles could do any good, candles were abundant. The soul was not literally humbled with fasting, but the body undertook to dine upon ten or a dozen sorts of choice fish, with soups, vegetables, and fruits, dressed after the most cunning fashion, and what in reason could be required more? Nay, when the crisis was at hand, when the rams'-horns had already sounded round the city walls to tell them they should fall, we find the pope of the day expressing his admiration of the 'fine genius of brother Martin,' as though he judged him by himself to be a mere religious adventurer endeavouring to make a fortune by his wits —we see him disencumbering himself of his robes, with the prayer, perhaps (none was more likely), that for a season, at least, 'heaven would send him no need of them'—striding in his leathern boots through the Ostian woods after wild boars, and returning to meet a company of buffoons at his table, and laughing at the dexterity with which they defended and impugned the soul's immortality. In short, it was the fashion of the day to do the work of God after the zealous manner of that patriarch of Constantinople, of whom Jeremy Taylor reminds us, 'who ran from the altar in St. Sophia to his stable, in all his pontificals, and in the midst of his office, to see a colt newly fallen from his beloved and much-valued mare, Phorbante.'

It was in the midst of this scene of lukewarmness and self-indulgence, even whilst the clergy were eating and drinking, (not indeed marrying and giving in marriage,—it would have been better for them if they had,) that Luther arose, like an Ajax Mastigophoros among the sheep.

Luther must, under any circumstances, have made a noise in the world; but had the church been wise enough to reform her practice in time, it is probable that her mere errors in faith, gross as we now think them, and as he very soon learned to think them himself, would not have provoked his scrutiny; that his zeal, like that of many other good men before him, would have found a vent in establishing a new order; and that St. Martin by this time might have figured in the Roman Catholic

calendar, by the side of St. Benedict or St. Francis. It is evident that the doctrine of the church, which we are accustomed to reckon the most repugnant to common sense, would have been no stumbling-block in his way (for he who could teach the doctrine of consubstantiation was not the man to be shocked by the doctrine of transubstantiation); and if not this doctrine, why should any other be thought likely to have opened his eyes? The great and leading doctrine, indeed, of the Reformation, both in Germany and England, justification by faith alone, appears to have been lurking in Luther's mind some years before he gave it utterance; and no doubt this principle once established, might, in the end, have undermined his allegiance to a church of which the very foundations were laid in the opposite doctrine of merit: still this was not the rock upon which his submission to the pope first split. Milner (whose history of Luther is an admirable corrective to the unworthy insinuations and philosophical indifference of Hume on the same subject) is evidently disposed to think otherwise; but some allowance must be made, on the one hand, for the theological views of the church historian; and, on the other, the scandals which Luther had witnessed in a visit to Rome, and the shameless sale of indulgences, which had troubled him in Germany, may be thought enough to account for the beginning of that new light which, by degrees, broke upon him. The necessity of a reform, indeed, had been admitted, and the Council of Pisa had been recently called, for the express purpose of examining into ecclesiastical abuses. But the examination was not undertaken and pursued in an honest and good heart, otherwise it is possible the Church of Rome might have continued unscathed for some years longer, at least till a better knowledge of the Scriptures should have exposed (as it always must) its unsoundness and error. For it is not to be disputed that much there was in it to attach its members, and engage their best sympathies in its behalf. Evil as the system was, it was far from a system of unmixed evil. Many of its incentives to devotion were admirably contrived to answer their end.; and some, which were congenial to the habits and feelings of the

people, have (unfortunately, we think) in our own land been suffered to expire. They survived the shock of the Reformation itself, but could not struggle through the fury of the fanatics, who hated all that had been popish; and still less through the profligacy of the succeeding generation, who laughed to scorn all that was godly. We confess that we look back with some pleasure, though not without drawing some mortifying comparisons, on those good old usages of our fathers, which were in existence almost a century after the times of popery, when they wrote upon windows and doors some appropriate text, and made even the furniture of their houses to speak parables; when they ushered in the candles at night, with 'God send us light from heaven;' when they bestowed a father's blessing on their children, as they knelt before them ere they retired to rest; when they walked their parish boundaries, giving thanks for the harvest, relieving the needy, reconciling the contentious; when the parson blessed aloud those whom he met, or overtook, by the way; when the church-doors stood open most of the day, and the ploughman, as he heard the sound of the saint's bell, left for a moment his 'laboured ox,' that he might join his prayers with those of a Herbert, and beg the favour of heaven on the works of his hands. But this age of simplicity is gone by, and a new order of things has arisen in its stead. Perhaps even what we have written will be read with a supercilious smile at the darkness of men, who, in the nineteenth century, are not convinced that England is becoming more happy or more moral by the conversion of her peasantry into *operatives*, and of her fields into one huge workshop; of men, who have the weakness to confess their fears, that amidst the tumult of engines that cannot stop, and fires that must be fed, and mines that must be worked, and boats that must be navigated, and goods shipped, and letters written, and the eternal clatter of wheels, and looms, and sledge-hammers, 'the still small voice' may run a risk of being unheeded. But we beg pardon, and proceed. The Council of Pisa was rendered abortive by the intrigues of the pope, and instead of strengthening the church, only served to supply Luther

with an additional argument, that, by its own confession, it was full of abuse. The critical opportunity of self-correction was thus lost, and at last the sound of a reformation indeed, wherein the pleasure of the pontiff was no longer to be consulted, reached the Vatican.

Now was the power of the press, for the first time, made known. Heretical pamphlets, catechisms, ballads, and caricatures, broke loose in a body. Now were to be seen on tavern walls foxes preaching in full canonicals, with the neck of a goose peeping out of a pocket; wolves in sheep's clothing confessing and granting absolution; monkeys, in the habit of Franciscans, sitting beside a sick man's bed, with one hand on the crucifix and the other in his fob. It was a war without quarter. A medicine which if well-timed may cure, given out of season may kill. The queasy stomach of the Roman Catholic church had kicked at a council which might have done it good, but now cries out in a panic for another which has disagreed with it. Before the Council of Trent nothing could be more hopeless than to argue with a Romanist. It was impossible to drive him to a corner; he was the ghost in Hamlet. Urge him with the decrees of assemblies of his church—one was not convened lawfully; another did not proceed *conciliariter;* a third was not general; a fourth was not *approbatum;* a fifth was *reprobatum;* a sixth was partly *approbatum,* partly *reprobatum.* Thus, at the moment when the antagonist counted the victory his own, and was stooping to bind his prostrate foe, he saw him again escape from his hands and vanish into thin air. This state of things some of the wisest heads of the Church of Rome thought it impolitic to meddle with, and lamented the steps taken at the Council of Trent to define and determine her doctrines. Much that was before indifferent was now enjoined by authority, and many were driven to secede who could not assent, and were not permitted to be neutral. But a more important advantage accrued to the Protestants, from an authentic declaration of Roman Catholic faith (as far as it goes) being hereby put into their hands. They had hitherto been fighting with a shadow;

the creed of Pius IV. gave them something more substantial with which to grapple. Doubtless it still left abundant room for evasion; but, accommodating as it is, arguments may be built upon it which cannot but embarrass its defenders; and the scrupulous care with which the Church of Rome (though constantly provoked to close) has abstained from calling another general council, which might put forth a yet more distinct and specific exposition of her tenets, proves that she has felt the inconvenience of former restrictions. The Council of Trent was probably the last of its kind, extorted by a belief that the times admitted of no less desperate remedy. The instructions which it sent forth to the parochial clergy, in the form of a catechism ('Catechismus ad Parochos'), give ample token of the alarm which the Church of Rome now felt. The most feverish anxiety for the dignity and authority of the priest may be perceived throughout, and texts are distorted for his praise and glory with a most ludicrous ingenuity. The silver shrines are in danger, and there is evidently no small stir among the craftsmen. As it is a document which is allowed by Mr. Butler himself still to speak the sense of his church, we will give our readers a few of its practical *applications* of Scripture. The gospels for the day are to be made profitable to the edification of the people, as follows:—'You shall find an ass's colt tied, *loose* it,' &c. &c. Here the priest may remark, that the right of granting *absolution* may thus be collected to have been conferred upon the clergy, the successors of the apostles; the laity, we presume, by parity of reasoning, being the successors of the ass. The same doctrine is to be derived from the words '*Loose him and let him go;*' which our Lord uttered when Lazarus came forth bound with grave-clothes. That the words were addressed to the disciples in particular does not appear indeed from the Evangelist; but the Catechism says they were, knowing it probably from tradition. 'Send her away, for she crieth after us,' furnishes an argument that intercession is made for us by the saints. 'Jesus was casting out a devil, and it was *dumb:*' who does not here discover the doctrine of confession? The devil pre-

vents the sinner from confessing to the priest, and can only be ejected when the tongue is set free. 'Whence shall we buy *bread*, that these may eat?' The bread *alone*, therefore, had the property of quenching *thirst*, as well as appeasing hunger; hence the propriety of communion in one kind only for the laity. 'And He went into a ship that was *Peter's*.' Here our Lord signifies that Peter was to be the head of the church; or, as old Latimer has it in one of his sermons, He says in effect, 'Peter, I do mean this by sitting in thy boat, that thou shalt go to Rome, and be bishop there, five-and-twenty years after mine ascension, and all thy successors shall be rulers of the universal church after thee.' 'And there came down a certain priest that way.' This is a text which requires some delicacy in the handling, seeing that the priest does not figure to any advantage in the history. The man that fell among thieves, however, is human nature; sin inflicted the wounds; our Lord is the Samaritan; and when He gives twopence to *the host*, He teaches that the care of the church is to be committed to a single individual! According to the interpretation of the same Catechism, the fifth commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' &c. implies, amongst other things, that children are bound to provide their parents with confessors before they die, to bury them with handsome obsequies, and to establish annual masses for their souls: and lest the congregation should be at a loss to know why there are seven sacraments, neither more nor less, it instructs their pastor to explain, that natural religion points to this number; —that man, as a *social* being, has need of seven things: 1. to be born; 2. to grow up; 3. to be sustained; 4. to be recovered from sickness; 5. to be recruited in strength; 6. to be subject to government; 7. to propagate his kind:—that, therefore, as a *spiritual* being, he has also need of the seven anti-types, namely, 1. Baptism; 2. Confirmation; 3. The Eucharist; 4. Penance; 5. Extreme unction; 6. Orders; 7. Marriage. Finally, as if further to exalt the dignity of his office, the priest is to communicate to his flock many of the more secret counsels of heaven, which are hidden from the vulgar; that at

the resurrection, for instance, our bodies will be disfigured by no deformity; that they will be neither too fat nor too lean; that the wounds of the martyrs will then emit rays of light, exceeding in brightness gold and precious stones. He is to exhort them to confess not only the sin, but the circumstances which attend it, and by which it might be aggravated; as, for instance, in the case of murder, whether it was committed upon a layman or an *ecclesiastic*. Moreover, he is to teach that Christ and the priest are the same, the latter when he consecrates the elements, saying, this is *my* body, not this is the body of Christ; and that no common reverence is due to a man who can 'produce and present the body and blood of our Lord,' and who hath power on earth 'to forgive sins;' a faculty, it is added, passing human reason to comprehend, and the like to which cannot be found in the world beside.

Whatever weight, however, such arguments ought to have had, the Italians do not appear to have thought them conclusive. The writings of Luther and Melancthon, of Zuingle and Bucer, continued to be circulated covertly throughout Italy; and in translations, and under fictitious titles, some of them made their way even into the Vatican. Dr. M'Crie gives evidence the most satisfactory, that in almost every principal city the cause of the Reformation had numerous friends. Ferrara was full of them; even foreign Protestants resorted to it as an asylum; Marot, the not inelegant translator of the Psalms into French, fled thither from persecution; and Calvin himself sojourned there for several months, receiving distinguished attention from the duchess, and confirming her in the sentiments of the reformers, which she had already embraced (p. 70). Of Modena, its own bishop complains in a letter to Cardinal Contarene, that, by common report, 'the whole city was turned Lutheran' (p. 78). Florence was less corrupted; yet Brucioli, whose version of the New Testament, and indeed all his works, 'published or to be published,' were formally interdicted at the council of Trent, was a Florentine; and so was Carneseca, the martyr (p. 79). The people of Bologna expressed their earnest desire that the emperor should interfere

to procure for them liberty of conscience in matters of religion, or, if this could not be granted, that they might at least 'be allowed to purchase bibles without incurring the charge of heresy, and to quote Christ and St. Paul without being branded as Lutherans' (p. 83). Venice was at that time a powerful, independent, and zealous republic, with a printing-press the most efficient in the world, and with opportunities, from her commerce both by sea and land, of making its productions known throughout Christendom. Letters were a branch of trade at Venice. To its merchants were consigned the books of the German and Swiss reformers, and over Italy and elsewhere there issued from this ark, as it rode amidst the waters, the Dove of Peace. Here

'The evangelical doctrine had made such progress between the years 1530 and 1542, that its friends, who had hitherto met in private, for mutual instruction and religious exercises, held deliberations on the propriety of organizing themselves into regular congregations, and assembling in public. Several members of the senate were favourable to it, and hopes were entertained at one time that the authority of that body would be interposed in its behalf.'—p. 95.

Melancthon addressed a letter to them upon the subject, and though numbers in that city were found (as we shall presently see) faithful to the death, the Government would not declare in favour of the Reformation at that critical moment, or perhaps a new impulse might have been thereby given to her fortunes, now passing the meridian; and instead of the melancholy wreck of former greatness which she exhibits at this day, she might have continued a queen for ever. The new opinions were not confined to the capital—Vicenza, Treviso, and other places in the Venetian territory, partook of them.

'If it be God's will,' write the brethren of those parts to Luther, 'that we obtain a truce, what accessions will be made to the kingdom of Christ, in faith and charity! How many preachers will appear to announce Christ faithfully to the people! How many prophets, who now lurk in corners, exanimated with undue fears, will come forth to expound the Scriptures!'—p. 99.

The Milanese, as early as the year 1524, had caught the infection. The vicinity of the Vaudois contributed to spread it in this part of Italy, and the disorders of a district which had long been the seat of war, left no leisure for extirpating it. Nor was it in the north of Italy only that this spirit had gone forth: the German soldiers, who, after the sack of Rome, in 1527, for some time garrisoned the city of Naples, are supposed to have carried with them the Lutheran doctrines, which, indeed, were not new in Calabria. Valdez, a layman of remarkable prudence and talent, watered this hopeful plant and Ochino and Peter Martyr, names well known in the annals of our own church, gave it further increase. For here it was that the theologian who afterwards occupied the divinity-chair at Oxford first studied the Scriptures; and here it was that the preacher, who was pronounced by Charles V. a man 'to make the stones weep,' first lifted up the reformer's voice. Even Sicily felt the influence of a Luther.

'Benedetti, surnamed Locarno, from the place of his birth, a minister of great sanctity, having gained the favour of the viceroy, preached the truth, under his patronage, to crowded audiences, in Palermo, and other parts of that island. The seeds of his doctrine afterwards sprung up, and gave ample employment to the inquisitors. For many years, persons charged with the Lutheran heresy were produced in the public and private *autos da fé* celebrated in Sicily.'—p. 123.

We have run some risk of being thought tedious in our details, though we have not nearly gone the round of Italy with Dr. M'Crie, who has prosecuted this part of his subject with great diligence. Less, however, would not have sufficed to show at all adequately how effectually the state of public opinion (of which we have already spoken) had prepared the way for a reformation in Italy; and how remarkable a progress the great cause had actually made there. Well might the Church of Rome believe that a movement so universal was not to be put down by a *Catechismus ad Parochos* alone, and that the effect of such logic must be accelerated by exile, imprisonment, and the flames. Persecution, if begun in time, con-

ducted with discretion, and continued long enough, will break the heart of a stouter nation than the Italians; and if the reign of Mary had been as lasting as that of Elizabeth, and as wary, it is not impossible that the fate of the Reformation in England and Italy might have been the same. Popish historians are right enough when they attribute the salvation of the Roman Catholic religion south of the Alps, in a main degree, to the establishment of the Inquisition at Rome, in 1543. There was, at least, wisdom in this wickedness. It drove out of the country, or buried in its dungeons, or pursued to the death, all who ventured to think for themselves; and so the unity of the church was restored—*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.* For twenty years and more was this accursed engine in the utmost activity, and so well did it its work, that all traces of the Reformation at length disappeared; down it went, with a shriek, like a drowning man, and the waters close over him, and not a sign is left that he has ever been. Now were spies commissioned to disperse themselves over the country, and, being furnished with recommendations, and disguised under a variety of characters, they gained access to the secrets of their simple hosts, and betrayed them to the Inquisition. To this day may be seen, in the cellars of this cruel tribunal at Venice (for here, too, the policy of the pope had contrived its establishment), written with an unsteady hand, as in the dark, apophthegms, which may well have had their origin in those days of perfidy:

'Da chi mi fido, guardami Dio;
Da chi non mi fido, mi guardarò io.'

For mutual suspicion was now sown amongst the members of the same hearth—husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, hastened to get the start of each other in the race of unnatural treachery; and a man's foes literally became those of his own household. But the number of persons thus secretly denounced, and in many cases silently disposed of, must remain a mystery till that day when, amongst other deeds of darkness, these, too, shall be disclosed.

'Know that I am in great trouble, and danger of my life,' writes Altieri, the Venetian reformer, to Bullinger; 'nor is there a place in Italy where I can be safe with my wife and boy. My fears for myself increase daily, for I know the wicked will never rest till they have swallowed me up alive, Give me a place in your prayers.'—p. 224.

And no more is heard of Altieri! The misguided people were stimulated by the inquisitors to supply them with victims, by appeals to their interest, present as well as future. There was no mischief, moral or physical, that befell them, of which the heretics were not at the bottom. The charges were made with as much decency as those against the camel at Jumbo, which was delivered over to the secular arm, as Bruce tells us, for having cursed the sheriff of Mecca, and for having threatened to set fire to the town and destroy the wheat. So were these poor creatures held up to the execration of a superstitious peasantry, as the evil eye which blighted their corn, and blasted their olive-yards, and sent a murrain among their cattle, and destroyed their substance. Other means, even more unjustifiable than these, were occasionally resorted to.

'A rich nobleman of Modena, in the duchy of Ferrara,' writes Eglin to Bullinger, 'was lately informed against as a heretic to the pope, who had recourse to the following method of getting him into his claws:—The nobleman had a cousin at Rome, who was sent for to the castle of St. Angelo, and told, either you must die, or write to your cousin at Modena, desiring him to meet you at Bologna, as you wish to speak to him on important business. The letter was dispatched, and the nobleman, having ridden in haste to Bologna, was seized as soon as he had dismounted from his horse. His friend was then set at liberty. This is Dragon's game.'—p. 274.

We have sometimes thought that the courage of Milton, in avowing his religious sentiments during his travels in Italy, has been more talked of than the risk justified. But, no doubt, at that time there was danger in it, for the suspicions which the attempt at a reformation had excited were not as yet laid to sleep. Sir Henry Wotton's advice, *il viso sciolto*,

i pensieri stretti; Galileo's imprisonment, and the imprudence Milton was thought to be guilty of in paying him a visit; the shyness of the Marquess of Manso towards the poet; the fact also, which Evelyn mentions, of his having met with a Scotsman and an Irishman in Italy, who resided there, and found it needful to conceal that they were Protestants—all these circumstances concur to prove that the alarm of the foregoing century had been great, and its effects lasting.

It was not the practice of the Inquisition of Italy to outrage the feelings of the people by a public display of its terrors. The tribunal was not popular in that country; to say the truth, the Italians are not a sanguinary nation, nor have ever been so in Christian times. It is a matter of just surprise, that with such Governments as theirs, blood should be so seldom shed; and that society, constructed as it is, should hold together at all, with so little recourse to capital punishment. In Spain it was otherwise; there the hatred of a Protestant succeeded to that of a Moor, and the burning of either was a holiday spectacle.

'Drowning was the mode of death to which they doomed the Protestants at Venice, either because it was less cruel and odious than committing them to the flames, or because it accorded with the customs of the place. But if the *autos da fè* of the queen of the Adriatic were less barbarous than those of Spain, the solitude and silence with which they were accompanied were calculated to excite the deepest horror. At the dead hour of midnight the prisoner was taken from his cell, and put into a gondola, or Venetian boat, attended only, beside the sailors, by a single priest, to act as confessor. He was rowed out into the sea, beyond the two castles, where another boat was in waiting; a plank was then laid across the two gondolas, upon which the prisoner, having his body chained, and a heavy stone affixed to his feet, was placed; and, on a signal given, the gondolas retiring from one another, he was precipitated into the deep.'—p. 233.

The persecution throughout Italy was, of course, co-extensive with the heresy; but here we feel almost compelled to pause, for in these days it is not *gentlemanlike* to talk about martyrs.

'The prices of their ashes,' says Fuller, in his own inimitable language, 'rise and fall in Smithfield market. However' (he justly adds), 'their real worth flotes not with people's phancies, no more than a rock in the sea rises and falls with the tide; St. Paul is still St. Paul, though the Lycaonians now would sacrifice to him,-and presently afterwards sacrifice him.' We shall, therefore, venture to draw the attention of our readers to a few individuals of that numerous and 'noble army,' which laid down their lives for the religious liberties of Italy, and for the truth.

Faventino Fannio (we abridge the narrative of Dr. M'Crie), a native of Faenza, within the States of the Church, having received the knowledge of the truth, by reading the Bible and other religious books, in his native language, imparted it to his neighbours, and was soon thrown into prison. Over-persuaded by his friends, he recanted, and regained his liberty at the price of his peace of mind. He now determined to atone for his weakness, by spreading amongst his countrymen the reformed faith, with more zeal than before. He travelled through the province of Romagna, and wherever he had made a few converts, he left it to them to make others, and again went on his way rejoicing. At last, he was seized, and sent in chains to Ferrara:—

'To the lamentations of his wife and sister, who came to see him in prison, he replied, 'Let it suffice you, that for your sakes I once denied my Saviour. Had I then had the knowledge which, by the grace of God, I have acquired since my fall, I would not have yielded to your entreaties. Go home in peace.' His imprisonment, which lasted two years, was to the furtherance of the Gospel, so that his bonds in Christ were manifest in all the place.'

He was visited by the princess Lavinia della Rovere, by Olympia Morata, and other persons of distinction. At length, admittance was refused to strangers: he then applied himself successfully to the instruction and conversion of his fellow-prisoners, some of whom were people of rank, confined for offences against the State. He was now condemned to solitary confinement, and his prison and keeper were frequently changed

by the priests, who were afraid of the interest he excited in those about him.—But the day of his release drew on—

'In the year 1550, Julius III., rejecting every intercession made for his life, ordered him to be executed. He was accordingly brought to the stake at an early hour in the morning, to prevent the people from witnessing the scene; and being first strangled, was committed to the flames.'—p. 276.

Aonio Paleario was one of the best scholars of his day: he was successively a professor at Lucca and Milan. From the latter place he was meditating a removal to Bologna, when, in the year 1566, he was caught, like many others, in that storm of persecution which followed the elevation of Pius V. to the popedom.

'Being seized by Frate Angelo da Cremona, the inquisitor, and conveyed to Rome, he was committed to close confinement in the Torre Nona. His book on the benefit of Christ's death, (of which it may be remarked, that 40,000 copies were sold in six years,) his Commendations of Ochino, his Defence of himself before the senators of Sienna, and the suspicions which he had incurred during his residence at that place and at Lucca, were all revived against him. After the whole had been collected and sifted, the charge at last resolved itself into the four following articles:—That he denied purgatory; disapproved of burying the dead in churches, preferring the ancient Roman method of sepulture without the walls of cities; ridiculed the monastic life; and appeared to ascribe justification solely to confidence in the mercy of God forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ. For holding these opinions he was condemned, after an imprisonment of three years, to be suspended on a gibbet, and his body to be given to the flames; and the sentence was executed on the third of July, 1570, in the seventieth year of his age'—it being fit that 'so obstinate a son of Belial' (such is the humane reflection of a Roman Catholic church historian) 'should be delivered to the fire, that, after suffering its momentary pains here, he might be bound in everlasting flames hereafter' (p. 300). What if we should say of him, on the other hand, as a church historian of our own says of Ridley, that, 'like Elijah, he was but going up to heaven in a chariot of fire'?

Bartolomeo Bartoccio was the son of a wealthy citizen of

Castel, in the duchy of Spoleto. A companion in arms at the siege of Sienna first communicated to him the tenets of the reformers. He soon became an object of distrust to his bishop, and escaped to Venice; but when he had ascertained that all hope of return to his native place was gone, he retired to Geneva, married, and became a manufacturer of silk. In the year 1567, the concerns of his trade took him to Genoa. He had assumed a name, but having confided his own to a merchant, he was betrayed by him, and delivered to the Inquisition:

'The magistrates of Geneva and Berne sent to demand his liberation from the Genoese republic, but before their envoy arrived, the prisoner had been sent to Rome, at the request of the pope. After suffering an imprisonment of nearly two years, he was sentenced to be burned alive. The courage which Bartocci had all along displayed did not forsake him in the trying hour. He walked to the place of execution with a firm step and unaltered countenance, and the cry 'Vittoria, Vittoria!' was distinctly heard from him after he was wrapped in the flames.'—p. 305.

But the blackest page in the annals of these hard-hearted times will be found in the history of that colony of Waldenses which we have already said had emigrated to Calabria. Here had they been dwelling for some generations, prosperous, and in peace. By the sixteenth century, they had increased to four thousand, and were possessed of two towns on the coast, Santo Xisto and La Guardia. Constant intercourse with their Roman Catholic neighbours, and a long separation from their kindred in the Alps, had corrupted their primitive simplicity, and though they still retained a form of worship of their own, they did not scruple to frequent mass. The report of a new doctrine abroad, resembling that of their forefathers, had reached their ears; they sought to become acquainted with it, and, convinced that they had been wrong in their conformity with the Roman Catholic ritual, they applied to their brethren in the valleys of Pragela, and to the ministers of Geneva, for teachers, who should give them a better knowledge of these things. The circumstance was not long a secret at Rome, and

two monks, Valerio Malvicino and Alfonso Urbino ('tis a pity to defraud them of their fame), were sent to reduce them to obedience. They did their work like genuine sons of St. Dominic. In ancient times, heathen inquisitors required suspected Christians to cast a handful of incense upon an altar, and in default of this, they condemned them to the flames. These inquisitors of the holy office substituted attendance at mass as their test of orthodoxy. The people of Santo Xisto refused to comply, and fled to the woods. Those of La Guardia, deluded into a belief that their brethren had already submitted, reluctantly acquiesced, only to reproach themselves with what they had done, when the truth was known. Two companies of foot soldiers were now sent in quest of the fugitives, but these latter were not to be intimidated by cries of 'Amazzi, Amazzi!' and, taking their post on a hill, they came to a parley with the captain. They entreated him to have pity on their wives and children: they said that they and their fathers had for ages dwelt in the country, and had given just cause of offence to no man; that they were ready to go by sea or land wherever their superiors might direct; that they would not take with them more than was needful for their support by the way, and would engage never to return; that they would cheerfully abandon their houses and substance, provided they could retain unmolested their principles and faith. To this address, as well as to the hope, expressed at the same time, that they might not be driven to a desperate defence, the officer turned a deaf ear. His men were ordered to advance, and most of them fell by the swords of the Vaudois. The monks now wrote to Naples for assistance, which was sent, and all the cruelties which could be exercised by the combined ingenuity of pitiless banditti (for such were literally the troops now employed), and yet more pitiless inquisitors, were put in force against this devoted race. Of the last scene of their sufferings, a record is preserved in a letter to Ascanio Caraccioli from his servant, an eye-witness of the facts he relates and a Roman Catholic. It is given by Dr. M'Crie, as follows:—

'Most Illustrious Sir,—Having written you from time to time what has been done here in the affair of heresy, I have now to inform you of the dreadful justice which began to be executed on these Lutherans early this morning, being the eleventh of June; and, to tell you the truth, I can compare it to nothing but the slaughter of so many sheep. They were all shut up in one house, as in a sheep-fold: the executioner went, and bringing out one of them, covered his face with a napkin or benda, as we call it, and causing him to kneel down, cut his throat with a knife. Then, taking off the bloody napkin, he went and brought out another, whom he put to death after the same manner. In this way, the whole number, amounting to eighty-eight, were butchered. I leave you to figure to yourself the lamentable spectacle, for I scarcely can refrain from tears while I write; nor was there any person, who, after witnessing the execution of one, could stand to look on a second. The meekness and patience with which they went to martyrdom and death was incredible. Some of them at their death professed themselves of the same faith with us, but the greater part died in their cursed obstinacy. All the old men met their death with cheerfulness, but the young exhibited symptoms of fear.

'According to orders, waggons were already come to carry away the dead bodies, which are appointed to be quartered and hung up on the public roads, from one end of Calabria to the other. Unless his holiness and the viceroy of Naples command the Marquess de Bruccianici, the governor of this province, to stay his hand, and leave off, he will go on to put others to the torture, and multiply the executions until he has destroyed the whole. Even to-day a decree has passed, that a hundred grown-up women shall be put to the question, and afterwards executed. . . . . .

'The heretics taken in Calabria amount to sixteen hundred, all of whom are condemned; but only eighty-eight have as yet been put to death. This people came originally from the vally of Angrogna, near Savoy, and in Calabria are called 'Ultra-Montani.' Four other places in the kingdom of Naples are inhabited by the same race, but I do not know that they behave ill, for they are a simple unlettered people, entirely occupied with the spade and plough, and I am told, show themselves sufficiently religious at the hour of death.' —p. 263.

'Lest the reader,' continues Dr. M'Crie, 'should be inclined

to doubt the truth of such horrid atrocities, the following summary account of them, by a Neapolitan historian of that age, may be added.' After giving some account of the Calabrian heretics, he says—

'Some had their throats cut, others were sawn through the middle, and others thrown from the top of a high cliff; all were cruelly but deservedly put to death. It was strange to hear of their obstinacy; for while the father saw the son put to death, and the son his father, they not only gave no symptoms of grief, but said, joyfully, that they would be angels of God: so much had the devil to whom they had given themselves up as a prey, deceived them.'

Dr. M'Crie thus winds up this miserable narrative:—

'By the time that the persecutors were glutted with blood, it was not difficult to dispose of the prisoners who remained. The men were sent to the Spanish gallies; the women and children were sold for slaves; and, with the exception of a few who renounced their faith, the whole colony was exterminated. 'Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth,' may the race of the Waldenses say, 'Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth; my blood, the violence done to me and to my flesh be upon' Rome!'—p. 266.

Who can read these piteous details without saying Amen to the closing prayer of that collect in verse (as it has been well called), of our great poet, writ on a similar massacre of the original stock?

'O Lord, their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The Triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe!'

The Protestants who survived were, for the most part, scattered abroad. Those who lived near the borders sought an asylum in Switzerland and France, and some travelled even as far as Flanders and England. They introduced into the countries which received them many of the arts peculiar to their own: silk manufactories, mills, and dyeing-houses, were built under their instructions, and, like the fugitives from the intolerance

of the Duke of Alva shortly after, and again from that of Louis XIV., they repaid the hospitality shown them by opening, wherever they came, sources of wealth hitherto unknown. Sometimes they migrated in a body, as did those of Locarno, but with the mark of Cain set upon them by the church, and left to struggle through the snows and ice of the Rhætian Alps, as best they could, it being one of their misfortunes that their 'flight was in the winter.' These achieved their liberties like men, but all had not their hardihood. A band of Neapolitans resolved upon the same course, but when they came to those noble mountains where they were to take a last view of the land of their fathers, 'the greater part, struck with its beauties, and calling to mind the friends and comforts which they had left behind, abandoned their enterprise, parted with their companions, returned to Naples,' and lived to find that the loss of self-esteem is a far greater evil than the loss of country, and that infirmity of purpose in a good cause is the last sin which society forgives. Many, again, dwelling in the interior of Italy, where escape in a body was hopeless, stole away singly, and if tempted to return, as they sometimes were, for their families, or the wreck of their fortunes, fell a prey to the vigilance of the Inquisition. Nor were there wanting those, who, dismayed alike at the prospect of banishment or death, looked back from the plough to which they had put an unsteady hand, and made their peace with Rome by timely compliance.

Thus ended the Reformation in Italy. It only remains to say a few words on the causes which produced its extinction; to the chief one of which, indeed, we have already had occasion to allude.

1. In the first place, the system of the Roman Catholic religion was more difficult of eradication in Italy than in any other quarter of the world. It had taken advantage of all the most ancient sympathies of the country and the long-established practices of Pagan times. The people had been made to slide out of a Gentile into what stood for a Christian ritual; as little violence as might be was done to their previous prejudices, and as many of these as possible, and more than were

innocent, had been spared and cherished. The temples were turned into churches; the altars of the old gods served for the new saints; the curtains with which they were shrouded, the finery with which they were bedecked, the incense burnt before them, and the votive tablets suspended to their honour, all continued as they had been. The garlands over the doors had withered—and were replaced; the aquamlnarium which held the water of purification, held it still; the bell was still rung to excite the worshipper, or expel the demon; and the sacrifice which had been offered, was offered as before, and its well-known name of hostia, or host, retained. In earthquake, pestilence, or drought, the succour of either of these classes of superior beings was successively resorted to, and in precisely the same way. They were entreated, they were coaxed, they were scolded, they were threatened, in terms not distinguishable; processions were made for them, and tapers, music, tapestry, fraternities, and a box of relics, propitiated them alike. Hills and fountains were the asylums of either, and the votaries of the saint were exhorted to say their orisons at the one, or crawl upon their knees to the other, as it had been the practice to do by the gods in the days of their ancestors; a figure of St. Peter relieved guard at the gate for Mercury or Cardea; the niche in the parlour, or bed-room, was occupied by St. Roque, or St. Sebastian, instead of the Phrygian penates; your person was protected by a St. Vitale next your skin, in the room of an Æsculapius, or an Apollo; pollution was averted from your walls by a frowning St. Benedict, instead of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, and the Twelve Gods; and you set sail in a ship whose sign was St. Nicholas, and with about the same chance of skill, presence of mind, and self-confidence in the crew, as if her sign had still continued to be Castor and Pollux. But this system of accommodation, whereby sentiments of loyalty to the old religion were to be enlisted for the new, is yet more apparent in another particular. The religion of our Lord and his Apostles afforded no plausible pretence for the worship of those nymphs and goddesses to which the Italians had been used. What was to become of the devotion that had thus been

paid to the softer sex? Where was this to be directed? The Virgin was thought of as fitted to stand in the gap, and to the Virgin were the honours transferred: she became practically the Cybele of a former generation; she had her title, Deipara; cakes were offered to her as the queen of heaven; beggars asked an alms 'per la Madonna,' as they had heretofore done, by legal permission, 'pro Matre Deûm;' and the festival of the Idæan Mother was no other than *Lady-Day*. Inferior female saints now took the places, in their turn, of the inferior goddesses: in some cases, the very name of the deity descended to her successor, and Anna Perenna, the nymph of the Numicius, is to be found (we believe) to this day, in the same neighbourhood, under the alias of St. Anna Petronilla. The ancient system of coquetry and stolen interviews between the deities of one sex and mortals of the other, revived, not unfrequently with more than all the grossness, but seldom with much of the poetry of other times. Thus were Romans surprised into Roman Catholics, and the vulgar at least, without being conscious of having undergone any very sensible mutation, were assured that all was right, and that by some means or other changed they were *intus et in cute*. This confusion of religious character strikes us in almost every page of the more ancient Italian writers: it is quite a feature in the early literature of Italy; sacred and profane images are blended without the smallest regard to decency, though evidently without any consciousness of a want of it in the parties themselves. It was the custom of the day to plough with an ox and an ass; a mistake has been often made about it by those who have written on the revival of learning, and the motley union has been imputed to the pedantry of an age awakening from barbarism, and vain (as sciolists always are) of its new acquirements. This was not altogether the case; it was the humour of the times which had made men neither Christians nor pagans, which could again confound Jupiter with Barnabas, and Mercury with Paul. From all this, however, it is plain enough, that, independently of that hold which the Church of Rome takes of any people by engaging their senses, and combining some religious

rite with all the ordinary duties and occupations of common life, it bound the people of Italy by a spell of their own, even the natural affection which men have for the rites and customs of their forefathers.

2. Again—In some countries, and more especially in England, since the reign of Edward III., there had been a constant political struggle going on between the secular and ecclesiastical authorities. The king and nobles had perpetually to dispute the tyrannical pretensions of the Roman Catholic church; for though Tityrus might go to *Rome* in search of *liberty* (Virg. Ec. i. 27), the men of England thought it the last place where she was likely to be found. A quiet but organized opposition to the pope was thus formed, which the Reformation found in the country and fed upon. In Italy, no spirit of this kind *could* exist, because the secular and ecclesiastical authorities were there united in one and the same head. In Italy, therefore, there was not that political pabulum for a reformation which existed elsewhere. The seed fell upon stony ground, and sprang up, indeed, but withered for lack of moisture.

3. Further—Amongst the Italian reformers themselves there were many unhappy divisions, which wasted their strength. Some of the questions that thus ministered strife were upon fundamentals—the doctrines of the Trinity and Atonement. Here accommodation was impossible, because there was a disagreement as to the object of worship. Others were more speculative, and might perhaps have admitted of adjustment. Luther and Zuingle, in their conflicting sentiments on the Eucharist, had each their zealous followers in Italy, and the former, interposing with his characteristic impetuosity, only widened the breach. Dr. M'Crie thinks that, on this occasion, Luther was to be blamed—that he ought to have remembered that the whole cause of evangelical truth was at stake—that its friends were few in number and rude in knowledge—that there were many things which they were not yet able to bear—that they were sheep in the midst of wolves—and that the tendency of his interference was to divide and scatter, and drive

them into the mouth of the wild beast (p. 148). Luther, however, would not have been Luther had he acted otherwise than he did—he was not the man to conciliate, but to correct:—we must take the evil with the good—the temper, which made him the fittest instrument in the world for pulling down the strongholds of errors that were pestilent, made him incapable of coming to a compromise with errors (so he thought them) which were venial. Melancthon would have done so; but would Melancthon have shaken in pieces the popedom? We can only say of Luther and Zuingle in this matter, as was said of Ridley and Hooper in another, 'that God's diamonds often cut one another, and good men cause afflictions to good men.' Still the cause of the Reformation in Italy, no doubt, suffered in these disputes.

4. Again—It would be monstrous to make it matter of charge against any man, that he does not lay down his life for a cause, in which he feels the greatest interest notwithstanding: yet it is not to be denied that the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, and that the early retreat of many of the leading reformers from Italy was sadly unpropitious to their cause. Unquestionably, Peter Martyr did a perfectly justifiable act—justifiable even according to the very letter of Scripture—when he fled from Lucca, where it would have been death for him to stay: but when from his place of security he addressed a letter of reproach to his quondam congregation, because, deserted by their leader and dismayed by the sight of the engines of the Inquisition, they had recanted, he was not forwarding the Reformation so successfully, as if, like our own intrepid Rowland Taylor, in the parish which had long been the scene of his labours, he had crowned them all by crying aloud, 'I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood.'

5. But that which contributed to the suppression of the Reformation in Italy, above everything else, was, as we have already said, the establishment of the Inquisition, and the wicked wisdom with which it was managed. Though many made their escape before the storm fell, still, as we have seen,

martyrs were not wanting; but the effect of their sufferings was comparatively lost by the secrecy with which they were inflicted. The deed was done in the night—perhaps in the prison—if before spectators, ecclesiastics chiefly or altogether, who could then give out, without fear of contradiction, that they died, after all, penitent sons of the church. In England, the persecution was well meant, but ill conducted. It should have gone upon the principle of *quietly* exterminating the heretics, instead of exposing them in flames before the people, as a warning that they too might come to that place of torment. To exhibit a fellow-creature leaping up and down under the smouldering faggots, and shrieking, 'I cannot burn,' was not to admonish, but to horrify. How could such things be seen and heard, and the Reformation stand still? Nothing, indeed, but the most unaccountable blindness of heart could have caused the Church of Rome to hazard such experiments as these upon the feelings of a spirited people, or prevent her from perceiving that all terror at such sights would be necessarily lost in loathing and indignation. And so it came to pass. They revolted multitudes who witnessed them. They gave force to that spirit of ultra-reformation, which drove the Puritans to ride rough-shod over all that had been popish, both bad and good—and they supplied an honest martyrologist with materials for a work which animates the piety and preserves the protestantism of the country, so that by means of John Fox, the martyr, though dead still speaketh, and to this very day,

> 'E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
> E'en in *his ashes live their wonted fires.*'

IV.—PALEY.[a]

Oct., 1828.

THE state of religion in this country, in the early and middle part of the last century, was very far from satisfactory, but the mischief arose out of the events of the century before. Great national convulsions do not pass away at once, perhaps never pass away altogether, and the numberless consequences they involve should be taken more into account than they often are, by those who contribute to them as expedients for some temporary end. The *immediate* effect of the reign of the Puritans was to bring all religion for a season into contempt—to let loose a mob of reprobates, whose pride it was to be thought no hypocrites; and truly they were none. This frenzy soon worked itself out, but the evil did not end here. In physical diseases there is often a *secondary* fever, more dangerous than the first; and so there is in moral. Happy indeed would it have been for the nation if it could have been content to set up its religious rest in the tenets of the great divines of our church who lived at that period, or who had recently ceased to live—but their voices could not make themselves heard in the storm. If learning unbounded—if a fancy the most vivid—if devotion, and earnestness, and faith unfeigned, would have sufficed for that generation, Bishop Taylor might have supplied its wants. If the time demanded a sagacity able to exhaust

[a] *The Works of William Paley, D.D., with additional Sermons, &c. &c.; and a corrected account of the Life and Writings of the Author.* By the Rev. Edmund Paley, A.M., Vicar of Easingwold. 7 vols. 8vo. 1825.

every question on which it was employed; a heart to conceive, and a head to discriminate, and a tongue to deliver itself in language, if not impassioned, yet nervous, and sustained, and wonderfully copious—there was a Barrow. If a keen and caustic application of reason and Scripture to the faults and follies of the times, mixed, indeed, with too much politics and jestings not convenient—there was a South. If the appetite was for controversy, where could be found one more qualified to enter into the deep things of our creed, by a critical knowledge of Scripture and the primitive opinions of the church (the latter in a degree almost cumbersome to wield) than Bishop Bull? If a sober, temperate, practical, discriminative preacher, fit to teach the people how to handle the word of God aright, without partiality, without hypocrisy, what need to have gone further than to Dr. Sanderson? If the spirit of a saint, who could strew some holy text upon every trivial event of life, and find 'sermons in stones, and good in every thing,' was there not the glowing, the tender, the pathetic eloquence of a Hall? It is true that these men (how many more might we add) differed from one another in many subordinate points, compatible with that liberty of opinion which our church allows to her members; yet did they one and all take their stand upon the great leading doctrines of Christianity which had been established at the Reformation, making no divorce amongst them, as had been recently done, but delivering, after the manner of the apostle before them, 'the *whole* counsel of God.'

But this was not to be; theology could not be content to abide at this point; one extreme was destined to beget its opposite, and when the *age of buffoonery* was gone by, which (as we have said) laughed religion for awhile out of countenance, another spirit succeeded, the re-action, like the former, of the puritan extravagance, the *age of reason*: for reason having been put to silence for a time by a tempest of ungoverned zeal, was now in her turn to be exalted into the sole goddess of this nether world, (the case was literally so, a few years later, in another kingdom,) and accordingly a new order of things arose.

The total corruption of human nature, and the utter helplessness of man, had long been subjects of vehement declamation; and now it was found out that this weakness and inability were all a mistake; that he had native powers capable of nearly universal obedience—and that so far from being the passive recipient of God's grace (as had been taught), let him have but his own prudence for his deity, and he scarcely wanted any other. As human perfection was thus exalted, the nature and office of a Redeemer were brought low. The frantic voices of the generation that was gone had sung hosannas for his second and immediate coming to reign with his saints upon earth and bind the great dragon; and now, on the other hand, it began to be discovered that Arius might not be wrong in his less-elevated views of the Messiah's person; nay, that even they were to be heard who maintained Him to be a great and good man after all, who testified the truth of his mission and sincerity of his doctrine by the sacrifice of his life. In compliance with the spirit of an age thus rational, Christianity was gravely preached as a mere re-publication of natural religion, because in the one (which no doubt is the case) the rudiments of the other subsist, as it is equally true that in the head of every peasant are the principles of the highest philosophy, though the philosopher and peasant are far enough asunder. And now its most solemn rite was reasoned out, and by those who had subscribed our Articles, to be a commemoration only, and not a means of grace; and the miracles were regarded as stumbling-blocks to the wise men of the times, and some were resolved by natural causes, and some were allegorical, and some were attacked (in order that the obloquy of a more open and manly assault might be escaped) through the sides of the spurious miracles which succeeding ages of imposture and credulity had brought to the birth. Nay, even where the philosophy of the day had not actually sapped the principles of the faith, where the leading doctrines of the gospel were acknowledged and occasionally insisted on from the pulpit, inferior motives were constantly urged, to the partial, if not total eclipse of those which ought to be brought

prominently forward by the Christian preacher, and the language of the ethical Seneca or Tully was made to supersede that of the evangelical Paul. Let us but compare the sermons of Dr. Blair, the most popular writer of his time (somewhat subsequent, however, to that whereof we have been speaking), which formed the Sunday reading of a very large portion of those who read anything devout—let us compare those frigid essays (we will not say with the burning words of an apostle, for this might be thought unfair) but with the discourses of a period nearer the fountain-head of our reformed church, with Hooker's, for instance, on Justification, and the different powers of the two men will not be more remarkable than the different spirit which directed them. It is a contrast not less than that between the first and second Temples, and not less to be deplored by those who thought on both.

> 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right,'

was the language of a poet of the day, acceptable enough to what was then almost a nation of Gallios. For as a host of jesting and licentious unbelievers had kept pace with the extravagant fanaticism of a former century, so, in this, did a host of reasoning unbelievers accompany the march of theological philosophy, till religion, having submitted to one death from the libertine, was again assailed by the rationalist—and this was the second death.

Meanwhile, some partial efforts had been made to bring the nation to a better mind, and not altogether without success. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge grew out of this grievous lack of it; and individuals, too, had begun to bestir themselves in exorcising the land. Now Bishop Butler sent forth his immortal 'Analogy,' a work too thoughtful for the flippant taste of the sceptical school, and indeed only to be duly appreciated after much and patient meditation. It is not a short line that will fathom Butler. Let a hundred readers sit down to the examination of the 'Analogy,' and however various the associations of thought excited in their minds by

the perusal (whether as objections or otherwise), they will find on examination that Butler has been beforehand with them in all. This may not at first strike them. Often it will discover itself in a hint, overlooked perhaps in a first reading, dropped by Butler in the profusion of his matter, as it were to shew that he was aware of what might be said, but that he had better game on foot; and still more often will it be traced in the caution with which he selects an expression, not, perhaps, the obvious expression, such, indeed, as to a superficial reader may seem an unaccountable circumlocution or an ungraceful stiffness of language. In all these cases he is evidently glancing at an argument, or parrying an objection of some kind or other that had been lurking about him—objections and arguments which may sometimes present themselves to us at once, but which very frequently are latent till the under-current of our thoughts happens to set in with Butler's, and throws them up. We have heard persons talk of the obscurity of Bishop Butler's style, and lament that his book was not re-written by some more luminous master of language. We have always suspected that such critics knew very little about the 'Analogy.' We would have no sacrilegious hand touch it. It would be like officious meddling with a well-considered move at chess. We should change a word in it with the caution of men expounding hieroglyphics—it has a meaning, but we have not hit upon it—others may, or we ourselves may at another time. The 'Analogy' is a work carefully and closely packed up out of twenty years' hard thinking. It must have filled folios, had its illustrious author taken less time to concoct it; for never was there a stronger instance of the truth of the observation, that it requires far more time to make a small book than a large one. For ourselves, whether we consider it as directly corroborative of the scheme of Christianity, by showing its consistency with natural religion, or whether (which is, perhaps, its more important aspect) as an answer to those objections which may be brought against Christianity, arising out of the difficulties involved in it, we look upon the 'Analogy' of Bishop Butler as the work above all others on which the

mind can repose with the most entire satisfaction, and faith found itself as on a rock. For the reasons, however, we have given, it was not fitted to correct the temper of the times; it was not, in fact, sufficiently read or sufficiently understood, to effect a change in the public mind on any great scale. Leslie's 'Short Method with the Deists' was better calculated for this purpose, and much good it did. It was (as its name implies) brief, intelligible, confined to the single point of supplying a *test* (we mean no offence in this word) whereby miracles were to stand or fall, and which, when applied to those of Moses, declared them to be above suspicion. Middleton, it was said, sought long and anxiously for a false case, which would equally satisfy this test, but his search was not successful. The miracles, indeed, were the favourite object of attack; and now Warburton, who smelled the battle afar off, with the conscious strength of a war-horse, entered the lists in their defence.

Little as the 'Divine Legation of Moses' is now read, few works have ever produced a greater sensation on first coming out than this did. It smote Trojan and Tyrian. It was a 'two-handed engine,' ready to batter down infidel and orthodox alike, if they ventured to oppose an obstacle to its autocratic progress. As a work intended to establish the religion of the country, however, on a better footing, it was of very doubtful character. Its leading position is, perhaps, tenable, and may have its worth in confirmation of the truth of the Old Testament, when that truth has been established on less questionable grounds, but it will not be thought capable of sustaining it alone. It is, undoubtedly, a very curious fact, that whilst Moses (so far as we know) never sought for sanctions to his laws in the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, he should perpetually allude to an *equal* Providence (a Providence which dispensed the blessings and curses of this life with a strict reference to human conduct), as that under which the Israelites were living:—Moses gives no hint that this dispensation was meant to supply the place of that principle which has been thought needful to hold civil society together: Warburton, however, saw a connection

between the two positions, and accordingly, at once admitting the objection of the Deist, that the doctrine of a future state was omitted by Moses (it was a favourite mode of reasoning with the Bishop of Gloucester to take the argument by the horns), he retorts upon him, that this very circumstance argues the lawgiver to have possessed other sanctions for his laws; and that those sanctions were,—the goods and ills of this life, assigned to every man according to his deeds. This coincidence is certainly remarkable, and at least tends to support the belief of an *extraordinary* Providence presiding over the Israelites, or, in other words, of the Mosaic miracles. Still, it cannot be allowed to *prove* the fact. It may confirm, but it cannot convince; more especially as, in the hands of Dr. Warburton, the argument (in its details more than in its principle) is open to a vast variety of objections—objections which, by a more cautious mode of pursuing his inquiry, he might in a great degree have avoided, but which, as it was, drove him into toils, whence he *struggled to escape in vain*, and to which he at length yielded with the good grace of a wild bull in a net. It would take us too far from our immediate purpose (which is simply to show the religious temper of the age in which Paley was born), to examine the 'Divine Legation' with the discrimination it deserves. A little more reflection, however, we think, would have enabled its great author to guard against much that galled him, and to pare away some of those many episodes, which, even had they been more correct in reasoning than in several instances they are, would only serve after all to cumber his main proposition. Then, the 'Divine Legation' might have taken a more conspicuous place amongst the evidences for the truth of revelation, and would not have lain unworthily neglected on the upper shelves of our libraries, condemned in the lump as a splendid parodox by those who little know the happy illustrations it contains, gathered from every region under heaven—the prodigious magazine of learning it unfolds—the infinite ingenuity it displays, in assimilating, more or less, the most unpromising substances to the matter on hand—the sarcasm, the invective,

the joke, sacred and profane, which are there found, 'mingle, mingle, mingle'—as they were poured forth from the cauldron of that most capacious and most turbulent mind.

On the whole, however, his essay on the miracle said to have obstructed Julian in his attempt at rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem, may be considered a happier effort at correcting the faithlessness of the times; and indeed cannot be read without the impression that no supernatural incident, unrecorded by holy writ, has equal pretensions to credibility, or greater need to be satisfied with its champion.

But another work there was, brief and unpresuming enough, which, nevertheless, did religion more good service than many of much higher pretensions—the 'Internal Evidence of Christianity,' by Soame Jenyns. The argument was of a popular kind; it derived force, too, as coming from one who was a layman and a wit. The *originality* of the scheme of the Gospel, both as to object and doctrine—the singular felicity with which it was constructed, as a system of ethics, retaining the good principles of former systems, and rejecting the evil—the utter incompetency of a dozen unlettered fishermen to frame it of themselves—were all points, pressed with great cogency and success. At the same time it must be confessed, that in his laudable anxiety to restrain reason within its legitimate province, Jenyns limits it too exclusively to the single object of ascertaining the *authority* of revelation, as though there was not a farther field for the fair use of it, in determining the *meaning* of revelation; and when he exhibits the contrast between the virtues of this world and those of the Gospel, he in one or two instances forgets that moderation which would have made his conclusions, in our opinion, more just, and would have had the merit besides of recommending them to a generation much more fitted for milk than meat. For instance, *active courage* is said to be omitted in the catalogue of Christian virtues, because a Christian can have nothing to do with it. Yet our Lord displayed it in going up to Jerusalem in the teeth of his enemies, and so did St. Paul. Moreover, as amongst the apostles there were swords, it is fair

to suppose that occasions were contemplated when they might be drawn without a crime. We think, too, that there is room for the exercise of more than passive courage when a man is called upon to make his choice between apostacy and the flames—or when, in the discharge of a duty which the Gospel enjoins, he ventures within the atmosphere of a malignant disease. *Patriotism*, again, is in like manner excluded—yet Christ wept over Jerusalem: and *friendship*, as appropriating that benevolence to a single object which is commanded to be extended over all—yet the same Pattern 'loved Mary and her sister, and Lazarus,' more than His attendants in general; and John more than His other disciples. These, however, are trifles after all, the inadvertencies of a man hurried along by a subject which he has at heart, and scarcely deducting at all from the worth of his general argument. Meanwhile, Dr. Lardner had published his 'Credibility of the Gospel History,' a digest of nearly all the historical evidence for the truth of Christianity which could be collected by the most patient of investigators and the most candid of critics. It was his fortune, however, chiefly to provide metal and materials for the temple, which a successor was to have the glory of rearing up. Lardner never does justice to his own arguments—he dissipates their effect by details and qualifications and critical excursions, till the drift of his reasoning is overlaid almost as effectually as the meaning of an act of parliament. Some clear-headed man was wanted to *filter* him, and till then the 'Credibility' was not likely to have the influence it deserved to have, in regulating the faith of the nation.

Thus do we see the theology of the age still running upon the *Evidences*, a circumstance in itself enough to mark the feeling which, unhappily, prevailed, and which it would be easy to trace through every department of our literature. We have dwelt upon the subject at some risk of being thought tedious, in order that the importance of such a writer as Paley being raised up amongst us at such a moment, may be duly felt; calculated as he was, by the quality of his understanding, in a

very singular manner, to give the times (what he might have himself called) a *wrench*.

It is in the character, therefore, of a defender of the faith, that we would hold up Paley to almost unmingled admiration; in any other character his praise may be more qualified; but see him how we will, of this we are sure, that there can be no harm in reminding an age which, on almost all subjects, 'still goes on refining' (though we hope matters are mending), of the good sense of a plain, shrewd, practical Yorkshireman (for so he may be reckoned), the *abnormis sapiens* of another day, some specimens of which even natural history demands of us that we preserve.

We think it next to impossible for a candid unbeliever to read the Evidences of Paley, in their proper order, unshaken. His 'Natural Theology' will open the heart, that it may understand, or at least receive, the Scriptures, if anything can. It is philosophy in its highest and noblest sense; scientific, without the jargon of science; profound, but so clear that its depth is disguised. There is nothing of the 'budge Doctor' here; speculations, which will convince, if aught will, that 'in the beginning *God* created the heaven and the earth,' are made familiar as household words. They are brought home to the experience of every man, the most ordinary observer on the facts of nature with which he is daily conversant. A thicker clothing, for instance, is provided in winter for that tribe of animals which are covered with *fur*. Now, in these days, such an assertion would be backed by an appeal to some learned Rabbi of a Zoological Society, who had written a deep pamphlet upon what he would probably call the *Theory of Hair*. But to whom does Paley refer us? To any dealer in rabbit skins. The curious contrivance in the bones of birds, to unite strength with lightness, is noticed. The bore is larger, in proportion to the weight of the bone, than in other animals; it is empty; the substance of the bone itself is of a closer texture. For these facts, any 'operative' would quote Sir Everard Home, or Professor Cuvier, by way of giving a sort

of philosophical *éclat* to the affair, and throwing a little learned dust in the eyes of the public. Paley, however, advises you to make your own observations when you happen to be engaged in the scientific operation of picking the leg or wing of a chicken. The very singular correspondence between the two sides of any animal, the right hand answering to the left, and so on, is touched upon, as a proof of a contriving Creator, and a very striking one it is. Well! we have a long and abstruse problem in chances worked out to show, that it was so many millions and so many odd thousands to one, that accident could not have produced the phenomenon!—not a bit of it. Paley (who was probably scratching his head at the moment) offers no other confirmation of his assertion, than that it is the most difficult thing in the world to get *a wig made even*, seldom as it is that the *face* is made awry. The circulation of the blood, and the provision for its getting from the heart to the extremities and back again, affords a singular demonstration of the Maker of the body being an admirable Master both of mechanics and hydrostatics. But what is the language in which Paley talks of this process?—technical?—that mystical nomenclature of Diaforius, which frightens country patients out of their wits, thinking, as they very naturally do, that a disease must be very horrid which involves such very horrid names? Hear our anatomist from Giggleswick:—

'The aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main-pipe of the water-works at London Bridge; and the roaring in the passage through that pipe is inferior, in impetus and velocity, to the blood gushing from the whale's heart.'

He cares not whence he fetches his illustrations, provided they are to the purpose. The laminæ of the feathers of birds are kept together by teeth that hook into one another, 'as a *latch* enters into the catch, and fastens a door.' The eyes of the mole are protected by being very small, and buried deep in a cushion of skin, so that the apertures leading to them are like *pin-holes in a piece of velvet*, scarcely pervious to loose particles of earth. The snail without wings, feet, or thread, adheres to a stalk by a provision of *sticking-plaister*. The

lobster, as he grows, is furnished with a way of uncasing himself of his buckler, and drawing his legs out of *his boots* when they become too small for him.

In this unambitious manner does Paley prosecute his high theme, drawing, as it were, philosophy from the clouds. But it is not merely the fund of entertaining knowledge which the 'Natural Theology' contains, or the admirable address displayed in the adaptation of it, which fits it for working conviction; the 'sunshine of the breast,' the cheerful spirit with which its benevolent author goes on his way (κυδει γαιων), this it is that carries the coldest reader captive, and constrains him to confess within himself, and even in spite of himself, 'it is good for me to be here.' Voltaire may send his hero about the world to spy out its morbid anatomy with a fiendish satisfaction, and those may follow him in his nauseous errand who will, but give us the feelings of the man who could pour forth his spirit in such language as this:—

'It is a happy world after all; the air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer's evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation they feel in their lately-discovered faculties.'

This is a delightful temper of mind. When Bernard Gilpin was summoned up to London to give an account of himself and his creed before Bonner, he chanced to break his leg on the way: and, on some persons retorting upon him a favourite saying of his own, 'that nothing happens to us but what is intended for our good,' and asking him whether it was for his good that he had broken his leg—he answered, 'that he made no question but it was.' And so it turned out; for before he was able to travel again, Queen Mary died and he was set at liberty. But the extent to which this wholesome disposition is cultivated by Paley, is quite characteristic of him. We mourn

over the leaves of our peaches and plum-trees, as they wither under a blight. What does Paley see in this? A legion of animated beings (for such is a *blight*) claiming their portion of the bounty of Nature, and made happy by our comparatively trifling privation. We are tortured by bodily *pain*—Paley himself was so, even at the moment that he was thus nobly vindicating God's wisdom and ways. What of that? Pain is not the object of contrivance—no anatomist ever dreamt of explaining any organ of the body on the principle of the thumb-screw: it is itself productive of good; it is seldom both violent, and long continued; and then its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. 'It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which I believe,' says this true philosopher, 'few enjoyments exceed.' The returns of an hospital in his neighbourhood lie before him. Does he conjure up the images of Milton's lazar-house, and sicken at the spectacle of human suffering? No—he finds the admitted 6420—the dead, 234—the *cured*, 5476: his eye settles upon the last, and he is content.

Surely, the book of nature thus read is not lightly to be thrown away, wherein is written, in the plainest characters, the existence of a God, which Revelation, it should be remembered, takes for granted—of a God how full of contrivance! how fertile in expedients! how benevolent in His ends! At work everywhere, everywhere too with equal diligence, leaving nothing incomplete, finishing 'the hinge in the wing of an ear-wig' as perfectly as if it were all He had to do—unconfounded by the multiplicity of objects—undistracted by their dispersion—unwearied by their incessant demands on Him—fresh as on that day when the morning-stars first sang together, and all His sons shouted for joy!

Who, then, can know thus much of such a Being, and not desire to know more? Thus impressed, who would not address himself, in an honest and good heart, to the evidence of aught which professed to be a Revelation from Him? For this reason, amongst others, it is that, in our opinion, the study of Natural Theology is to be encouraged. Many—and

many of the best intentions—may not think so, but we maintain that Scripture itself recommends it. Our readers will bear with us one moment. 'The subject theme' may, 'perhaps, turn out a sermon,' but we promise them it shall be a very short one. 'God left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.' Is not this the very argument of Paley, in his chapter on the 'goodness of the Deity?' 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.' Is not this a leaf taken from Nature's book, which tells us, on the evidence of our senses, that it is not a thing so very incredible that God should raise the dead—that, even supposing the faculties of the mind to depend upon *organization*, the least flattering and the least probable supposition, still we see the corruption of an organized body does not necessarily destroy such organization—that in some aura (it may be), in some infinitesimal of matter, it still survives, and is still transmitted from one individual to another; and, therefore, that it may still live, and still be transmitted from one state of being to another in the same individual: for they who maintain that mind depends upon organization, must be the last persons to deny that consciousness of identity may be thus conveyed. Again, 'behold the fowls of the air, they sow not, neither do they gather into barns.' What is this but an appeal to a Providence as testified by Nature, in support of a Providence as proclaimed by a Gospel? 'God maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just, and on the unjust.' What is this, but to call Nature to bear witness to the mercy and long-suffering of its Author, in support of Revelation, which declares that, 'He suffers long, and is kind?' Nay, what is the whole scheme of teaching by parables, but a scheme whereby the natural world is made subservient to the spiritual world, and the wisdom of heaven is taught to find a tongue in the streets, in the fields, and in the sea?

We know not how Bishop Burnet could have approached the heart of Lord Rochester but through those principles of natural

theology which he acknowledged, and with which the Bishop was, therefore, at liberty to press him, as he did, till he led him to the sanctuary itself, and the mercy-seat. And our Eastern missionaries, we believe, find it not the least-needful weapon in their quiver, not that *telum imbelle* which it is sometimes represented, when in the presence of idle bystanders, under the shade of the palm, at the door of the tent, or while speaking with their enemies in the gate, they have to encounter the deistical Brahmin as he seeks to entangle them in their talk.

Mr. Blanco White read the *Natural Theology*; and was thereby induced to read the *Evidences*. This is precisely what we have been arguing for; thus let the blow be followed up. The truth of Christianity depends upon the truth of its leading facts. Here are a number of transactions recorded, which do not relate to an obscure clan in some wild and sequestered corner of the earth, but such as are said to have happened in a most civilized age, and amongst a well-known people. They involve the customs, the rites, the prejudices of many nations and languages; they are full of allusions to their institutions, domestic, civil, political, religious; they constantly lay themselves open to a scrutiny on the minutest points of geography, of history, of chronology. They not unfrequently make mention of individuals,—of individuals not so famous as to be spoken of with safety on public report alone, nor yet so obscure as to admit of being spoken of at random without detection. They not seldom refer to the accidents of the day, a tumult, a conspiracy, a dearth. What room is there here for the application of tests to ascertain their veracity! If they endure such tests (as they do), the cumulative argument is little short of demonstration. But this very same history, of which the component parts are marked by characters of truth thus various, tells of miracles. What is to be done with these? Yet if these be true, then is not preaching vain nor faith vain.

The 'Horæ Paulinæ' is but one of these many departments of evidence; but it is, perhaps, the most satisfactory, and certainly the most ingenious of them all. With this work in our hands, we care not how the Acts of the Apostles, or the Epistles of St.

Paul, were composed. We do not trouble our heads about their decomposition; about the separate paragraphs into which they may be resolved, and with which different 'Reporters' (that is the phrase) may have furnished the compilers. Here the two documents are, pregnant with coincidences which no possible hypothesis but that of their veracity can account for. 'Accident or fiction could not have drawn a line that should have touched upon truth upon so many points.' We have the two parts of a cloven tally, nothing wanting but a comparison between both to prove the authenticity of both. 'From a *child* thou hast known the Scriptures,' says the Apostle to Timothy. How so? He was a Greek.—'Timotheus, the son of a certain woman that was a *Jewess*,' says the writer of the Acts. She, therefore, had taught him the Scriptures. Yet the one passage was evidently writ without the smallest view of illustrating the other; no man can read the two, and suspect it. It is recorded in the Acts that Paul and Barnabas contend; Barnabas being anxious to take with him Mark, and Paul objecting to him because he had forsaken them on a former journey; Barnabas, however, is firm, and rather than forego Mark, parts from Paul. Now, whence this extraordinary pertinacity?—Not a shadow of reason for it appears in the narrative which tells of the quarrel; yet a reason for it we do discover by the merest accident in the world, for, in one of the Epistles, it happens to be said that Mark '*was sister's son to Barnabas.*' These half-dozen words clear up the whole affair; but were they introduced for that purpose?—It is impossible to compare the two passages and entertain the idea for a moment. Again, it appears (though only by the juxtaposition of several texts from several epistles) that the two Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians were sent to their respective destinations by the same messenger and at the same time. Now, if we write two long letters to different friends to go by the same post, the probability is that there will be some resemblance between them. How is it in the case in question? On a minute comparison of the two Epistles, there is found a very close resemblance in the style, in the diction, and in the

sentiments; far closer than in any other two; and of no other two is there reason to believe that they were written at the same time, or very nearly at the same time: this would have been refinement, indeed, in a mere forgery. One or two coincidences of this kind might be accident, hundreds cannot—many of them, too, as far from obvious as anything that can be imagined; such as would not have been detected by one reader in ten thousand; such as must be dragged out of their hiding-places into day by the apposition of texts from perhaps half-a-dozen quarters.

It would not be in the power of the most suspicious lawyer, at the Old Bailey, to subject two witnesses to a stricter cross-examination than that by which Paley has tried the testimony of St. Paul and St. Luke. This is the light in which the 'Horæ Paulinæ' is to be viewed: it is a close, and rigorous, and searching series of questions, addressed to two men, deponents to certain facts, and addressed, too, by a most acute advocate, in open court, before an intelligent tribunal. We do not hesitate to say, that a fiction contrived between them would have been shattered in pieces before they had gone through a tenth part of the ordeal to which he exposes them: the 'mastick-tree' of the one, and the 'holm-tree' of the other, must have come out sooner or later. But, no! their testimony agreeth together. Yet here again we have the mention of miracles; of such miracles as the pretended workers of them could not have been deceived about; we ask, therefore, again, how we are to get rid of them? The fact presses.—How is it to be denied? how is it to be explained? how is it to be evaded?

We cannot quit this part of our subject without remarking once more the healthy temperament of Paley's mind, which enables him to bring virtue out of materials the least promising. As in the 'Natural Theology,' he discovered proofs of the benevolence of the Deity in much that had been considered objections to it, so in the 'Evidences' does he found many arguments, for the truth of Scripture, precisely upon points which had been thought difficulties in the way. The Jews (in whose

history the Gospel is interested) were an ignorant and barbarous race at the time the Mosaic revelation was communicated to them. Be it so; was it not then a very singular circumstance that, whilst they were children in everything else, in *religion* they should be men? that, whilst in arts and arms they were behind the world, in the knowledge of God and His attributes they were an immeasurable distance before it? The propagation of Christianity in modern times is not so rapid as might be expected from its high pretensions. What, for instance, have the missionaries in India done, with all their zeal and self-devotion? Be it so.—How then came it to pass that, when this same religion was first preached, it grew so mightily and prevailed? Were its teachers of a higher class? On the contrary, they were of a class held in peculiar contempt. Are the gay, the festive, the licentious rites of the East, enthralling? and had not 'the honied sorceries of Delos and Daphne' their charms? Were there no 'fair idolatresses' in ancient times to pay their nightly vows to Astarte? Is the Indian convert a despised man and an outcast? and was not the Roman the offscouring of all things; was he not in jeopardy every hour—beset by the nightly dream of cross and flame? The authenticity of one or two of the documents which compose our canon of Scripture was called in question in early times (we have nothing to do with the controversy itself, that has been laid to sleep satisfactorily enough); but what argument does Paley derive from this?—That the existence of such a controversy proves the authenticity of Scripture to have been a subject of strict inquiry in those times—that, where there was any cause to doubt, men doubted, and that the books which were received, were only not suspected because they were above suspicion. Or, to descend more into particulars—for the thing is both important and illustrative of Paley's turn of mind—'We, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds,' says St. Paul. Did the apostle, then, expect to live till the judgment-day? Take it so if you will: suppose the words do imply this expectation, then is not

this ample proof that such language was not the production of an age subsequent to St. Paul? Would an impostor have given such an expectation to that apostle when he was dead; when, if it had ever been entertained, the event had already discovered it to be a mistake? Epaphroditus, the friend of Paul, 'is sick nigh unto death,' and Trophimus 'he left at Miletum sick'—would not then Paul have cured them if he could? It is only reasonable to suppose so, if the power of working miracles had depended upon his own will, which he never asserts. But would a mere pretender to miraculous powers have thus confessed his incapacity?—Would he not have spared a miracle on such occasions?—Would any other man than one who felt he could *afford* to sustain the suspicion, have started it, without taking the smallest pains either to do it away? There are fourteen subscriptions to the several Epistles of St. Paul, purporting to be their dates, but on very insufficient authority. Now, on endeavouring to verify these by the contents of the Epistles, we shall find six probably erroneous: what, then, is our conclusion? That, where a writer is not guided by original knowledge, mistakes must and will creep in; that, had the whole volume consisted of forgeries, the whole volume would have been full of similar blunders; that, as it is, there are more difficulties in these few paragraphs than in all the Epistles together.

We trust that the importance of these details will excuse us. It is a great feature in the character of Paley's mind which we have been displaying. There is nothing in the world which has not more handles than one; and it is of the greatest consequence to get a habit of taking hold by the best. The bells speak as we make them; 'how many a tale their music tells!' Hogarth's industrious apprentice might hear in them that he should be 'Lord Mayor of London'—the idle apprentice that he should be hanged at Tyburn. The landscape looks as we see it; if we go to meet a friend, every distant object assumes his shape—

> 'In great and small, and round and square,
> 'Tis Johnny, Johnny, everywhere.'

Crabbe's lover passed over the very same heath to his mistress and from her; yet, as he went all was beauty—as he returned all was blank. The world does not more surely provide different kinds of food for different animals, than it furnishes doubts to the sceptic and hopes to the believer, as he takes it. The one, in an honest and good heart, pours out the box of ointment on a Saviour's head—the other, in the pride of his philosophy, only searches into it for a dead fly.

We have said that Paley is to be applauded as a writer on evidence, rather than as a writer on morals; not, however, that the 'Moral Philosophy' can be fairly charged with all that has been alleged against it. Paley, we apprehend, never seriously intended to make *expediency* the rule of right in those cases where Scripture had already spoken out—at least, in all such instances, he would argue that the two rules conspired. Having established the authority of Scripture, and it being professedly a part of his plan to take Christianity into account in his ethics, he was too good a reasoner to look deliberately for any other guide where Scripture was to be had for one. It may be true that some expressions, such, for instance, as 'the utility of any moral rule *alone* it is which constitutes the obligation to it,' are objectionable, as implying that the principle of expediency is to exclude every other—that we are to use it, not when we are in want of a better, but as the best we can have. Still these may be accounted the inadvertent expressions of a man enamoured of his system. Assuredly the intention of Paley was simply this, to supply a rule where Scripture is silent, or where it is not specific, or where it is doubtful. For instance, Scripture declares itself against covenant-breakers; we bow to the decision—but what is a covenant? and what is it to break one? —this Scripture does not define. Here, therefore, we want a principle to guide us before we can apply Scripture. What is the principle?—Expediency, says Paley. To take another instance: Scripture declares itself against a lie; we allow the authority; but 'what is truth?' may be asked with Pilate, and surely without any irreverence. That the term admits of some latitude in the acceptation is evident: many of the parables,

like Æsop's Fables, are probably fictions, that is, histories of events which never actually happened, yet it is clear that these cannot be charged with falsehood. What principle, then, is to decide us in determining the offence against which Scripture has fixed its canon?—Expediency, again says Paley. 'Resist not evil' is a positive injunction of Scripture, yet from other passages it is certain that occasions there may be where resistance is lawful. By what principle, then, are we to draw the line? How is the great question to be solved which has agitated the nations from the beginning of the world—the point at which the subject is justified in casting off his allegiance?—By the principle of expediency, says Paley once more. What we have said may be enough to show that there is room for the exercise of this, or some other principle of moral action, in the affairs of men, without any disparagement of Scripture: that Paley, in short, was not fairly dealt with when he was charged with substituting, for a divine rule, a rule of his own. The will of God is to be our rule; this he admits in so many words, but still there is the difficulty, how that will is to be got at. Now, allowing Paley's principle of expediency to be a legitimate one —of which, however, we shall give our opinion by-and-by— this all must be free to confess, that, in the application of his favourite theory he has been lavish: he looks to it far too constantly as his key; he is apt to make it the road to his object, not when there is no other, but when another there is, and that, too, much-safer, and less intricate. No doubt this is the abuse of his system, not the use; it determines little or nothing as to the value of the system itself: a hobby may be ridden to death, yet be a very good hobby notwithstanding. Nobody could dispute that leather is a very useful thing in its way, though it might not be so well to make fortifications of it while stone could be had. Thus, the duty of observing the Sabbath as a day of rest, Paley is disposed to found upon the expediency of such an institution, not upon any divine authority expressed; and, accordingly, he lays out his strength upon proving the expediency. Paley thought this ground enough for the obligation, and so it may be; but we cannot

help thinking that, had he bestowed equal pains upon the Scriptural argument, he might have rested it upon other grounds, and those such as, on his own principles, he ought to have preferred, as being a less equivocal manifestation of what the will of God was upon the point in question. We would willingly give our reasons for this assertion, but we are afraid that we have already counted somewhat largely on the theological appetite of our readers, and we, therefore, in this instance, hold our hand. The example, however, may suffice for our immediate purpose; which is merely to show, that Paley sometimes resorts to expediency as the interpreter of God's will, when a clearer knowledge of it was to be gained elsewhere; —like the tailor of Laputa, who was so much in love with his trigonometry, that he must measure a man for his coat by it, though he had a tape in his pocket by which it might have been done with half the pains and double the accuracy.

This, therefore, is certainly one practical evil entailed upon Paley by his system, that, in working it, he is led away from the profitable occupation of investigating what may be concluded out of Scripture (and how pregnant it is with conclusions, if it be well searched, our older writers on casuistry can testify), and is made to direct his efforts, instead, to the more ambiguous search after a rule of right in the endless consequences of things. We say endless consequences; and here is another evil which cleaves to Paley's doctrine of expediency —that it is impracticable as a rule of action; it requires a compass of foresight which no human being possesses. Infinite are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley himself narrowly escaped being a baker; here was a decision upon which hung in one scale, perhaps, the immortal interests of thousands, and, in the other, the gratification of the taste of the good people of Giggleswick for hot rolls: Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched ape wielding in his paws the destinies of nations. Then, again, how different in their kind, as well as in their magnitude, are these consequences from anything that might

have been *à priori* expected! Henry the Eighth is smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and, ere long,

'The Reformation beams from Bullen's eyes.'

Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland, and the inheritance, which would have been his, goes to build up the fortunes of a Wellesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a schoolboy (as Mr. Southey observes) Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military—and, we trust we may now add, its civil and political—glory.

But even had the principle been more fitted for use than it is (and the difficulty of handling it is a presumption against its being intended as the instrument for our guidance), it is, in our opinion, *metaphysically* objectionable. We confess that, with our old and hard-headed divines, we believe in such a thing as a conscience—a moral sense, a faculty, call it what you will, whereby right is approved and wrong condemned. We believe that this is a much more safe as well as a more ready monitor than any calculations of expediency. We believe that, as the Deity has provided for the welfare of our animal being, by giving us animal senses to tell us of the approach of danger, like repeating frigates on the outside of the line, so has he provided for, what was surely of as much importance, the welfare of our moral being, by giving us this moral sense to sound the alarm when evil is at hand in that quarter. We believe that this is, in fact, the governing principle of the great mass of mankind (such, we mean, as care about morals), who are wholly incapable of balancing consequences, and who, if they have not this guide, have none. Without some such faculty, indeed, we cannot conceive how we should be capable of receiving, estimating, and approving the doctrines of Revelation itself; or how there could be any such words as right and wrong, good and evil, which nevertheless obtain in all nations and languages. Are there, then, innate maxims of right and wrong? asks Paley.—Not at all. The existence of instincts does not presuppose, in the animal, notions of those objects on which instincts are to be exerted. A duck in his shell has no notion of water, or a swallow of a

voyage across the Atlantic. How many thousands of women are there who die without offspring, and, therefore, without any knowledge of a mother's feelings, in every one of whom parental instinct would have been found strong as death, had circumstances called it forth.

But if we have a sense of right and wrong, how is it that this sense is so capricious in its decisions? How is it that scarcely any two nations agree in their notions of good and evil? that scarcely any vice can be named which has not been sanctioned by public opinion in one country or another? This argument proves too much. Is there, then, no such thing as a sense of taste naturally inclined to one flavour and disgusted at another, because the ladies in Spain and Portugal like pipe-clay, and Turks opium, and Italians garlic? Or, is there no such thing as a sense of hearing, fitted by nature to pronounce upon one set of sounds as agreeable, and another as offensive, because it may happen that some persons think the music of a fox-hound a great deal more delightful than Mademoiselle Sontag? Or (what, however, may perhaps admit of more question), is there no such thing as a sense of beauty, distinct from associations, because an admirer of Wilkes, whose aspect was enough to frighten a horse, thought he only squinted as much as was becoming? It is not to be denied that a moral sense may be perverted, like any other sense, and that it very constantly is perverted; we only argue that it exists. Besides, what is the fact with respect to this alleged confusion in the notions of right and wrong entertained by different nations? is it very great after all? Theft may have been applauded in Sparta; but has not the fact been put upon record as a monster in morals? is it not, indeed, its acknowledged deformity that has caused it to be remembered and noted down—as medical men preserve a *lusus naturæ* in spirits, and take no notice of nature's ordinary handiworks? We boldly appeal to the Traveller's Club, whether it is ever usual, on the discovery of a new country, to remark, 'The inhabitants of this singular region love their parents and do not knock them on the head in their old age; mothers, more-

over (such is their extraordinary humanity), nurse their own offspring, and actually bear them on their backs, or in their arms, till they can walk. Neither young nor old (such is the surprising patience and self-control of this most interesting people) carry in their pouches razors to cut their throats with, but virtuously endure the ills of life till disease or decay brings it to a close. Finally, what is very striking, every man's bow and fishing-rod are positively called his own, and allowed so to be, though we were not able to ascertain, on the strictest inquiry, that they had been secured to him by virtue of a single Act of Parliament or award of any court whatsoever.' Yet, surely, such descriptions as this would be common enough, were there not *de facto* a tacit understanding amongst mankind, that a certain sense of right and wrong, which St. Paul (and we beg attention to this) calls 'natural affection,' 'the law written in the heart,' the 'accusing and excusing conscience,' is ever found to guide all nations, more or less, whether savage or civilized, and may be taken for granted unless the contrary be expressed. Indeed, the administration of justice in all countries goes upon this principle. The law always presumes, even in cases of life and death, that a knowledge of right and wrong, to a considerable degree, falls to the lot of every man, whatever his condition, or opportunities, or calling. A Government never thinks it necessary to send to every individual in the State to tell him that, if he steals, or injures his neighbour's goods, or does violence to his person, he will be punished: it takes for granted that every man in the empire knows that such conduct deserves punishment, and it punishes him accordingly; no one dreaming, meanwhile, that there was any hardship in the case, or that the ignorance of the offender, as to what was right and wrong, ought to be held as his excuse.

Whilst we were ruminating upon this point, Bishop Heber's 'Journal' fell into our hands; and amongst the many delightful images there to be found—for it is full of them—nothing struck us more forcibly than the proofs it gives of the existence of such a sense as this we have been contending for,

even amongst the most depraved of our species. Fallen, fallen as the poor Hindoo is in the scale of creation—a liar and the worshipper of a lie—abomination-nursed—leaving his brother to perish by the wayside, and not even robbing the vulture of his bones—still, all defiled as he is, let him but hear a sentiment of natural mercy, or justice, or pity, drop from the lip of the kind-hearted Bishop, howbeit unused to such appeals, and how suddenly and surprisingly it is echoed back from the God within him: what a hearty 'good, good,' bursts forth from the voice of his better nature, dumb though it had been, as the son of Crœsus or the Samian wrestler, till this accident gave it a tongue. Or, to take a more familiar and homely example—what a volley of applause issues from the one-shilling gallery of a theatre, filled, as it probably is at the moment, with the most abandoned part of a licentious populace, whenever any virtuous sentiment, any one of those ancient and approved *gnomai*, so familiar to the mouth of Joseph Surface, happens to be uttered.

'Virtutem videant intabescantque relictâ,'

was thought by the satirist the heaviest curse he could imprecate upon the oppressor's head; so lovely in its own shape did he reckon virtue to be, and so keen the remorse for having abandoned it.

Men, therefore, keep their word (to take Paley's own case) simply because it is *right* to do so. They feel it is right, and ask no further questions. Conscience carries along with it its own authority—its own credentials. The depraved appetites may rebel against it, but they are aware that it is rebellion. This nobler part is still admitted to be sovereign *de jure*. I see and reverence the better, and follow the worse. All experience confirms the truth of our position. It is acknowledged even by casuists themselves, by Bishop Taylor, for instance, though their craft would rather suffer by the confession, that in cases of duty *first* thoughts are generally best—that deliberation, commonly perplexes, often misleads. Yet, on Paley's principle, the reverse of all this ought to happen, for who can imagine that a prospective view of the probable consequences

of an action (and this is what supplies the rule) can be the affair of a moment? It would be as reasonable to expect one of De Moivre's Problems on Chances to be solved by intuition. And here we are led to another remark, which may at once serve for an objection to expediency as a rule of conduct, and an argument in favour of a moral sense. Half the good offices of life are required at a moment's warning. To put an extreme case:—I see a man in the act of drowning; I cannot rescue him but at some risk; what does expediency dictate? Perhaps the man's life is not worth so much to society as mine; perhaps he is a good man, and therefore death will be only a gain to him; perhaps I am not so, and therefore cannot afford to die or run the chance of it; perhaps the reverse of all this may be true; or, perhaps the several particulars on which my conduct is to be regulated in this matter may so clash as to neutralize one another and leave me in suspense. Meanwhile one thing is pretty clear, that the wretch in the water is drowned some half hour or more, before my philosophy on the bank has come to the conclusion that it is expedient, and therefore right, to jump in and save him. What would be the worth of such a principle in the actual affairs of this world? We do not now put it on its uncertainty, on the errors to which we are exposed in the process of applying it; we only say, that it is too slow and halting a principle to be of any practical use in half the cases where it would be called in. We should have a stammering captain to manœuvre a regiment of sharp-shooters. No doubt the fact is, that the law of expediency is that by which great numbers do regulate their conduct, and that in spite of this the world is not quite out of joint, as might be expected if that principle were so very noxious: yet we are old-fashioned enough to think with Uncle Toby (when asked by Trim how it came to pass that churchmen had so much to do with the making of gunpowder) that an over-ruling Providence can bring good out of anything. We are old-fashioned enough to think that such a Providence 'does shape our purposes, rough hew them how we will;' and that when it was declared to be

'*expedient* that one man should die for the people,' God did make it turn out so, wicked as was the heart, and base as were the motives, that urged that expediency. Nor perhaps are there many considerations fitted to impress us with a higher notion of the *resources* of the Deity, than that whilst man, as a free-agent, is perpetually thwarting His schemes (as one might suppose), He is still able so to over-rule affairs as to work up these very errors into the web of His 'universal plan,' without the smallest appearance of a botch or a blunder. But this by the way.

We must not conclude our paper without noticing the attempts which have been made to class Paley with the Socinians in doctrines, and with the Whigs in politics; more especially as the new sermons, published in the present edition of his works, throw some little additional light on the former question, and the new Life on the latter. We are not, indeed, very careful to argue in this matter; for, as we have already said, if we be idolaters of Paley, it is simply of Paley as a writer of Evidences, not as a moralist, not as a doctor, not as a politician. Let, however, justice be done him. Unfair advantage has been taken of particular expressions incidentally used by him. More it seems was meant by them than met the ear. He could not let fall, to be sure, a word or two at random, mere επεα πτεροεντα. Thus, for instance, he speaks of 'the excellent Hoadley,' and many have been the inferences to which this has given rise. But when and where does the phrase occur? In a short treatise of which he was afterwards ashamed (for he never acknowledged it, and did not abide by its principles), written by him, we will not say when a boy, but when a young man, and full of a young man's faults; in defence, too, of a Law, a name which with reason he loved and honoured. What, then, could be more natural, or more excusable, than that taking the low-church side on the subject of subscription, as he was thus led to do, he should bestow a word of unfledged eulogy on the great champion of the low-church party, merely in his character of champion, for it was upon no doctrinal point, after all, that he sung the praises of Hoadley. But if it be meant to

say that in his mature years Paley's *doctrines* and those of the Bishop of Bangor were alike, that we deny. Not, indeed, that the Bishop is to be confounded with the Socinian of the present day—they are wide enough asunder; but Paley was vastly farther from him still. Thus we are scarcely acquainted with any divine, not a professed Calvinist, who rates the moral powers and perfections of our nature more meanly than Paley. We hear from him of the 'deep, unfeigned, heart-piercing, heart-sinking sorrow of confession and penitence;' of 'imperfection cleaving to every part of our conduct;' of 'our sins being more than enough to humble us to the earth on the ground of *merit*.' These sentiments (which are not at all in the spirit of Dr. Hoadley) are not uttered by chance; they are the burthen of whole sermons, and of many of them. Now this is a cardinal question, for upon it hangs almost all the Socinian controversy. But repentance alone, it may be still said, is enough to blot out these offences, many as they may be, from the mind of the Deity. Paley, however, does not say so; on the contrary, a whole sermon (one of those now published for the first time) is taken up with proving the *natural inefficacy* of repentance even to expiate the sin, much less to procure the reward. But from these premises the doctrine of the atonement follows as a thing of course, and accordingly it is acknowledged by Paley in words as explicit as words can be; it would be illogical, indeed, to deny it, unless he were prepared to admit that mankind were to be left to perish.

'Something beyond ourselves is the cause of our salvation, is wanting even according to the sound principles of natural religion. When we read in Scripture of the free mercy of God enacted towards us by the death and sufferings of Jesus Christ, then we read of a cause beyond ourselves, and that is the very thing which was wanted to us.'

Again,

'Christ is the instrument of salvation to all who are saved. The obedient Jew, the virtuous heathen, are saved through Him. They do not know this, nor is it necessary they should, though it may be true in fact.'

But it is a waste of words to vindicate Paley upon this head. The thing admits of no dispute.

Then, the Third Person of the Trinity is spoken of by him as 'a real, efficient, powerful, active *Being*' (Ser. xxx), whose co-operation is essential to the conviction, conversion, and moral welfare of man; whose aid is to be sought by prayer, 'by constant and peculiar prayer.' For this, again, is a duty on which Paley insists with as much emphasis, with as reverential a sense of its nature and efficacy, as almost any writer with whom we are acquainted. But it is said that Paley makes no explicit declaration of our Lord's Divinity. Let it be remembered, however, that it is quite characteristic of him to *understate* his argument. No one can read his writings, and not have this observation forced upon him numberless times. Indeed, he expressly avows the practice, and defends it in one of his sermons before the University (Ser. iv. vol. vii). It is the practice of many great masters of the art of reasoning, of none more than Bishop Butler. Now, we constantly find Paley speaking of Christ as 'the *Divine* founder of our religion,' as 'from the beginning,' as 'before Abraham,' as 'possessing glory with the Father before the world was,' as 'united with the Deity, so as no other Person is united' (Ser. xx. vol. vi). And in one instance, (whether the language be his own actually, or only virtually, from having been preached by him), as

'in His death, exciting all nature to sympathize with her expiring Lord, and when He could have summoned the host of heaven to His aid, yielding up His soul an offering for sin.'—*Life*, p. 99.

This last is surely an acknowledgment of the Godhead of the Son; and even the former expressions, when coupled with the consideration we have named, imply, we think, that he who asserted so much believed more: indeed, upon any other supposition, it would not be easy for him to escape from the doctrine of a plurality of Gods.

But, after all, the department of Theology with which alone Paley was thoroughly conversant, was the Evidences. He had not the necessary qualifications for a complete investigation of

the *doctrines*, and he knew it. The former was the circle within which alone he chose to walk, in all the theological works which he deliberately published. By these let him be judged. Thus, in order to examine the question of our Lord's Divinity, a knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity was of the very first importance. The Apostles must have had an opinion upon a subject so serious (we think, indeed, they express it clearly enough),—it was not likely that they would leave their immediate successors in ignorance of that opinion; or that these, in their turn, would fail to deliver it to those who came next. What their opinion was is shown to demonstration by Bishop Bull, by Bishop Horsley, and in a recent work, of a modesty and learning worthy the best ages of our church, by Mr. Burton, in his 'Testimonies of the Ante-Nicene Fathers to the Divinity of Christ.' Paley, however, was unacquainted with the Fathers; at least, he had no further acquaintance with them than what was afforded him by Lardner. Such as it was, he no doubt turned it to great account in his own province; but that province, as we have said, was not the doctrines of Scripture. Had Paley, at his death, ordered all his unpublished papers to be burnt, there would have been little suspicion of his orthodoxy; for it is chiefly grounded on the negative evidence extorted from his sermons. As it is, there is little besides suspicion; and we cannot but feel that there is something ungenerous to the memory of the prophet who is gone, (how great a one, will not be fully known till the day of account shall disclose the numbers that owe to him 'their own selves,') to fix an obnoxious opinion upon him, on the authority of posthumous documents, and to pick holes in the mantle which he left behind him in his haste. On the whole, this, we think, has been proved,—that he was nothing like a modern Socinian; that he was, at least, something more than an ancient Arian; but that the precise shade of his creed cannot be determined by us, and, perhaps, had not been determined by himself.

A word upon the politics of Paley. We have already hinted that the Life of him, by his son, prefixed to these volumes, will tend to set the public right upon this point. It was not easy,

indeed, to believe that he was the political priest which his liberal biographer makes him—actuated, we are sure, by no intention to mislead, but simply by the natural disposition of all polemical persons to lay claim to a respectable name. Paley took in his daily newspaper (a ministerial one by the by), read it with avidity, as people in the country are apt to do, and made a vernacular comment or two upon the State questions that chanced to be uppermost, at the club in the evening betwixt the deals, much more concerned as to whether he should cut the king than whether the king would cut him, and as little dreaming that he was a politician, as Sganarelle, the fagot-maker, dreamed that he was a doctor of physic. What, then, would have been his surprise to find himself held up to posterity in the character of a devout Whig, somewhat embarrassed, indeed, by his profession, but in his heart a determined opponent of restrictions in Church and State; and even unwilling to accept the Mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, from a conviction that he should not be able to keep in with Pitt for a month! Has a Master of Jesus College so much to do with the prime-minister of the day, and are the concerns of that learned body, in addition to his other troubles, the subject of so much of a premier's official solicitude? Paley talks, it is true, of the divine right of kings being the same as the divine right of constables; and puts the case of the flock of pigeons striving to gather corn for one, and that, perhaps, the weakest of them all, in a manner, for aught we know, to the satisfaction of a Whig; but if these passages, and a few others such as these, are adduced as fair samples (*medio ex acervo*) of Paley's politics, the spirit he was of is not perceived. It was not the humour of the man to wrap up his propositions in cotton wool, otherwise how little could have been made of either of these formidable bug bears. Suppose he had said that he did not hold the doctrine of divine right, nevertheless that he submitted to every ordinance of man, whether to the king, as supreme, or to the constable, as appointed by the king—what would have been alleged then? Or suppose he had said that the extremely unequal division of

property has a very unnatural aspect—that there must be some very great good resulting from it, to justify the State in securing to one subject half a county and to another scarce half-a-crown; and then suppose (as he actually does) he had gone on to show that there really was such a good—what would have been said then? Indeed a desire to recur to first principles in *practice*, or to stir the foundations of society, was as alien from the nature of Paley as anything we can imagine. He had a great deal too much of the epicurean in him for any such exploits. He was apt to think (perhaps too apt) all well that ended well. The construction of the House of Commons may be open to a thousand objections; Paley was not blind to them, nor are we: indeed we know few sights more lamentably ludicrous than an election. Let a stranger be introduced, for the first time, to such a scene—let him be shown a multitude of men reeling about the streets of a borough-town, fighting within an inch of their lives, smashing windows at the Black Bear, or where

> 'High in the street, o'erlooking all the place,
> The Rampant Lion shows his kingly face,'

and yelling like those animals in Exeter 'Change at supper time; and then let him be told that these worthies are choosing the Senate of England—persons to make the laws that are to bind them and their children, property, limb, and life, and he would certainly think the process unpropitious. Yet, in spite of it all, a number of individuals are thus collected, who transact the business of the nation, and represent its various interests tolerably well. The machinery is hideous, but it produces not a bad article, and with this Paley is satisfied. The House of Lords, again, is composed, in a great degree, of officers of the army and navy, courtiers, ecclesiastics, young men of one-and-twenty, and country gentlemen, occupied in the care of their farms, their studs, or their game. This description does not include all, but very many of the members. What should qualify such an assembly for being the court of last appeal in the gravest and most intricate causes? Paley is

well aware of the apparent anomaly; the machinery looks unpromising, but still it works well; and again he is content. A standing-army is the bye-word of every liberal politician; it is a ready instrument of oppression in the hands of an arbitrary government, and may stifle the voice of law and reason—*inter arma toga silet.* Paley, of course, perceives all this, but he believes that a certain quantity of military strength is necessary for the well-being of the commonwealth, and he thinks one good soldier and two industrious peasants better than three raw militiamen, too clownish to drill men, and too military to drill turnips. The machinery, he will allow, is dangerous, but again it works well; and again Paley is pleased. It need not be denied, that he now and then puts forth a bold dictum, which startles for a moment—but only let us hear him out. The sting of Paley's chapters is much more often in the head than the tail. He throws in qualifications, and exceptions, and restrictions so numerous (though often inconsiderable when taken individually), that the man-mountain, which at first sight looked ready to turn and overwhelm a nation, is wholly unable to stir, and may be safely gazed at by Lilliputian naturalists, as a very curious and a very innocent monster. For instance, 'Government is to be obeyed so long as the interest of the society requires it, and no longer.' 'A second Daniel!' is now the cry set up. *But* every invasion of the Constitution, of the liberty and rights of the subject, every stretch of power or prerogative, every breach of promise or oath, does not justify resistance. *But* the positive evil of the abuse, whatever it is, must outweigh the probable evil of the attempt to correct it. *But* the interest of the *whole* society must be consulted, not that of one or more of its parts; so that it was the duty of an American, for instance (the case is Paley's own) ('Mor. Philosoph.' b. vi. c. 2), to weigh what England was likely to lose by his revolt, as well as what America was likely to gain by it, before he could strike a blow with a clear conscience. *But* the case of oppression must be strongly made out; a species of necessity for opposition must arise; the advantage proposed must be, not indeed certain, yet

all but certain: — nothing extravagant, nothing chimerical, nothing doubtful in any considerable degree, can be deemed a sufficient reason for putting the tranquillity of a nation to hazard, and disturbing the calm in which a good man desires to pass the days of his sojourn upon earth. (See Fast Sermon xvi. vol. vii.) Now, with all these drawbacks (which we have given as nearly as possible in Paley's own words), we say the proposition in question is as harmless as the sentence against Antonio, that the Jew might exact the pound of flesh, provided he shed no blood, and did not cut off more or less by the estimation of a hair. Nay, no sooner does he find the people actually in a disposition to vote that the interest of society no longer required Government to be obeyed, and that the time was come when redress was to be sought in a change of system, than he hastens to send out a judicious damper (which caused Dr. Parr, we are told, to hang his picture the wrong side upwards), in the shape of 'Reasons for Contentment, addressed to the Labouring Classes;' and in one of his Fast-day Sermons (vol. vii. ser. xv.), he positively goes out of his way to remark that Nineveh was saved, not by a *political change*, for of that we hear nothing, but by a personal reformation among all classes of the community. The truth was, when the question became serious, and the *application* of principles was called for, Paley had too much common sense to be satisfied with that 'enlarged view' of his subject for which Mr. Meadley commends him on an occasion that little justified his praise. Then his 'enlarged view,' if he had ever entertained it in his closet, narrowed surprisingly, and well it might. We do not dispute, that in the obnoxious passages of his 'Moral Philosophy' to which we have referred, and in others like to them, Paley may seem to treat princes and potentates with less ceremony than is their due. But in all this, we are persuaded, there was no mean jealousy of high station at work, much less anything like studied insult intended. It was the Sabine simplicity of Paley's mind, which quite unfitted him for being a respecter of persons. The pomp, the circumstance,

the chivalry of rank were lost upon him. He had a touch in him of Peter Bell,—

> 'A primrose on the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.'

When the idea of a king presented itself to Paley, it was merely that of an individual invested with great substantial power, to be wielded for the benefit of his people. Crown and sceptre, beef-eaters, state-coaches and guardsmen, the trappings, in short, of royalty, did not enter in as elements. Not that he affected contempt of such matters, for he knew human nature too well to think that they were to be despised; but they were not the matters to make any impression on his mind; to use an engraver's phrase, they would not *bite*. He preaches before the judges and grand jury—wigs, trumpets, javelins, white wands, all vanish at once, and he sees nothing before him but a set of fallible men, called upon by their country to rule with diligence; and he suggests to them the true principle, and exhorts them faithfully with all his power. He delivers another sermon to the younger clergy:—he is nothing moved by the gowns, cassocks, and clerical apparatus which offer themselves to his eye; all he can find is an assembly of men of like passions as others, and with some temptations of their own, needing admonition; and admonition he gives them, with a hearty good-will not to be mistaken:—'Mimic not the vices of higher life, hunt not after great acquaintance;' 'be sober, be chaste;' 'keep out of public-houses;' 'learn to live alone;' 'divide your sermons into heads—it may be dispensed with in the hands of a master; in yours, the want of it will produce a bewildered rhapsody.' These are very homely maxims, and conveyed in very homely phrases, yet there is no assumption of authority in it all, no desire to give offence, no acrimony, no suspicion of the character of his hearers. It was simply the plain speech of a single-hearted man, earnest in his calling, looking upon dif-

ferent stations as merely bringing out different types of man's nature, which was radically the same in all; and, indeed, making so little account of artificial distinctions, that whether his congregation were gentle or simple, peasants or prebends, city or village, Paley would give them the very same sermon in the very same words. Let us not make him a politician against his will, and against the general evidence of his life and pursuits. In his serious hours he was occupied, abundantly occupied, in concerns for a clergyman more appropriate, and for any man more weighty.

'He never seemed to know,' says his son, 'that he deserved the name of a politician, and would probably have been equally amused at the grave attempts made to draw him into, or withdraw him from, any political bias.'—*Life*, p. 191.

He would employ himself in his 'Natural Theology,' and then gather his peas for dinner, very likely gathering some hint for his work at the same time. He would converse with his classical neighbour, Mr. Yates, or he would reply to his invitation that he could not come, for that he was busy knitting. He would station himself at his garden-wall, which overhung the river, and watch the progress of a cast-iron bridge in building, asking questions of the architect, and carefully examining every pin and screw with which it was put together. He would loiter along a river, with his angle-rod, musing upon what he supposed to pass in the mind of a pike when he bit, and when he refused to bite; or he would stand by the seaside, and speculate upon what a young shrimp could mean by jumping in the sun.

'With the handle of his stick in his mouth, he would move about his garden in a short hurried step, now stopping to contemplate a butterfly, a flower, or a snail, and now earnestly engaged in some new arrangement of his flower-pots.'

He would take from his own table to his study the back-bone of a hare or a fish's head; and he would pull out of his pocket, after a walk, a plant or a stone to be made tributary to an argument. His manuscripts were as motley as his oc-

cupations; the workshop of a mind ever on the alert: Evidences mixed up with memorandums for his will; an interesting discussion brought to an untimely end by the hiring of servants, the letting of fields, sending his boys to school, reproving the refractory members of an hospital; here a dedication, there one of his children's exercises—in another place a receipt for cheap soup. He would amuse his fireside by family anecdotes:—how one of his ancestors (and he was praised as a pattern of perseverance) separated two pounds of white and black pepper which had been accidentally mixed—'*patiens pulveris*,' he might truly have added; and how, when the *Paley arms* were wanted, recourse was had to a family tankard which was supposed to bear them, but which he always took a malicious pleasure in insisting had been bought at a sale—

. . . . . 'Hæc est
Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique;'

the life of a man far more happily employed than in the composition of political pamphlets, or in the nurture of political discontent. Nay, when his friend Mr. Carlyle is about going out with Lord Elgin to Constantinople, the very head-quarters of despotism, we do not perceive, amongst the multitude of most characteristic hints and queries which Paley addresses to him, a single fling at the Turk, or a single hope expressed that the day was not very far distant when the Cossacks would be permitted to erect the standard of liberty in his capital.

'I will do your Visitation for you (Mr. Carlyle was Chancellor of the Diocese), in case of your absence, with the greatest pleasure—it is neither a difficulty nor a favour.

'Observanda—1. Compare every thing with English and Cumberland scenery: *e. g.*, rivers with Eden, groves with Corby, mountains with Skiddaw; your sensations of buildings, streets, persons, &c. &c.; *e g.*, whether the Mufti be like Dr. ——, the Grand Seignior, Mr. ——.

'2. Give us one day at Constantinople minutely from morning to night—what you do, see, eat, and hear.

'3. Let us know what the common people have to dinner; get, if you can, a peasant's actual dinner and bottle: for instance, if you see a man working in the fields, call to him to bring the dinner he has with him, and describe it minutely.

* * * * * *

'4. The diversions of the common people; whether they seem to enjoy their amusements, and be happy, and sport, and laugh; farm-houses, or any thing answering to them, and of what kind; same of public-houses, roads.

'5. Their shops; how you get your breeches mended, or things done for you, and how (*i. e.* well or ill done); whether you see the tailor, converse with him, &c.

'6. Get into the inside of a cottage; describe furniture, utensils, what you find actually doing.

'All the stipulation I make with you for doing your Visitation is, that you come over to Wearmouth soon after your return, for you will be very entertaining between truth and lying. I have a notion you will find books, but in great confusion as to catalogues, classing, &c.

'7. Describe minutely how you pass one day on ship-board; learn to take and apply lunar, or other observations, and how the midshipmen, &c. do it.

'8. What sort of fish you get, and how dressed. I should think your business would be to make yourself master of the middle Greek. My compliments to Buonaparte, if you meet with him, which I think is very likely. Pick up little articles of dress, tools, furniture, especially from low life—as an actual smock, &c.

'9. What they talk about; company.

'10. Describe your impression upon first seeing things; upon catching the first view of Constantinople; the novelties of the first day you pass there.

'In all countries and climates, nations and languages, carry with you the best wishes of, dear Carlyle,

'Your affectionate friend,

'W. PALEY.'

Such was Paley. A man singularly without guile, and yet often misunderstood or misrepresented; a man who was thought to have no learning, because he had no pedantry, and who was too little of a quack to be reckoned a philosopher; who would have been infallibly praised as a useful

writer on the theory of government, if he had been more visionary—and would have been esteemed a deeper divine, if he had not been always so intelligible; who has been suspected of being never serious because he was often jocular, and before those, it should seem, who were not to be trusted with a joke; who did not deal much in protestations of his faith, counting it proof enough of his sincerity (we are ashamed of noticing even thus far insinuations against it) to bring arguments for the truth of Christianity unanswered and unanswerable—to pour forth exhortations to the fulfilment of the duties enjoined by it, the most solemn and intense—and to evince his own practical sense of its influence, by crowning his labours with a work to the glory and praise of God, at a season when His hand was heaviest upon him—a work which lives, and ever will live, to testify that no pains of body could shake for a moment his firm and settled persuasion, that in everything, and at every crisis, we are God's creatures, that life is passed in His constant presence, and that death resigns us to His merciful disposal.

V.—DR. PARR.*

April, 1829.

We have seldom seen a character more difficult to decipher than that of Dr. Parr. There is so much in him to admire, and so much to reprobate; so much to reverence, and so much to ridicule; so much wisdom, and so much prejudice; the generosity of a man conscious of merit indisputable, mixed with the jealousy of a man of mere pretensions—that his image is only the antitype of that in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, of which the head was of fine gold and the feet of clay. It was unfortunate for Parr, and for the world too, that his great powers (for none can deny that great powers he had) were never directed to one great object. He had vast strength, but never seems to have discovered wherein it lay. How many a fine mind has been lost to mankind by the want of some propitious accident, to lead it to a proper channel; to prevent its current from 'turning awry and losing the name of action!' We know not whether the story of Newton's apple be true, but it may serve for an illustration, and if that apple had not fallen, where would have been his 'Principia'? If the Lady Egerton had not missed her way in a wood, Milton might have spent the time in which he wrote 'Comus,' in writing 'Accidence of Grammar;' and if Ellwood, the quaker, had not asked him

* *The Works of Samuel Parr, LL.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, Curate of Hatton, &c.; with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a Selection from his Correspondence.* By John Johnstone, M.D., Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. In 8 vols. London. 1828.

what he could say on 'Paradise Regained,' that beautiful poem (so greatly underrated) would have been lost to us. Parr had a mass of raw material in his mind, which he never found the means of properly working up; excellent in itself, but often not to the purpose for which he used it. His bells are continually jingling out of tune. His politics intrude on his theology, his learning on his politics, his metaphysics on both. The good people at Hatton are lectured on the critical meaning of a Hebrew word;[a] the Lord Mayor of London, on the metaphysics of benevolence;[b] Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, on Regeneration and the danger of fanaticism.[c] Now all this was a misapplication of power. There was wanting to Dr. Parr the prosecution of some one theme, which should have drawn forth his heterogeneous possessions, as into a web.

Several works which would have answered such a purpose were suggested to him; some he had actually undertaken. In philology, *e. g.*, he might have done anything, and he knew it; but he was content to waste his treasures on desultory dissertations in the course of his immense correspondence with his friends. Dr. Copleston reminded him, that such stores as he had laid up in this department of learning might be employed in the service of metaphysics, and be the means of elucidating many a difficulty in the highest department of philosophy.[d] But Parr was deaf. The scope afforded him for etymological investigation, by his masterly knowledge of that most subtle of all languages, the Greek,—a language which can seize upon whatever is abstract as readily as if it were an object of sense, and discriminate between ideas which differ but by a shade; which can give a name to the most 'airy nothings,' and exhibit in its mere self, as in a most delicate mirror, the progressive history, the local customs, the peculiar habits of thinking, of a people sensitive and mercurial beyond every other—the scope thus afforded him might have been filled up by 'The Diversions of Hatton,' which should have rivalled 'The Diversions of

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[a] Vol. v. p. 148. [b] Vol. ii. p. 361. [c] Vol. iv. pp. 547, 548.
[d] Vol. vii. p. 66.

Purley;' and, if it would have been any consolation to him to know it, the scholar would have most gladly purchased such a work from Parr, even at the price of its being encumbered (as it probably would have been) with political reflections, as edifying and appropriate as those which hang like a millstone about the work of Horne Tooke. The turn of Parr's mind for such speculations upon Greek, whether metaphysical or physical, may be remarked in the use which he makes of his philology in his argument on benevolence,[a] and in his ingenious exposition of St. Paul's change of metaphors in several of his epistles, according to the local circumstances of the people to whom they were addressed.[b] In biography, again, Parr might have been distinguished. The few sketches of character he has left make us regret that they are so few. Prejudice may warp them sometimes, and so it fared with those of Johnson, but they are vivid, bold, comprehensive, discriminative—the portraits, in short, of a superior artist. Dr. Bennet, the Bishop of Cloyne, who was at all times his good genius, apprized him that this was his province; but in vain. Here he might have found a suitable field for the display of all his knowledge, original and acquired, as Nichols did in his Life of Bowyer, or Middleton in that of Cicero; and instead of a series of disjointed tracts, and notes upon the tracts, and notes upon the notes, which few will read, and still fewer retain, we might have had a work which should have vied in popularity with the 'Lives of the Poets,' by his great prototype. In a life of Sumner, for instance, he might have found a vent for all his notions upon education, upon discipline, upon the advantages and defects of our public schools and universities. In a life of Johnson, he might most properly have unloaded himself of his lucubrations on superstition and atheism, on toleration and intolerance, on the origin of ideas, on the origin of evil, on all which constitutes 'the proper study of mankind.' In a life of Sir W. Jones, he might have indulged his taste for philology, (if the former work on this subject, at which we hinted, had

[a] Vol. vi. p. 498.

[b] Vol. vi. p. 46.

not exhausted him,) his taste for law, for reform, for investigation of the principles of government; shedding, meanwhile, over all, that glow of fervent affection which he felt for his early friend, and the like to which makes the Life of Savage (for we are far from hinting any resemblance between the two subjects of the biographers), however it may have distorted it, the most delightful, perhaps, of all Johnson's productions. In a life of Cullen, he might have embodied his extensive medical reading; producing from his favourite ancients, proofs of their possessing much greater knowledge of the healing art than modern practitioners give them credit for; confuting those errors of materialism, which are said to cleave so often to the anatomist, and which Parr's intimate knowledge of Bishop Butler, and devotion to his school of theology, would have qualified him for confuting so well; exhibiting, if he pleased, in Dr. Priestly (whose praises might have been more appropriate in such a dissertation than in a sermon from a pulpit of the Church of England), an example that it is possible to be even a materialist without being an infidel; and holding up to the young, and often ill-informed, students of our hospitals, the bright examples of a Sydenham and a Boerhaave, as men who could unite the highest medical talent with the soundest religious belief; who could see the hand of God in the mechanism of our bodies, the blessings of a revelation in the comfort it administers to the sick and suffering, and no mean argument for its truth in the strong aspirations after the views it unfolds, which crowd upon every man as he enters the 'valley of the shadow of death.'

To a gentleman of this noble profession, himself an honour to it, at once a man of letters and of skill, possessing what has been ever esteemed the highest claim to public gratitude—the claim *ob cives servatos*—whose hospitality Parr enjoyed whilst in health, whose assistance he received in his sickness, and whom he addressed in his dying hour as 'his most dear friend;' to this 'physician' have the family of Parr consigned the office of 'embalming their father.'

'For defects of style,' says Dr. Johnstone, in his preface, 'for

errors of opinion, and for the general conduct of my work, I might, perhaps, offer some reasons which would excuse, and some which would absolve, many imperfections. For the opinions I will make no apology—they were Parr's. For the rest, I am neither so vain as to imagine that that which was meant well has been altogether done well, nor so weak as to despond about the success of my endeavours. I have done my best, in the midst of pressing, and anxious, and unceasing engagements; and whatsoever may be the judgment passed on my work, I shall always have the satisfaction and the consciousness of feeling that I strove to be just and faithful to the memory of my friend.'—Vol. i. p. v.

'He was the guide of my youth,' adds Dr. Johnstone, in another place, 'and the constant friend of my life. For thirty-five years I have seen him in numberless varieties of our imperfect condition. I have rejoiced with him in prosperity and health, I have sympathized with him in sickness and sorrow; we have travelled together the wearisome road of life, in narrow circumstances and in abundance, and throughout our course our confidence was mutual. I feel, therefore, that I have a right to assume a knowledge of the character of Dr. Parr.'—Vol. i. p. viii.

We are sure that more than this is not wanted to recommend Dr. Johnstone's work to the favourable attention of every reader. He writes with freedom and spirit; he defends Parr's honest fame with the jealousy of a zealous friend, perhaps too, of a political partizan; yet he frankly withstands him to the face when he thinks that he is to be blamed.

Samuel Parr was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, June 15 (O.S.), 1747. He was the son of Samuel Parr, a surgeon and apothecary of that place, and through him immediately descended from several considerable scholars, and remotely (as one of his biographers, Mr. Field, asserts) from Sir W. Parr, who lived in the reign of Edward IV., and whose granddaughter was Queen Catharine Parr, of famous memory. It does not appear from Parr's writings (as far as we remember) that he laid claim to this high ancestry; yet the name of Catharine, which he gave to one of his daughters, may be imagined to imply as much. His mother, whose maiden name was Mignard, was of the family of the celebrated painter. It was the accident of Parr's birth-place that, pro-

bably, laid the foundation of his fame, for to the school of his native village, then one of the most flourishing in England, he was sent in his sixth year; whilst, under other circumstances, it is likely that he would have been condemned to an ordinary education and his father's business. So many seeds is Nature constantly and secretly scattering, in order that one may fall upon a spot that shall foster it into a plant. In his boyhood he is described by his sister, Mrs. Bowyear, as studious after his kind, delighting in Mother Goose and the Seven Champions, and not partaking much in the sports usual to such an age. He had a very early inclination for the Church, and the elements of that taste for ecclesiastical pomp, which distinguished him in after life, appeared when he was not more than nine or ten years old. He would put on one of his father's shirts for a surplice (till Mr. Sanders, the vicar, supplied him, as Hannah did his namesake, with a little gown and cassock); he would then read the Church service to his sister and cousins, after they had been duly summoned by a bell tied to the banisters; preach them a sermon, which his congregation was apt to think, in those days, somewhat of the longest; and even, in spite of his father's remonstrances, would bury a bird or a kitten (Parr had always a great fondness for animals) with the rites of Christian burial. Samuel was his mother's darling; she indulged all his whims, consulted his appetite, and provided hot suppers for him almost from his cradle. He was her only son, and was at this time very fair and well-favoured. Providence, however, foreseeing that at all events vanity was to be a large ingredient in Parr's composition, sent him, in its mercy, a fit of small-pox; and, with the same intent, perhaps, deprived him of a parent who was killing her son's character by kindness. Parr never was a boy, says, somewhere, his friend and school-fellow, Dr. Bennet. When he was about nine years old, Dr. Allen saw him sitting on the churchyard gate at Harrow, with great gravity, whilst his school-fellows were all at play. 'Sam, why don't you play with the others?' cried Allen. 'Do not you know, Sir,' said he, with vast solemnity, 'that I am to be a parson?' And Parr himself used to tell of Sir

W. Jones, another of his school-fellows, that as they were one day walking together near Harrow, Jones suddenly stopped short, and, looking hard at him, cried out, 'Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face.' Between Bennet, Parr, and Jones, the closest intimacy was formed; and though occasionally tried, it continued to the last. Sir W. Jones, indeed, was soon carried, by the tide of events, far away from the other two, and Dr. Bennet quickly shot ahead of poor Parr in the race of life, and rose to the Irish bench; but

'Memor
Actæ non alio rege puertiæ,
Mutatæque simul togæ'—

the man and the bishop is still, in his intercourse with Parr (and we meet with many beautiful proofs of it in these volumes), the Harrow schoolboy, ripened, indeed, by years, and by the experience resulting from high station in turbulent times, yet retaining the schoolboy's privilege of laughing at the foibles, or lecturing the failings, or correcting the mistakes, of his quondam playfellow. These three challenged one another to trials of skill in the imitation of popular authors—they wrote and acted a play together—they got up mock councils, and harangues, and combats, after the manner of the classical heroes of antiquity, and under their names—till, at the age of fourteen, Parr being now at the head of the school, was removed from it and placed in his father's shop.

The doctor must have found, in the course of his practice, that there are some pills which will not go down,—and this was one. Parr began to criticise the Latin of his father's prescriptions, instead of 'making the mixture;' and was not prepared for that kind of Greek with which old Fuller's doctor was imbued, who, on being asked why it was called a *Hectic* fever, 'Because,' saith he, 'of an *hecking* cough which ever attendeth that disease.' Accordingly, Parr having in vain tried to reconcile himself to the 'uttering of mortal drugs' for three years, was at length suffered to follow his own

devices, and in 1765 was admitted of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Dr. Farmer was at that time tutor. Of this proficient in black letter (he was one of the earliest, and perhaps *the* cleverest, of his tribe) we are told by Archdeacon Butler, in a note, that he was a man of such singular indolence, as to neglect sending in the young men's accounts, and is supposed to have burnt large sums of money, by putting into the fire unopened letters, which contained remittances, conveyed remonstrances, and required answers.[a] Parr sketches his character at some length, and we quote it as one example, out of several, of the doctor's biographical powers, to which we have already had occasion to allude.

'His knowledge is various, extensive, and recondite. With much seeming negligence, and, perhaps, in later years, with some real relaxation, he understands more, and remembers more, about common and uncommon subjects of literature, than many of those who would be thought to read all the day and meditate half the night. In quickness of apprehension and acuteness of discernment, I have not often seen his equal. Through many a convivial hour have I been charmed by his vivacity, *and upon his genius have I reflected in many a serious moment; with pleasure, with admiration, but not without regret that he has never concentrated and exerted all the great powers of his mind in some great work, upon some great subject.* Of his liberality in patronizing learned men, and of his zeal in promoting learned publications, I could point out numerous instances. Without the smallest propensities to avarice, he possesses a large income; and without the mean submissions of dependence, he has risen to high station. His ambition, if he has any, is without ostentation; his wit is without acrimony, and his learning is without pedantry.'—Vol. iii. p. 502.

At college Parr remained about fourteen months, when his resources were cut off by the sudden death of his father. On balancing his accounts, three pounds seventeen shillings appeared to be all his worldly wealth; and it has been asserted by one of the many persons who have contributed their quota to the memorabilia of Parr,[b] that had he been aware before-

[a] Vol. i. p. 35.

[b] *London Mag., April*, 1825.

hand of possessing so considerable a sum, he would have continued longer in an University which he quitted with a heavy heart, and which he was ever proud to acknowledge as his literary nursing-mother. It is melancholy to reflect on the numbers of young men who squander the opportunities afforded them at Cambridge and Oxford, without a thought; 'casting the pearl away,' like the Æthiop, while, at the very moment, many are the sons of genius and poverty, who, with Parr, are struggling in vain to hold fast their chance of the learning, and the rewards of learning, to be gained there, and which would be to them instead of house and land. Thus were Parr's hopes again nipped in the bud, and those years (the most valuable of all, perhaps, for the formation of character), the latter years of school and college life, were to him a blank. Meanwhile Dr. Sumner, then master of Harrow, offered him the situation of his first assistant. With this Parr closed; he took deacon's orders in 1769; and five years passed away, as usefully and happily spent as any which he lived to see. It was while he was under-master of Harrow that he lost his cousin, Frank Parr, then a recently-elected Fellow of King's College. Parr loved him as a brother; and, though himself receiving a salary of only fifty pounds a year, and, as he says, and as may be well believed, 'then very poor,' he cheerfully undertook for Frank, by way of making his death-bed more comfortable, the payment of all his Cambridge debts, which proved to be two hundred and twenty-three pounds; a promise which, it is needless to say, he faithfully kept, besides settling an annuity of five pounds upon his mother. It would be unjust to Parr not to give an extract or two from the letters which he wrote to his dying friend. They are such as must serve to cover a multitude of sins in our estimate of him who could write them.

'Oh! my dear, dear Frank, oh! were that day arrived to both of us, when every sigh shall be stopped and every evil done away, and our souls lifted up from this vale of sorrows to boundless and heavenly joy. Let me open myself yet further to you. Should it please God to deprive me of you, I know it is my duty, and through

His grace it shall be my endeavour, to bear the stroke. But if it falls, I shall, my dear friend, have no wishes to continue. My hopes, my thoughts, will follow; and I shall long, perhaps impatiently long, for that hour which shall restore us to each other, and bring us to our God. My prayers, my dear friend, I do not fail to offer up in behalf of your body and your soul; I dare say you do the same for me. May the Almighty, for His dear Son's sake, hear us both; save, preserve, bless us for ever. I hope to get the towels ready in a day or two. Pray make yourself easy, my heart, about all money, and claim mine as your own. Let no false pride, no superfluous delicacy, no unfriendly, unmanly, unchristian suspicions keep you from repeating your demands. "Greater love," says our Saviour, "than this has no man, that a man should lay down his life for his friend." God is my judge that I would most readily, most contentedly, most gladly die for you, my dear, dear soul! Can I then refuse you anything else? We have a common interest here, a common hope hereafter. Heaven grant our friendship to last to all eternity. If the towels are ready you will perhaps see me for an hour or two on Thursday or Friday evening. Write a line by to-night's post. Write, if it be only a line. Pray eat three or four jellies a-day. Pray take care of yourself. I commend you to the great God and His most gracious Son the Lord Jesus Christ. Through His mediation and intercession may we live long on earth and meet in heaven.'—Vol. i. p. 48.

'My dear, dear, Frank,' he writes shortly after, 'I could not bear the idea of suffering you to feel one uneasy thought, and therefore I sent you three guineas this morning, on the very moment after my arrival. I will, in a few days, send you some towels, and, if you please, a table-cloth or two, and other necessaries which you find occasion for. Write me word of the consultation. Tell me what say your physicians about your health and earthly condition; and tell me, oh! my dear creature, what your own heart suggests about your future one. May that God, whose mercy is over all His works—that God who will not reject the meanest of His creatures, when they approach Him in the name of a crucified, interceding Saviour; may He mitigate your pains, may He restore your health, may He bless your soul; even so, Lord Jesus. Amen. Yours to eternity, 'S. PARR.'—i. p. 49.

In 1771, when Parr was in his twenty-fifth year, Dr. Sumner was suddenly carried off by apoplexy. Sir W. Jones, the

most illustrious, perhaps, of his pupils, writes to Dr. Bennet on this occasion as follows:—we quote the letter more for the sake of showing the ardour of this extraordinary man, in his pursuit after knowledge and fame, than the want of it towards the memory of his old master, evinced in the opinion expressed of Dr. Sumner.

'You will think more highly of my sincerity than my gratitude, when I tell you that I was not so deeply affected with the loss of Sumner, as you seem to be. My confidence in him had been considerably decreased for the last three years, and I began to take pleasure in his company less than ever. As to himself, he had too many misfortunes to make life desirable. I have learned so much, seen so much, written so much, said so much, and thought so much since I conversed with you, that were I to attempt to tell half what I have learned, seen, writ, said, and thought, my letter would have no end. I spend the whole winter in attending the public speeches of our greatest lawyers and senators, and in studying our own admirable laws, which exhibit the most noble example of human wisdom that the mind of man can contemplate. I give up my leisure hours to a political treatise on *the Turks*, from which I expect some reputation: and I have several objects of ambition which I cannot trust to a letter, but will impart to you when we meet. If I stay in England I shall print my *de Poesi Asiaticâ* next summer, though I shall be at least two hundred pounds out of pocket by it. In short, if you wish to know my occupations, read the beginning of Middleton's Cicero, pp. 13, 18, and you will see my model, for I would willingly lose my head at the age of sixty, if I could pass a life at all analogous to that which Middleton describes. Parr talks of being with you at Christmas; I fear I shall not be able to accompany him. Farewell! The time, I hope, will come, when we shall see more of each other than we have been able to do for the last seven years.'—Vol. i. p. 55.

Parr now became a candidate for the head-mastership of Harrow, founding his claims on being born in the town, educated at the school, and for some years one of the assistants. The Governors, however, preferred Dr. Benjamin Heath, an antagonist by whom it was no disgrace to be

beaten, and whose personal merit Parr himself allowed to justify their choice. A rebellion among the boys, many of whom took Parr's part, ensued, and in an evil hour he threw up his situation of assistant, and withdrew to Stanmore, a village a very few miles from Harrow. Here he was followed by forty of the young rebels, and with this stock-in-trade he proceeded to set up a school on his own account. This, Dr. Johnstone thinks, was the crisis of Parr's life. The die had turned up against him, and the disappointment, with its immediate consequences, gave a complexion to his future fortunes, character, and comfort. He had already mounted a full-bottomed wig when he stood for Harrow, anxious, as it should seem, to give his face a still further chance of keeping its start. He now began to ride on a black saddle, and bore in his hand a long wand with an ivory head, like a crosier in high prelatical pomp. His neighbours, who wondered what it could all mean, had scarcely time to identify him with his pontificals, before they saw him stalking along the street in a dirty striped dressing-gown. A wife was all that was now wanted to complete the establishment at Stanmore, and accordingly Miss Jane Marsingale, a lady of an ancient Yorkshire family, was provided for him (Parr, like Hooker, appears to have courted by proxy, and with about the same success), and so Stanmore was set a-going as the rival of Harrow. These were fearful odds. Achilles himself could not stand single-handed against the steady course of the Scamander, and an ancient institution, like 'that ancient river,' is pretty sure in the end to sweep its ephemeral opponent away. Whether the system of education adopted at this place, which certainly reminds us of that of Milton, contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, or whether the lads who had been hitherto under Dr. Sumner ran away with the coach when Parr held the reins, with a strong indeed, but unsteady hand, *solitâque jugum gravitate carebat*,—however this was, it came to pass, that in spite of 'Attic symposia,' and groves of Academus, and the enacting of a Greek play, and the perpetual recitation of the

fragment in praise of Harmodius and Aristogeiton,[a] the establishment at Stanmore declined, and at the end of five years Parr was not sorry to accept the mastership of an endowed school at Colchester. To Colchester, therefore, he removed with his wife and a daughter in the spring of 1777. Here he took priest's orders at the hands of Bishop Lowth, and found society congenial to him in Dr. Foster, a kindred Whig, and in Thomas Twining, a kindred scholar. Hitherto Parr had not published anything. The proximity of Harrow had acted upon him like an incubus. Released at length from this oppression, his spirit began to revive, and the following letter from Sir W. Jones indicates that he had some intention of printing a sermon, an intention which he did not however then fulfil:—

'*Worcester, March 8th*, 1778.

'My Dear Friend,—Your letter overtook me a few days ago, and I am so hurried that I must answer it in very few words. If your sermon be not likely to hurt you and your family, by giving fruitless offence to men in power, I will answer for your reputation, and exhort you to print it *with your name;* without it, you must not expect to have the charges of publication defrayed, as few men read a book with so unpromising a title as a *Sermon on the 27th February*, 1778. I shall not be in the Temple till the 30th April, then I shall be wholly at your service. You will send a copy of your discourse to me, and may rely on my sincerity as well as on my attention; but in the name of the Muses, let it be written in a *legible* hand, for to speak plainly with you, your English and Latin characters are so ill formed, that I have infinite difficulty to read your letters, and have abandoned all hopes of deciphering many of them. Your Greek is wholly illegible, it is perfect Algebra; and your strictures on my Isæus, excellent and valuable as they are, have given more fatigue to my head and eyes than the whole translation. Half an hour in the day would be as much time as you could employ in forming your characters, and you would save four times as much of your friends' time. I will speak with the sincerity which you like; either you can write better or you cannot; if you can, you ought to write better; if not, you ought to learn. I

[a] Field, v. i. 898.

scribble this as fast as I can move the pen, yet to me it is perfectly legible; it should be plainer still, if my pen were better, or I were less hurried. Farewell! my dear friend, if I did not love and respect you, I would not give you this chiding, which I know you will take in good part.'—P. 102.

Whilst we are on the subject of bad writing, which is a very common and very inconvenient species of affectation, we recommend to the attention of all whom it may concern, a very amusing letter from Tweddell to Parr. Tweddell, it seems, was superintending for Parr the publication of his 'Sequel,' a pamphlet against the Rev. Mr. Curtis, to whose name there is an allusion in the first line, and who had fallen under Parr's wrath without any just cause.

'Dear Sir,—*Curtæ* nescio quid semper abest rei—Anglicè, you will never have done with ——; however, you say the last alteration shall be the last, and I will take care that it be made. And now, as I suppose I am freed from the danger of any more headaches, occasioned to me by your amanuensis, let me request of you to give him a jobation upon his villainous penmanship. To a nervous man he is as fatal as a physician. Small, indeed, are the hopes of life, if you enter a correspondence with him. His abominable hieroglyphics shake you from top to toe. Pray, my good sir, do labour to convince him that letters were designed to be the intelligible expression of ideas, to convey distant meaning by legible characters, to be the faithful interpreters of thought between remote friends. But Martin, I perceive, has formed a directly opposite opinion. He thinks that they were formed for the purposes of perplexity. Why else is he more obscure than the prophetess of Cumæ? He differs, indeed, from the Sybil in this respect, that her leaves were worth the pursuit, and rewarded the pains of him who found them. Martin does not commit his to the winds, knowing that, from their perfect inutility, his correspondent will perform that office himself. You, as a moderate man, ought not to employ Martin as your amanuensis. For why? His letters put me in mind of tumult and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connection as preferring an alliance with the succeeding word. A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden-house, covered with old crooked nails, which have just been released from a cen-

tury's durance in a brick wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his character without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writings: he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultous resuscitation of awakened men with a pencil of masterly confusion. I am fully convinced of one thing, that either he or his pen is intoxicated when he writes to me, for his letters seem to have borrowed the reel of wine, and stagger from one corner of the sheet to the other. They remind me of Lord Chatham's administration, lying together heads and points in one truckle-bed. And could you, notwithstanding, sir, think that I was so infatuated with Martin's handwriting, that for the sake of perusing it one half-hour earlier, I should all along prefer paying the price of double, and treble, and quadruple postage, to having it inclosed to Mr. Wilbraham? If it could answer any end of your's better by sending it to me than under cover to Mr. W., I should not have mentioned this, but really I receive it within half an hour of the same time; and as for your writing on the outside of your letter, *single sheet*, it answers no one purpose. They consider the *weight*, and charged me for the last one shilling and eightpence, and for the one before two shillings and sixpence, and in the same way various times of our correspondence lately. In future, therefore, I will be obliged to you to convey every *hundred weight of letters* in Martin's writing by separate packets to Mr. Wilbraham's. Though now, indeed, I apprehend I shall not receive many more—I really do, as you say, most heartily and unfeignedly rejoice that our joint task is at an end.'—Vol. i. p. 392.

Parr was evidently fond of living in troubled waters; accordingly, on his removal to Colchester, he got into a quarrel with the trustees of the school on the subject of a lease. He printed a pamphlet about it, which he never published; restrained perhaps by the remarks of Sir W. Jones, who constantly noted the pages submitted to him, with 'too violent,' 'too strong;' and probably thought the whole affair a battle of kites and crows, which Parr had swelled into importance; or, it might be, he suppressed it, influenced by the prospect of succeeding to Norwich School, for which he was now a candidate, and by the shrewd observation of Dr. Foster, 'that Norwich might be touched by a fellow feeling for Colchester; and the crape-makers of the one place sympathize with the

bag-makers of the other.' If the latter consideration weighed with him, it was the first and last time that any such consideration did, Parr being apparently of the opinion of John Wesley, that there could be no fitter subject for a Christian man's prayers, than that he might be delivered from what the world calls 'prudence.' However it happened, the pamphlet was withheld, and Parr was elected to the school at Norwich. Soon after his removal there, which was in January, 1779, he received the following letter from Sir W. Jones, fraught, as Dr. Johnstone observes, with sentences of gold, which it is ever to be regretted were so often forgotten by his revered friend:—

'*Worcester, July 19th*, 1779.

'My dear Parr,—I take up my pen, after a long interval, to answer your friendly letter of the 4th of April. Remember to reserve for me a copy of your book' (the pamphlet above alluded to), 'and by the first opportunity to send me all that is printed, together with the preface. I shall value it for the sake of the writer, and for the intrinsic merit of the writing; besides I am resolved to *spheterize* some passages of it, and to apply them in the continual war which I maintain against the unjust and the unprincipled. Isæus is highly honoured by you. Let me entreat you to take care of your observations on the work, as I shall want your friendliest assistance and freest censure on revising the next edition. In the second edition the notes shall be, at your request, more numerous; but I cannot destroy the unity of my work by a minute examination of particles and points. Let me beg you, at your leisure, to read with attention the speeches of Demosthenes against Zenothemis, Apaturius, Phormio, Lacritus, and Dionysidorus, and inform me whether they have ever been translated, except by Wolfius and Auger. It is possible that I may amuse myself with translating and explaining them, as they all relate to the *fœnus nauticum* of the civilians, or the *bottomry* of the modern commercial nations; and I wish to be informed whether any other speeches on the same subject are extant. I rejoice that your situation is agreeable to you; and only grieve that you are at such a distance from London. You speak well in your letter of your Dean; yet I have been told that you are engaged in a controversy with him! *Oh, my friend! remember and emulate Newton, who once entered into a*

philosophical contest, but soon found, he said, that "he was parting with his peace of mind for a shadow." Surely the elegance of ancient poetry and rhetoric, the contemplation of God's works and God's ways, the respectable task of making boys learned and men virtuous, may employ the forty or fifty years you have to live more serenely, more laudably, and more profitably, than the vain warfare of controversial divinity, and the dark mines and countermines of uncertain metaphysics. Whether the ἀριστεῖα have been assigned me in Wales, I know not; but the knowledge of men which I have acquired in my short forensic career, has made me satisfied with my present station, and all my φιλοτιμία is at an end.'—Vol. i. p. 110.

At Norwich, Parr ventured on his first publications, and obtained his first preferment. The publications consisted of a sermon on 'The Truth of Christianity,' 'A Discourse on Education,' and 'A Discourse on the Late Fast;' the last of which opens with a mistake singular in Parr, who confounds the sedition of Judas Gaulonitis, mentioned in Josephus (*Antiq.* xviii. l. 1), with that under Pilate, mentioned in St. Luke, xiii. 1, 2, 3); whereas the former probably preceded the latter by twenty years, or nearly. The preferment which he gained was the living of Asterby, presented to him by Lady Jane Trafford, the mother of one of his pupils; which, in 1783, he exchanged for the perpetual curacy of Hatton, in Warwickshire, the same lady being still his patron: neither were of much value. Lord Dartmouth, whose sons had also been under his care, endeavoured to procure something for him from Lord Thurlow, but the chancellor is reported to have said, 'No,' with an oath. The great and good Bishop Lowth, however, at the request of the same nobleman, gave him a prebend in St. Paul's, which, though a trifle at the time, eventually became, on the expiration of leases, a source of affluence to Parr in his old age. How far he was from such a condition at this period of his life, is seen by the following incident given by Mr. Field.[a] The doctor was one day in this gentleman's library, when his eye was caught by the title of 'Stephens'

[a] Vol. i. p. 123.

Greek Thesaurus.' Suddenly turning about and striking vehemently the arm of Mr. Field, whom he addressed in a manner very usual with him; he said, 'Ah! my friend, my friend, may you never be forced, as I was at Norwich, to sell that work, to me so precious, from absolute and urgent necessity.'

But we must on with the Doctor in his career. In 1785, for some reason unknown to his biographer, Parr resigned the school at Norwich, and in the year following went to reside at Hatton.

'I have an excellent house' (he writes to a friend), 'good neighbours, and a Poor, ignorant, dissolute, insolent, and ungrateful, beyond all example. *I like Warwickshire very much.* I have made great regulations, viz. bells chime three times as long; Athanasian creed; communion service at the altar; swearing act; children catechised first Sunday in the month; private baptisms discouraged; public performed after second lesson; recovered a £100 a-year left the poor, with interest amounting to £115, all of which I am to put out, and settle a trust in the spring; examining all the charities.'—Vol. i. p. 827.

Here Warwickshire pleases Parr; but Parr's taste in this and in many other matters (as we shall have occasion to show by-and-by), was subject to change. He soon, therefore, becomes convinced of the superior intellect of the men of Norfolk. He finds Warwickshire the Bœotia of England, two centuries behind in civilization.[a] He is anxious, however, to be in the commission of the peace for this ill-fated county, and applies to Lord Hertford, then Lord Lieutenant; but the application fails; and again, on a subsequent occasion, to Lord Warwick, and again he is disappointed. What motives operated upon their lordships' minds to his exclusion, they did not think it necessary to avow. Perhaps they were afraid that the great scholar would have dogmatized on the bench till he had disgusted his colleagues, and passed sentence on the culprit till he had spoiled their dinner—that he would have condemned

[a] Vol. i. p. 333.

the laws where he was only called upon to administer them, and scrutinized the conduct of the constable with as much severity as that of the thief—that he would have been debating, when he should have been passing the accounts, and have impeded all decisions by showing how much might be said against any—that he would have looked upon a poacher with too much lenity, and a rioter for church and king with too much wrath—that he would have found in every pauper who appealed to him, a victim, and in every overseer, a tyrant—that whilst his brother justices could see no signs of grace in a culprit, from the evidence against him, he would have discovered virtue in his looks; and would have peremptorily pronounced, that if 'that man be lewdly given, he deceived him.' If any, or all of these doubts crossed the mind of the Lord Lieutenant, we confess that we do not think they would have been wholly groundless; and that, ably as Parr would have descanted on justice in the abstract, it is our belief that he would have 'ministered it *indifferently*,' though not in the sense in which this is made the subject of our prayers.

A free press is the issue through which all the peccant humours in the body politic make their escape; and the *type* (that we believe is the phrase) in which Parr's bile presented itself was in a Preface to a new edition of Bellendenus. Amongst the various works of this learned Scot (to some of which Middleton was greatly indebted for the materials of his 'Life of Cicero,' though he makes no acknowledgement of it) was a dissertation 'de Tribus Luminibus Romanorum.' One of these Lumina was Cicero; the two others have been conjectured, but without any adequate ground as far as we can see, to be Seneca, and Pliny the Elder. The first of these portraits, however, was all that he lived to complete. His editor, therefore, taking up his parable in his turn, executes an elaborate dissertation on the characters of the Three Lights of Britain, Lord North, Fox, and Burke. The sympathy in the two cases, it will be perceived, is of the kind which subsisted between the rivers of Macedon and Monmouth. Of the Latin of this Preface there can be but one opinion—it is the work

of a scholar, profound in grammar, boundless in acquirement, prompt in its application—but it is a work of art rather than of nature—it appears to us to be a wonderfully skilful solution of a problem wherein, all imaginable idioms of the language and all the sentiments of its best authors being given, it is required to construct out of them a panegyric upon Fox and a satire upon Thurlow. It cannot here be said of Parr, as was said of Cowley, that he wears the *garb* without wearing the *clothes* of the ancients. His coat may consist of *purpurei* panni, but the most splendid patches are patches still. In his quotations, however, which are in numbers without number, Parr is often singularly happy (it was his vocation, as he somewhere says, to quote); often they follow in the natural train of his thoughts, and, in those cases, give them the sting of an epigram; but often, again, it is easy to see that they are only traps which he has himself set that he may himself fall into them, and like Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' he may be suspected of making his matter germane to the phrase if the phrase be not germane to his matter. His characters, as usual, are powerfully and (where his prejudices conspire to such an end) most agreeably depicted; but if his fair course be hindered, if he has to speak of an opponent, he forgets what is due to high place, to established reputation, to living genius, and pursues his victim with the acrimony of one who had sustained at his hands some personal wrong. It is then that we remember the warning voice of Sir William Jones, and in sorrow, not in anger, contemplate the enraged and impotent politician, where we might have seen the profound and dignified divine. That impatience of restraint which vented itself in unavailing declamation on the people's rights, aided by Parr's scholarship, might have given birth to another 'Liberty of Prophesying.'—That graphic pencil, which could depict the senator with such force, might, under a different influence, have traced out another 'Divine Exemplar.' Those fervid appeals to the duty and responsibility of a minister of state, might have taken another direction, and enforced the 'Duty and Doctrine of the Minister of God.'

'Thus did Parr,' says Dr. Johnstone, 'unsheath his sword against the Pittites, and throw away the scabbard. Yet it is not certain,' he adds, 'though his party had gained the victory, that he would have been permitted to partake the spoil—for Mr. Fox had not always the power of disposing of preferment even when minister. Had the coalition succeeded, it is only a *surmise* that he might have been a canon residentiary of St. Paul's. On the appointment of the Regency, it *was said* he was to be promoted to the see of Bristol; but when his friends were actually in administration, it was insinuated that Lord Grenville declined promising a bishopric, on the ground of Parr's unpopularity in his own profession. If it were so, he had sacrificed himself for nothing; wasting his powers in praising those who could not serve him; embarking those great talents in the service of a party or a faction, which were intended for the benefit of his country and his race, and, above all, departing from the great rules of his religion,—not to speak evil, nor to give offence to the least of his brethren.'—Vol. i. p. 208.

How well Parr was satisfied with the manner in which he had executed his task, is seen in the following ludicrous effusion of self-complacency addressed to his friend Homer:—

'Dear Sir,—What will you say? or, rather, what shall I say myself of myself? It is now ten o'clock at night, and I am smoking a quiet pipe, after a most vehement and, I think, a most splendid effort of composition: an effort it was indeed, a mighty and a glorious effort—for the object of it is to lift up Burke to the pinnacle where he ought to have been placed before, and to drag down Lord Chatham from that eminence to which the cowardice of his hearers and the credulity of the public had most weakly and most undeservedly exalted the impostor and father of impostors! Read it, dear Harry, read it, I say, aloud; read it again and again; and when your tongue has turned its edge from me to the father of Mr. Pitt—when your ears tingle and ring with my sonorous periods—when your heart glows and beats with the fond and triumphant remembrance of Edmund Burke—then, dear Homer, you will forgive me, you will love me, you will congratulate me, and readily will you take upon yourself the trouble of printing what in writing has cost me so much greater, though not longer trouble. Old boy, I tell you that no part of the preface is better conceived, or better written; none will be read more eagerly, or felt by those whom you

wish to feel it, more severely. Old boy, old boy, it's a stinger, and now to other business.'—P. 197.

Surely Malvolio himself was never more enamoured of his own parts![a]

At this point in his work, Dr. Johnstone enters upon the History of Dr. White's famous Bampton Lectures, and traces through a long series of correspondence (what may be called without a pun) the *double*-dealing of the professor, who was at once employing Mr. Badcock, a learned dissenting minister, in Devonshire, and Dr. Parr, at Norwich, to prepare him for appearing with credit in the pulpit of his university. The whole affair, which is now fully cleared up, deserves a short detail as a literary curiosity. The lectures were delivered in 1784, the three first in March, the last in October. On November 27, 1783, Dr. White writes thus to Mr. Badcock:—

'Our correspondence must be a profound secret. The world suspects that my journey (to South Molton) has not been a mere journey of pleasure—you will, therefore, please to direct your letters to me thus:—*To John Richardson, Esq.*, Wadham Coll. Oxford.—Mr. R. has been a member of our college, and now lives in London, and I shall give strict orders to the porter to bring all letters thus addressed to me. The letters I send to you I shall myself give into the hands of the postman as he goes out of Oxford . . . .

'The parts I particularly wish you to undertake are Lectures 1, 7, 8. Of the first, I have nothing further to say than to desire, if it can be done with propriety, that some elegant compliment may in some part be paid to the university. Lecture 8 I leave wholly to yourself.

'*Dec.* 9, 1783.—Your introduction to Lecture 1, dated Dec. 5, gives me the most perfect satisfaction.

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[a] A hundred other extracts might be given where Parr gloats over his own literary offspring, without apparently the least sense of shame. But 'enough, and more than enough.' Dr. Wallis, we remember, in one of his controversial tracts against Hobbes, observes, that were any one idle enough to collect together the different passages in which his antagonist had praised himself in hisworks, and to publish them under the title of *Hobbius de se*, they would form a large and most ridiculous volume. In like manner may we say that *Parrius* de se, deduced and digested from his Works and Conversations, would present one of the most extraordinary exhibitions in literature. His only contemporary equal in this respect was, like himself, a man of great talents, Lord Erskine. They met sometimes—but we stop.

'*Jan.* 8, 1784.—Dr. Parr is at present employed in reviewing this Lecture (No. 2), and has already sent me his revision of the first half, executed in a masterly manner. I request the favour of you to undertake the subject from this place, and to continue it up till the final establishment of Christianity. I devolve the whole business on yourself. I have no hints to suggest to you, and you need none. The part where we encounter Gibbon ought to be brilliant, and the conclusion of the whole must be animated and grand. I most earnestly entreat you to furnish the third Lecture as soon as it suits your convenience, and to adapt your manner of writing as much as you possibly can to the style of my printed sermons.'

Thus was Parr revising the lectures, quite unconscious that Dr. White was receiving assistance from any other quarter. So matters seem to have remained till Mr. Badcock's death, which happened at Sir J. Chichester's in 1788. Then it was that a note for £500 from Dr. White was found in his pocket-book. Dr. Gabriel, of Bath, Mr. Badcock's friend, now hastened to town, and had an interview with the professor, who received the intelligence with confusion and displeasure. It was then agreed that Dr. Gabriel should go down to South Molton, where Mr. Badcock's sister resided, and where his papers had been deposited. The object of this visit seems to have been to negotiate some new arrangement respecting the payment of the note. The visit, however, was paid, and Dr. Gabriel then followed the professor to Oxford. He found him dissatisfied at the result of the journey, and was accused by him of being in league with Miss Badcock to pick his pocket. Incensed at this, Dr. Gabriel threatened to bring the whole transaction before the University, and gave him till the next morning to cool and apologize. No apology was made, and Dr. Gabriel was as good as his word. Then it was that the news of Badcock's co-operation in the Bampton Lectures first reached Parr. He did not believe it. In an unguarded moment he asserted that he was the only man in Dr. White's confidence on the subject, and, finally, he told it as a secret to Mr. Smyth, of Pembroke College, that it was himself that had given White the assistance. The *dénouement* of this piece,

which has all the intrigue of a farce without any of the fun, was now advancing.

In December, 1785, Parr writes to Mr. Badcock from Exeter College, '*Professor White driving the pen,*' expressing his earnest wish to become personally acquainted with him.

"I long to see you, to converse with you, and to enjoy, under the auspices of your presence and the animating influence of your example, those pure and sublime pleasures which can only be tasted by scholars who are without pedantry, by philosophers who judge without dogmatism, and by Christians who believe without bigotry. White tells me that you never eat, never drink, and what is worse than all, never smoke; but he does ample justice to the soundness of your judgment, to the copiousness of your knowledge, to the gaiety of your spirits, to the purity, to the candour, and to the benevolence of your heart. Let me then entreat you to saddle your horse and hasten to Oxford, where I shall stay till the 14th of January, and where the cup which I am now quaffing will neither be full nor sweet unless you pour out into it the ἀττικὸν μέλι which flows in rich and abundant streams from your head and heart,' &c. —Vol. i. p. 236.

Professor White, it is to be remembered, was the amanuensis on this occasion, and took charge of sending the letter to the post. It is singular, however, that Mr. Badcock never received it. Letters will miscarry sometimes—yet the mind instinctively thinks of an *intrigante* in a play who has a lover secreted in each closet, neither of them conscious of a rival, and one or both to be kept in their ignorance; and though in general nothing can be more opportune in a crisis of this kind than for one of the parties to be suddenly carried off in a fit of apoplexy and thereby rescue the lady from dying of a fit of perplexity (as Sir W. Scott somewhere has it), yet in the present instance it happened that dead men told more tales than living ones, and that the times were no longer those in which they ceased to speak when their brains were out. Parr, whose suspicions began to be awakened by the events we have described, calls upon Dr. White for an explanation. The 'most worthy and learned friend' sinks into 'Reverend Sir,' and 'Dr.

White presents his respects,'—and a meeting between the professor and the doctor, in the presence of witnesses, takes place at Hatton, when the Bampton Lectures are spread out, and each seizes upon his own. The famous congress of Hotspur and Owen Glendower, with their map before them, at the Archdeacon of Bangor's, seems to have been the precedent by which they agreed to act, if we may judge from the spirit of the subsequent correspondence; but we will not enter further into their mutual criminations, their 'setting up of claims,' 'and allowing of pretensions,' and protracted teasings of one another; suffice it to sum up the whole in the words of Dr. Johnstone, that

'Whether the plan of the Bampton Lectures was solely White's may be doubted; that much of the execution certainly lay between him and Badcock; but that the whole was superintended and revised by Parr, and that, admitting the calculation of one-fifth of the whole to belong to Parr, and that the whole was twice submitted to his revisal, and twice received material alterations from his keen eye and critical pen, we must admit him into a co-partnership of the work.'—Vol. i. p. 275.

Thus may these Bampton Lectures, which invited more public attention than any others which were ever delivered, be added to the number of instances in which men of letters have been *trium literarum homines;* and whilst the congregation of St. Mary's thought they were listening to one of their own professors alone, of him it might have been said, as it is said of one of Wordsworth's heroes (Harry Gill, if we remember right)—

'His voice it was the voice of *three*.'[a]

Parr was blamed at the time for the share he took in Dr.

[a] In this singular performance, in which the interlocutors were all so strikingly different in their cast of mind and general character, it is really surprising what a uniformity of style and manner prevails. *A priori*, we should have thought Parr's deep and mouthing tone might have been distinguished anywhere; but here, whether it be the effect of the *callida junctura*, or that similarity of language which joint labourers insensibly fall into, these sermons read very well as the composition of one man. It is strange, too, that if there be occasionally a more nervous or brilliant paragraph, it would appear, from the authentic apportionment of parts, not to belong to Parr, but to Badcock.

White's exposure, and it was said that by divulging the assistance he had given him, he did much more than cancel the obligation. We cannot see that he was much in fault—Parr did his friend an ill turn unwittingly in his attempt to vindicate him; and even had it been otherwise, White's want of confidence justified Parr's want of secresy—there can be no treachery where there is no trust.

We now come to the republication of 'The Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian,' with a dedication and preface by Dr. Parr. In again producing to the world two early compositions of the Bishop of Gloucester's, which their great author had set no store by, and which the discreet editor of the Bishop's works had suppressed in his edition, there was no great harm;—they were curious as the first-fruits of such a harvest of genius—and Parr, though not a blind, was a sincere admirer of Warburton, and was well aware that the author of the 'Divine Legation,' of the 'Julian,' and, we will even add (however objectionable in many respects, and in its spirit especially), of the 'Doctrine of Grace,' could amply afford to be known by productions less advantageous to his fame than these. But to be the means of reviving the 'Delicacy of Friendship' and the 'Letter to Leland,' after the long lapse of time which had ensued since their first publication, and when their author had shown himself desirous to suppress them, this was not the courtesy which was due from one man of letters to another; it was not the respect which an inferior clergyman owed to his diocesan; it was not the charity which should lead every Christian, and particularly every Christian minister, to extinguish instead of prolonging the strife. We are no partizans of Bishop Hurd —we scarcely regret the chastisement he received. He had volunteered, like Sir Mungo Malagrowther, to be the whipping-boy to the king whom he had set up for himself, and he therefore could not justly complain if he was made to smart for it. Surely, if Warburton had thought himself seriously aggrieved, Warburton knew how to complain and how to take vengeance. We compassionate Dr. Hurd the less, because the suppression of his pamphlets against Jortin and Leland appeared, after all,

to be the effect of caution rather than of contrition. In the Letters between himself and an eminent Prelate, those useful scholars (and especially the former of the two) are still spoken of in language sufficiently offensive and contemptuous. It is true that this *shows* itself chiefly in Warburton's share of the correspondence; and, on the other hand, it is true that some allowance is to be made for Warburton, who had reason to complain of a want of generosity, at least, in Jortin's dealings towards him;—but by deliberately causing these Letters to be published (a thing on many accounts so objectionable), Dr. Hurd identified himself here as elsewhere with his master—while, by making that publication posthumous, he denies to his character (that which no right-minded man would wilfully violate) the sanctuary of the grave, and puts it out of our power to contemplate him (as we fain would do) in the respectable light of one who had lived to refuse the highest reward to which ecclesiastical ambition can aspire, content to spend the evening of life in the peaceful retirement of Hartlebury, in oblivion of all that had given him offence, in sorrow for all whereby he had offended, and in humble hope of a better translation than that which he so magnanimously had declined. Still this does not justify Parr. Dr. Hurd was in the wrong, but Dr. Parr was not therefore in the right. Again, had Bishop Lowth, his illustrious patron, at that time suffered under the faint praise of the Bishop of Worcester, something might have been allowed to Parr's gratitude and indignation; but the 'Life of Warburton,' wherein that commendation is bestowed, was still, under the hands of its author, to be subjected again and again to the critical retort, till all its spirit should have evaporated before exposure to the world. Or further, had the controversy been of any recent date, Parr might have found some excuse in the excitement of the moment and the inquietude of conscious talent; but it had been long laid to sleep: both the parties aggrieved were already beyond the reach of censure or of praise, quietly reposing in the grave, and the aggressor, now old and stricken in years, was following them apace.

What then could impel Parr to an attack so furious, so uncalled-for, so unjustiable? in which he stings with the venom of a hornet, *animamque in vulnere ponit.* It needs little observation of mankind to discover how seldom the cause of a quarrel is commensurate with the consequences—'how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' Parr had taken several opportunities of speaking handsomely of Dr. Hurd in his notes upon Rapin, written some six years before. They were not then published, it is true, but they are now, and stand upon record as his deliberate opinion of the bishop at that time. And this circumstance, we think, is enough to show that it was not Warburton's own treatment of Lowth that drew down upon the head of Warburton's friend the vials of Parr's wrath. But when Parr was presented to Hatton, which was in the diocese of Worcester,

'He necessarily went to Hartlebury—he was treated coldly—not even a repast was offered him. This slight roused his indignation. He probably, during the effervescence of his rage, recollected the "Delicacy of Friendship," which he had caused to be copied at Norwich, and perhaps he did not forget the sneer concerning the *long vernacular sermons* at Whitehall; and his fancy under such influence would naturally conjure up a phantom in the shape of Bishop Hurd, which had marched across the high road of his interests, and blighted the prospects of his preferment.'—Vol. i. p. 307.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ! This probably was the whole truth, trifling as it seems; for 'contempt,' says Lord Bacon, 'is that which putteth an edge upon anger as much or more than the hurt itself;' and Parr was just the man to be alive to it. He could forgive an injury, for he was generous; but he could not forget an insult, for he was vain. Accordingly in this dedication and preface, especially in the former, he lets himself loose, and whilst the kindlier feelings of the man occasionally betray him into the most beautiful sketches of characters whom he revered, for Bishop Hurd he has nothing but one unceasing pitiless storm of sarcasm, indignation, and contempt.

'The distinguishing virtues, even of the best men, may for a time be eclipsed by particular situation. While, therefore, we allow your lordship all the praise which is due to habitual discretion and constitutional gentleness, we are by no means surprised that in the service of such a leader, you were now and then hurried into rashness, sharpened into acrimony, or betrayed into illiberality. We rather lament that the better propensities of your mind were suspended and indeed overborne by the fascination of Warburton's example, the sternness of his commands, and, with all due reverence let me add, the tremendous severity of his threats. We mourn over the common infirmities of human nature itself, when we recollect that, with a temper which effectually preserved you from the tumultuous fervour of enthusiasm, and with talents which might have procured you success in the regular and ordinary course of controversial hostilities, you were disposed, or, I would rather say, destined, to become the herald of the sturdiest knight-errant that ever sallied out in quest of literary crusades; to become the apologist, nay the avenger of a staunch polemic, who attacked with blind and headstrong fury the most unexplored fastnesses of impiety and the most venerable citadels of truth; to become the drudge of an imperious task-master, who, finding himself accompanied by a train of feeble and officious dwarfs, summoned them by his fierce mandates to plunge with him into every difficulty—to triumph with him in every victory—to make a display of their fidelity or their zeal in every wild and desperate achievement which he was himself emboldened to undertake by the consciousness of his own gigantic strength. "The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and one bearing a shield" always "went before him."'—Vol. vi. p. 371.

Who could believe that the same original is sitting to Parr in this dedication, and to Mason in the fourth of his Elegies? But the Lord Hatton, whom Clarendon despises,[a] is the same whom Jeremy Taylor delights to honour;[b] and the Sporus of Pope's coarse and tremendous satire[c] is the Lord Hervey whom Middleton represents as the most virtuous and accomplished of mankind![d]—The following tribute to the memory of Warbur-

[a] Hist. Rebell., vol. ii. p. 156, Oxford.
[b] Dedication to the Lib. of Prophesying.
[c] Prologue to the Satires.
[d] Dedication to the Life of Cicero.

ton and of Johnson, contained in the preface to these tracts, need not fear a comparison with anything of its kind in our language. There is an allusion in it, it will be perceived, to the delay of Bishop Hurd in producing his 'Life of Warburton,' which, for prudential reasons, was not suffered to accompany the edition of his works.

'Few men have made a more conspicuous figure than Warburton upon the great theatre of learning; few have been engaged in more bustling and splendid scenes; few have sustained more difficult or more interesting characters. It is therefore to be lamented that the public have not yet been favoured with a regular and impartial account of his progress in knowledge; of his advancement in the church; of the embarrassments with which he struggled, and over which he triumphed; of the connections which he formed; of the provocations by which he was harassed; and especially of the opinions which, in the cooler and more serious reflections of his old age, he really entertained of all his own hardier exertions made in the vigour of his youth. But whatever materials for the history of his life may be in the hands of his executors, and whatever may be the ability of those who shall have the courage to use them, his character will never be drawn with more justness of design or more strength of colouring than have already been employed by the great biographer of the English poets. The dawn of Warburton's fame was overspread with many clouds, which the native force of his mind quickly dispelled, Soon after his emersion from them he was honoured by the friendship of Pope and the enmity of Bolingbroke. In the fulness of his meridian glory he was courted by Lord Hardwick and Lord Mansfield; and his setting lustre was viewed with nobler feelings than those of mere forgiveness by the amiable and venerable Bishop Lowth. Hallifax revered him; Balguy loved him; and in two immortal works, Johnson has stood forth in the foremost rank of his admirers. By the testimony of such a man impertinence must be abashed, and malignity itself must be softened. Of literary merit, Johnson, as we all know, was a sagacious but a most severe judge. Such was his discernment, that he pierced into the most secret springs of human actions; and such was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral character of his fellow-creatures in the balance of the sanctuary. He was too courageous to propitiate a rival, and too proud to truckle to a superior. Warburton he knew as I knew him, and as every man of sense and virtue would

wish to be known; I mean both from his own writings, and from the writings of those who dissented from his principles, or who envied his reputation. But, as to favours, he had never received or asked any from the Bishop of Gloucester; and if my memory fails me not, he had seen him only once, when they met almost without design, conversed without much effort, and parted without any lasting expression of hatred or affection. Yet, with all the ardour of sympathetic genius, Johnson has done that spontaneously and ably, which by some writers had been before attempted injudiciously, and which by others, from whom more successful attempts might have been expected, has not hitherto been done at all. He spoke well of Warburton without insulting those whom Warburton despised. He suppressed not the imperfections of this extraordinary man, while he endeavoured to do justice to his numerous and transcendental excellencies. He defended him when living, amidst the clamours of his enemies, and praised him when dead, amidst the silence of his friends. I have stated these facts, not with any abject view of palliating the censures which I may have passed upon Warburton's failings, nor yet from any vain confidence in my abilities to exalt his character, but in obedience to the warm and fervent dictates of my own mind;—of a mind which he has often enlightened, often enchanted, and in some degree, I would hope, improved—

> "His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Munere."'—Vol. iii. p. 404.

About this period (1788) the severe and lamented illness of the king seemed likely to break up Mr. Pitt's administration, and Parr began to have hopes of promotion from a regency. The recovery of the king, however, put an end to these pleasing visions, and Parr's feelings on the subject may be guessed from the following characteristic letter to his friend Homer:—

'*Hatton, March* 6, 1789.

'I received yours at Warwick, and I roared with laughter all the way home at Steevens' tricks upon you and me; I shall keep the paper till my dying day; but you must get "Venduretur" altered, and make the printer of St. James's correct it; by all means make him. As to politics, Master Homer, *we are all in the wrong box, and I must go without my arm-chair at Amen Corner.* But never

mind; these are the changes and chances of life. Don't you think Billy Pitt a lucky dog? I see they attack the Irish in all the Pittite papers; but this don't prove them wrong, and they are likely to be troublesome, especially if a war breaks out. Not a word do you write about my law and Stationers' Hall, and so I suppose that I am safe with Dilly, and Dilly will look to himself. To be sure, it would have an ugly look for a bishop to avow such a book at such a time, merely for the purpose of prosecuting. But what is to be done with the second edition, and how goes the contract on about the Sermons? Who goes to Ireland? I hope Lord W.; for though I dislike him heartily, he will infallibly make Bennet a bishop, and this will be a thoroughly good thing. He is cold and proud, and, therefore, depend upon it, a favourite with Pitt. But the Irish will not like him. *I hope you illuminated to save your windows and your credit. I suppose we are to have a thanksgiving, and of course I must preach; but I'll take good care what.* It would not be safe to give them a second Philelèutherus, and then Warwickshire would not sound well in Latin; so I shall say a little about death, and about the king, and conclude. *A man of sense is not embarrassed by these things.* But we shall have what Jack Bartlam calls plenty of loyal sermons, with nonsense and flattery, and I suppose praise to Pitt and abuse upon his opponents. I shall lie by to catch the House of Lords' sermon, for if it is very bad I will chastise it. Your letter was a good while in coming, and did not tell me enough about my own affairs. If Farmer is in residence while I'm in town, I must see Dr. Taylor's chair. *Well! I should fill it better than it has been filled since Taylor died.* . . Homer, you are a monstrous nincompoop about Warwickshire; an incorrigible fool; a prejudiced and credulous booby; a tasteless admirer of pork-pies and Epiphany sessions. Our gaol is full, and the gallows will be loaded. Elliot continues sheriff. The sheriff-elect got twelve or fourteen votes against us by promises and threats. It would take me up two days to tell you Warwick news. I expect to be murdered before the election. Murder is quite in fashion here. Homer! Warwickshire is two centuries behind in civilization; I say positively it is. Good-bye! Have some good port ready for me in April, *for I am not at all downcast, and am glad to be out of suspense.*'—Vol. i. p. 333.

Politics were now running perilously high. The French Revolution was in progress. Burke's 'Reflections' had recently come out, of which 13,000 copies were sold forthwith; and

Tom Paine's 'Rights of Man,' of which the sale was probably still greater. The minds of men were fearfully busied about the first principles of government; infidelity was abroad; and the powers of heaven and earth were shaken. The course of our narrative carries us to a dinner given about this period (1791) at Birmingham, in commemoration of the taking of the Bastile. Birmingham prided itself on being a loyal town in the worst of times; and this ill-judged meeting (to say the least of it) was precisely the spark to kindle it into a conflagration. The church-and-king party were exasperated. A riot ensued, with its usual excesses, and on the houses and chapels of the dissenters (with whom the dinner originated) the storm fell. This was in July. In the spring of the following year, it was resolved by the same party to have a second meeting on the same anniversary. They had the law on their side, no doubt; so had Sampson the law on his side when 'he bit his thumb.' But Parr, hearing of their intention, like a wise man and a virtuous, determined, as far as in him lay, to prevent the property and lives of peaceable citizens from being put a second time in jeopardy, under whatever pretence, and published his 'Letter from Irenopolis,' &c.; or, 'a Serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham,' dissuading them from holding the dinner. It was written in one day, in six hours and a half; and we fully agree with Dr. Johnstone in thinking it 'the best, the calmest, the purest of all Dr. Parr's literary productions.' It is liberal without being latitudinarian; it conciliates without compromise; it advises without dictation. It is the work of a good citizen, who, hearing his country at a critical moment crying to him for help, sets aside all his speculations and theories and abstract principles, till the danger is gone by, and steps forth her prudent, sober, practical counsellor. The style is as good as the matter: it was written, though not in heat, in haste; there was no time for periods on stilts: that profusion of scholastic decoration which (however 'they may say it is Persian') impedes Parr's progress on common occasions, so that, like the Roman virgin, he expires under the weight of what he mis-

took for ornaments, was in this instance avoided, and Parr spoke as nature meant that he should speak till learning spoiled him. It received the warm praise of Mr. Pitt; and, what was higher praise still, it answered its end: the meeting was given up.

'Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;
Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat:
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant;
Iste legit dictis animos et pectora mulcet,
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor.'

If Parr had always acted with the discretion he showed on this occasion, he might perhaps have worn a mitre, or at least many would have thought him not unworthy to wear it.

To a few years later than this period belongs a letter from Parr to Mr. Gerrald. We give it as a proof that his heart was still as warm as when he wrote to his 'Cousin Frank.' Gerrald was a West Indian, and a true child of the sun. He had been a pupil of Parr's at Stanmore—was expelled the school—returned to the West Indies—rambled to America, and came back to England a barrister, ripe (as was most natural after passing through such a process) for regenerating the nations. Accordingly he joined the British convention at Edinburgh in 1793, and was unanimously found guilty of sedition by a Scotch jury in March, 1794. Those were not times for child's play in politics. In spite, therefore, of a speech which he made in his own defence, and which has been described to us, on the authority of a hearer of no common discernment, as an effort of oratory unrivalled in its kind, such as drew tears from the presiding judge, a man 'albeit unused to the melting mood;' in spite of this vigorous effort at self-preservation, he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, and when on ship-board received from Parr the following kind-hearted farewell:—

'Dear Joseph,—I hear with indignation and horror that the severe sentence passed upon you in Scotland is shortly to be car-

ried into execution; and remembering that I was once your master, that I have long been your friend, that I am your fellow-creature, made so by the hand of God—and that by every law of that religion, in the belief of which I hope to live and die, I ought to be your comforter—now, dear Joseph, I am *for the last time* writing to you. Oh! my friend, at this moment my heart sinks within me, and with a wish to say ten thousand things, I am hardly able to say one. But you shall not leave this land without one affectionate, one sincere, one solemn farewell. Joseph, before we meet again that bosom which now throbs for you, that tongue which dictates, will be laid in the cold grave. 'Be it so.—Yet, my dear friend, I must cherish the hope that death is not the end of such a being as man. No, Joseph, no, there is a moral government going on, and in the course of it our afflictions will cease, and compensation will be made us, I trust, for all our unmerited sufferings. There is another world and a better; and in that world I pray to God that I may meet your face again. Bear up, I beseech you, against the hard and cruel oppression which the evil spirit of these days and your own want of discretion have brought upon you. Mackintosh has informed me of that which is about to happen, and I have done all that I can in your favour. Let me conjure you, dear Joseph, to conduct yourself not only with firmness, but with calmness. Do not, do not, by turbulence in conversation or action, give your enemies occasion to make the cup of misery more bitter. Reflect seriously on your past life, and review many of those opinions which you have unfortunately taken up, and which you know, from experience, have little tended to make you a happier or a better man. I do not mean, Joseph, to reproach you; no, such an intention, at such a crisis, is, and ought to be, very far from my heart; but I do mean to advise you, and excite you to such a use of your talents as may console you under the sorrows of this life, and prepare you effectually for what is to follow. I will send you a few books in addition to other matters; they will cheer you in the dreary hours you have to pass upon that forlorn spot to which the inhuman governors of this land are about to send you.

'Some time ago I saw your dear boy, and depend upon it that, for his sake and your own, I will show him every kindness in my power—I shall often think of you; yes, Joseph, and there are moments too in which I shall pray for you. Farewell, dear Joseph Gerrald, and believe me your most unfeigned and afflicted friend,

'S. Parr.

'Pray write to me—God Almighty bless you!—Joseph!—Farewell!'—Vol. i. p. 453.

We do not envy the man 'whose eyes can wander dry' over this letter.

It is a great deduction from the pleasure we might otherwise take in pursuing Dr. Parr through his walk in literature, to find it so often 'as an hedge of thorns;' to find ourselves so perpetually involved in altercations unworthy of him to engage in, and (if they did not form a feature in the character of our hero) unworthy of us to detail. The question before us constantly is, not whether he has done a work well or ill, but whether he ought to have done it at all. We have to sit in judgment not only as critics, but as casuists. His celebrated 'Review of Dr. Combe's Horace' places us in this situation. Mr. Homer was originally associated with Dr. Combe in his edition of this poet. Parr's friendship for Homer had induced him to encourage the publication, to supply him with many valuable hints, and perhaps to promise notes and dedication. In the midst of the undertaking Homer died, and the task of completing the edition devolved upon the survivor, who does not appear to have been competent to it. This was an accident which Parr had not reckoned upon; he was probably now unwilling to embark in the same boat with Combe; indeed he writes to him that 'after the epodes he will do no more.' Certain it is, that when the work came out, the public were informed by a memorandum in the 'British Critic' that Dr. Parr had no hand in the notes of the new edition. Then followed a series of papers in the same publication, containing a very minute, elaborate, and masterly examination of it, such as could scarcely fail to sink the work and the literary credit of its editor together. 'Call you this backing of your friends?' Dr. Combe might well have said with Hal; and with this reproach (which we are disposed to think would have been merited), he should have been content. He weakened a strong case by having recourse to charges against Parr, of inhumanity to Homer, and attention to his own pocket; offences of which he was utterly

incapable: for whatever other failings he might have, he surely was not wanting either in tenderness or generosity. It is impossible to pronounce with certainty upon the complex motives which operate upon any man to a given end, especially upon a man of the irritable and wayward temperament of Parr; but the want of delicacy in his volunteering to review a work which he had encouraged in the outset and abandoned in the end, when to review was to condemn it, is surely obvious; and in this instance, as in the case of the Warburtonian tracts, there is internal evidence, we think, that the moving cause, after all, was Parr's jealousy of his honour. He felt, perhaps, that he had not been courted by Combe, where he thought, and justly thought, that courtship was his due; and he determined that if he knew not how to appreciate him as an ally, he should be taught how to appreciate him as an adversary. What else can be inferred from the following passage?—

'While *we* commend Dr. Combe for what he has done in the way of dedication, *we* must not conceal from *our* readers what Mr. Homer intended to do. If that judicious and diligent scholar had been living, the illustrious names of Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Burke would have adorned this page, in which we now find the venerable name of Lord Mansfield; and the dedication itself would have been written by *a person* the whole force of whose mind would have been exerted upon such an occasion, and *whose advice, during the earlier stages of this publication, was repeatedly asked and generally followed by Mr. Henry Homer.*'—V. iii. p. 8.[a]

[a] The pamphlet which Parr wrote in answer to Dr. Combe's *Statement*, and which the editor of his collected works has not given entire, contains about one hundred pages, in the very smallest type, of about as curious matter as ever was put together. It fully refutes, what he might have left to his general character to disprove, the charges made as to his pecuniary transactions with Homer, and, indeed, shows, what he was very far from intending, how helplessly ignorant he was of the world and the world's ways. Equally big in his phraseology, equally declamatory,—whether he is discoursing of the settlement of his account of £50, or the settlement of the affairs of the state—the war of points and particles, or the war with France—Mr. Burke or Dr. Combe—direct or collateral points—he rambles from one subject to another, and descants on all without losing a jot of earnestness or relaxing a whit of his tone. Here we meet with a character sketched off in his most brilliant manner, then a ludicrous exhibition of self-importance; next, probably, an admonitory oration, addressed to his opponent on a mistaken reference, or, for it is just the same to Parr, on Jacobin politics; now we see him plunging deep into Fannius and Jason de Nores, from which he only

It is due to Parr to say, that he left a memorandum amongst his papers, that Combe 'was a worthy man of many intellectual attainments,' and that 'he wished their controversy to be forgotten.' All this is characteristic of him. 'Like the flint, when struck, he sent forth an hasty spark, and straight was cold again.' He exacted attention—he failed perhaps to receive it; he resented the neglect as a personal wrong—he visited it with outrageous punishment; and he was then the first man to bind up the wounds which he had wantonly inflicted, and to pour in oil and wine. As he himself says, 'It always has been, and always will be, one of the first wishes of my heart, and one of my first prayers to Heaven, that no enmity of mine may ever be immortal.' (*Remarks*, p. 2.) If Parr was not always just before he was generous, he was sure to be generous after he had been unjust. In this very review in question, which was written a few years after the publication of the Warburtonian tracts, he reproves Wakefield for not speaking with sufficient caution of '*so illustrious a prelate* as Dr. Hurd;' quotes with approbation his language on another occasion, 'quæ de his tribus versibus (i. e., Virgilii) disseruit *Ricardus Hurd*, episcopus Wigorniensis, doctrinâ viri istius exquisitâ atque ingenio eleganti prorsus digna sunt,'[a] and hints some blame to Dr. Combe for introducing *so few of Bishop Hurd's notes*, 'whose criticisms on many particular passages are justly admired by those who may not agree with him in his general view of Horace's design.'[b] Yet this was the man of whom, six years before—no, not six years—he had said to Homer, in reference to this very Horace,—'What, to leave out Bentley, and to let that French Sanadon

emerges to express his doubts to his readers 'as to an item of £5 5s., a sum which Mr. Homer had paid for a little work of mine which he superintended, and which had been repaid to him by Mr. Ladbroke, as I found after Mr. Homer's death, by inquiring of Mr. Ladbroke himself.' Never were great things and small, valuable and worthless, relevant and irrelevant, so unscrupulously mixed up together; nor did an author, apparently, ever take greater pride in destroying the effect of his best performances by the odd and incongruous situations in which he places things. Indeed, compared with this heterogeneous and most singular composition, the contents of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth have themselves dependence and consistency.

[a] Vol. iii. p. 69. [b] Vol. iii. p. 94.

in, *who understood very little more Latin than Bishop Hurd, and was as great a coxcomb!*'[a] Such are the inconsistencies into which even honest men are hurried when they leave themselves to the blind guidance of the passion of the hour!

Of Bentley, this review contains a very striking and spirited sketch. As the early numbers of the British Critic are not in the hands of everybody, and as the attention of the learned world is now drawn to the character of this illustrious critic, by the promise of a Life of him by a distinguished scholar, we shall insert it:—

'From the perusal of Bentley we now rise, and upon former occasions we have risen, as from a *cœna dubia;* where the keenest or most fastidious appetite may find gratification in a profusion of various and exquisite viands, which not only please the taste but invigorate the constitution—we leave him as we have often left him before, with renewed and increased conviction, that amidst all his blunders and refinements, all his frivolous cavils and hardy conjectures, all his sacrifices of taste to acuteness, and all his rovings from poetry to prose, still he is the first critic whom a true scholar would wish to consult in adjusting the text of Horace—Yes; the memory of Bentley has ultimately triumphed over the attacks of his enemies, and his mistakes are found to be light in the balance, when weighed against his numerous, his splendid and matchless discoveries. He has not much to fear even from such rivals in literary fame as Cunningham, Baxter, and Dawes. He deserved to obtain, and he has obtained, the honourable suffrages of kindred spirits, a Lennep, a Ruhnken, a Hemsterhuis, and a Porson. In fine, he was one of those rare and exalted personages who, whether right or wrong, in detached instances, always excite attention and reward it—always inform where they do not convince—always send away their readers with enlarged knowledge, with animated curiosity, and with wholesome exercise of those general habits of thinking which enable them, upon mature reflection and after more extensive inquiry, to discover and avoid the errors of their illustrious guides.' —Vol. iii. p. 100.[b]

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[a] Vol. i. p. 412.

[b] Who, after reading passages like these, where Parr kindles with his subject, and throws his noble offering on the tombs of the mighty dead, can call to mind his faults and his foibles, his weaknesses and his imperfections, his inordinate vanity, his intemperate zeal, his headstrong sallies as a political partisan, and

There is another passage in this review which we are induced to quote because it affords one of the best opportunities we have met with in the course of these volumes, of comparing Parr with Johnson, both in matter and style. On the subject of *verbal criticism*, Parr expresses himself thus:—

'Verbal criticism has been seldom despised sincerely by any man who was capable of cultivating it successfully; and if the comparative dignity of any kind of learning is to be measured by the talents of those who are most distinguished for the acquisition of it, philology will hold no inconsiderable rank in the various and splendid classes of human knowledge. By a trite and frivolous sort of pleasantry, verbal critics are often holden up to ridicule as noisy triflers, as abject drudges, as arbiters of commas, as measurers of syllables, as the very lackeys and slaves of learning, whose greatest ambition is "to pursue the triumph, and partake the gale," which wafts writers of genius into the wished-for haven of fame. But even in this subordinate capacity, so much derided and so little understood, they frequently have occasion for more extent and variety of information, for more efforts of reflection and research, for more solidity of judgment, more strength of memory, and, we are not ashamed to add, more vigour of imagination, than we see displayed by many sciolists, who, in their own estimation, are original authors. Some of the very satellites of Jupiter are superior in magnitude, and, perhaps, in lustre, to such primary planets as Mars and the Earth.'—Vol. iii. p. 22.

Now let us hear Johnson on the very same subject:—

'This is a work' (the editing of Shakspeare) 'which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of the *dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half of his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like

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even his, shall we say, occasional indecencies as a member of a holy order? Who, while with such kindred feeling he vindicates the honours of departed genius, can be alive to the observation of the specks of his character, or insensible to the spell of this great master of language? It is here, indeed, that Parr never disappoints us. On such occasions, all his faculties are on the stretch, and nothing that is feeble or scanty, inadequate or indiscriminating, is presented to us as the result, but all in such ample measure and with such judicious liberality, that, in asserting the high claims of others, he gains a unanimous allowance of his own.

other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critic would ill discharge his duty without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his copiousness of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more about the dull duty of an editor.'—*Pref. to Shaksp.* p. 44.

We think it must be confessed that the author of the Preface sees his subject in many more points of view, and expresses himself with much greater precision of language, than the author of the Review—that the one is accumulating several ideas, while the other is amplifying a single one—that there is more of logic in Johnson, more of rhetoric in Parr. Indeed, brief as Johnson is, he exhausts his subject—he repeats nothing, he omits nothing.

About this time, the two Irelands astonished the reading public by what Dr. Parr lived to call 'their great and impudent forgery,' on which occasion Dr. Parr rushed forward to the very front rank of dupes, and headed the subscriptionists to the famous confession of faith. Such was the influence of our hero's disastrous star. If there were a bog or quagmire within compass, he was sure to be dipped over head and ears in it. He could never learn, in his literary course, to pick his way clean. In the present instance, his vanity and love of importance seem to have been the moving principles. We do not think highly of his taste on points connected with the English drama or English poetry, in which he was just as capable a judge, we have a notion, as Bentley himself; but the imposition was altogether so stupid that, except on this principle, we find a difficulty in accounting for Parr's easiness of belief. We doubt whether literary history has anything more amusing—

and many an amusing picture does it present to us—than the well-known exquisite scene, in which, while the young impostor reads his trash, Doctors Parr and Warton lift up their hands in speechless ecstasy, and James Boswell calls for a glass of brandy-and-water, and chaunts out his Nunc Dimittis. It would form no bad comparison to that story which Menckenius tells so humorously of Kircher, who, when 'quidam adolescentes lasciviusculi,' some young wags, had brought to him a paving-stone, which they had chiselled with rude marks for his inspection, immediately began, 'Viso lapide, tripudiare præ gaudio, et pedibus terram pulsare, mox circulos, cruces et signa ad unum omnia tam concinne, tam apposite explicare ut nihil supra.'[a]

This incident in Parr's life has been compared to Johnson's patronage of Lauder, but there is a marked distinction, we think, between the two cases. Johnson's deception involved no question of taste, but was merely the consequence of his own habitual and sluggish indolence. He was too lazy to inquire for the books from which Lauder pretended to have derived his parallel passages, and, therefore, as the least troublesome course, took their accuracy for granted. Parr would not have been deceived by Lauder, for his busy alacrity, on all literary subjects, would have led him to collate, compare, and examine such remarkable correspondences. Johnson could not have been deceived down half a page by Ireland; his strong good sense and sound judgment would, on the internal evidence of the fabrications, and on an examination of the circumstances of the story, immediately have pierced through the thin veil of fraud, and rejected the imposture with indignation.

In 1800, Parr was called upon to preach the Spital Sermon, which he afterwards published, with a mass of notes, if not always illustrative of his text, at least illustrative of his unbounded range of philosophical and classical reading. He styles them, in a letter to Dr. Maltby, very important; the composition in three places equalling, in one surpassing, any-

[a] Menckenius de Charlataneria Eruditorum, p. 72.

thing that his mind, in its happiest moments, had produced; answers were to be innumerable, but he was to reply to none; his candour being manifested to all ranks, except bigots, atheists, and nondescript reformers.[a] The times might justify a metaphysical treatise on the nature of benevolence, for such this sermon was; it was the day of abstract principles. In the theories of universal philanthropy which the French Revolution had scattered abroad, there was a danger lest all the household virtues should be discarded, as too minute and mean for the attention of a philosopher. 'The friend of humanity' would willingly have benefited his species, but could not find sixpence for the 'knife-grinder;' and Mr. Fantom (we allude to Mrs. Hannah More's admirable tale, which might appear about the same time as the Anti-jacobin verses—like them, a popular corrective to a popular delusion) was a person who could do good upon a great scale, but could suffer a neighbour to perish for lack of bread. Providence has so obviously drawn a circle about every man, within which, for the most part, he is compelled to walk, by furnishing him with natural affections, evidently intended to fasten upon individuals; by urging demands upon him which the very preservation of himself and those about him compels him to listen to; by withholding from him any considerable knowledge of what is distant, and hereby proclaiming that his more proper sphere lies in what is near; by compassing him about with physical obstacles, with mountains, with rivers, with seas 'dissociable,' with tongues which he cannot utter, or cannot understand,—that, like the wife of Hector, it proclaims, in accents scarcely to be resisted, that there is a tower assigned to every man, where it is his first duty to plant himself for the sake of his own, and in the defence of which he will find perhaps enough to do, without extending his care to the whole circuit of the city-walls. The temper of the times, we say, might have rendered such a sermon (or essay rather) as this of Dr. Parr's not inappropriate; otherwise we are free to declare,

[a] Vol. vii. p. 337.

—and we declare it the more freely, because the observation applies to other sermons of Dr. Parr's, though to none in the same degree,—that, in our opinion, metaphysics are out of place in the pulpit. The great aim of a Christian preacher is to bring the heart of his hearers into contact with the objects which Revelation presents to it, that, by the steady contemplation of those objects, he may transfer something of their character to his own; as northern animals have been fabled to gaze upon what is white till they become themselves insensibly white in their turn. There is ever a danger that the thing to be believed or to be done will be overlooked in a scrutiny into the mental operation of belief, or the secret spring of action—just as the impression of pity for a person in tears would be lost upon a man who was only intent on observing the functions of the lachrymal glands; or admiration of the Apollo Belvedere be unfelt by him who was only musing about how many parts of lime the figure consisted of. Let the strength of the preacher be laid out in setting forth a vivid image of that to which his hearers are to conform themselves, and he may very safely leave the moral mechanism of the mind to itself, with the blessing of God, to work out the conformity. This was our Lord's manner of teaching. He tells the tale of the Samaritan, and contents Himself with, 'Go and do thou likewise.' He sets a child in the midst, and is satisfied with saying, 'Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' And though it is true (as Dr. Parr somewhere observes, and as we have often observed for ourselves) that in our old divines, in Hooker for instance, in Taylor, or, above all, in Barrow, philosophical investigations not unfrequently occur—divested indeed of technical language, even exhibiting the writers themselves as unconscious, perhaps, of the depth and accuracy of their own remarks, metaphysicians, as it were, upon instinct—yet is it certain that their leading object ever was to set forth the great truths of Scripture in full, striking, expressive characters; and having thus committed them, under the favour of God, to the hearts of their hearers, they left them there to fructify they knew not

how. Our meaning cannot be better illustrated than by comparing this Spital Sermon of Dr. Parr's with two of Dr. Barrow's, on the love of our neighbour. The subject is the same, charity—it was a favourite subject with them both: it is treated by both with signal ability—but with what different feelings do we rise from the perusal of the two authors; from the one with our head aching, from the other with our heart enlarged! Never may the English student of theology be weary of the study of Barrow! The greatest man of our church—the express image of her doctrines and spirit—the model (we do not hesitate to say it) without a fault—a perfect master of the art of reasoning, yet aware of the limits to which reason should be confined, now wielding it with the authority of an angel, and now again stooping it before the deep things of God with the humility of a child—alike removed from the Puritan of his own generation and the Rationalist of the generation which succeeded him—no precisian, no latitudinarian—full of faith, yet free from superstition, a steadfast believer in a particular Providence, in the efficacy of human prayers, in the active influence of God's Spirit, but without one touch of the visionary—conscious of the deep corruption of our nature, though still thinking he could discover in it some traces of God's image in ruins, and, under a lively sense of the consequences of this corruption, casting himself altogether upon God's mercy through the sufferings of a Saviour for the consummation of 'that day, which he desired with a strong desire to attain unto, when, his mind purged and his eye clear, he should be permitted to behold and understand, without the labour and intervention of slow and successive thought, not this our system alone, but more and more excellent things than this.'[a]

[a] Te igitur vel ex hâc re amare gaudeo, te suspicor, atque illum diem desiderare suspiriis fortibus in quo purgâtâ mente et claro oculo non hæc solum omnia absque hâc successivâ et laboriosâ imaginandi curâ, verum multo plura et majora ex tuâ bonitate et immensissimâ sanctissimâque benignitate conspicere et scire concedatur.

The Spital Sermon, however, is not, in our opinion, by any means the most favourable specimen of Parr's pulpit oratory. In the press of so much multifarious matter, we cannot pretend to give even the titles of discourses which occupy three thick and closely-printed volumes. In general, however, we may say, that they deal less in the solution of what is difficult in the *letter*, than of what is difficult in the *scheme* of Revelation—that they are more devoted to the contemplation of God's works and ways in the gross than in the detail—that the critic may certainly be seen in some, but in many more (in the best sense of the word) the philosopher—that the moralist prevails over the textuary. The divine whom Parr evidently admired beyond every other, was Bishop Butler. He admired the comprehensive grasp of his theology—the front which he presents to his adversary; meeting an objection by an answer which not only demolishes that, but every other of its kind. He admired the candour with which he ever admits a difficulty where one really exists, or even suggests it where an opponent, unless a very sagacious one, would have overlooked it altogether. He admired the temper with which he handles all *honest* doubts, like a man who remembered that those who doubt have their souls at stake for their sincerity, no less than those who dogmatize; that *he* will be most likely to convince, who proves to the sceptic (what may very certainly be done) that unbelief has its difficulties too, and those far the most insuperable; and like a man who remembered too, *qui pauca considerat, facile pronunciat.* He admired the great additional effect which Butler gives to his arguments by his modest manner of propounding them,—wilfully, as it were, underrating their value,—stating them to be worth so much, when the most ungenerous adversary in the world would say, Nay, but they are worth so much more.

We will take the first sermon as a specimen of the degree in which Parr's mind was imbued with the spirit of Bishop Butler. It is on Gal. iv. 4: 'When *the fulness* of the time was come, God sent forth His Son.' And the task which Parr

imposes upon himself, is to obviate the objections to Christianity arising out of its *late appearance, partial propagation, and imperfect efficacy.*

Now this is precisely such a turn as Butler would have been likely to give to such a text, and in the meagre outline of the discourse (such is all we can offer) it will be seen how truly the style of argument is that of Butler too. On its late *appearance,* he contends, that had it been published a thousand years sooner, those who then lived might have still asked why it had not been published a thousand years before them—that if the redemption of man is liable to this objection, so is his creation—that as some portion of time must have preceded either event, the argument resolves itself into this, that we ought never to have been redeemed, nor indeed ever created at all—that the late appearance of the gospel is no real difficulty, for that, if the attributes of God can be vindicated in the *permission* of vice, the vindication will equally extend to the *protracted* or *gradual* removal of it—that a delay of a thousand years before the gospel was announced seems much to us, but that if the world should last forty thousand years, or four hundred thousand, it would seem nothing—that, had an earlier epoch been chosen for 'this fulness of time,' much evidence from prophecy would have been lost—that had it been before the extension of one great empire (in the time of Moses for instance), or in the infancy of arts, letters, and concurrent historical testimony, many obstacles would have been opposed to its propagation—that had the age been barbarous, it might have been said that such an age was unfavourable to the detection of imposture. Finally, that its late appearance prepared the minds of men for a more ready reception of it, by first ministering to their curiosity, and then relieving them from a suspense which was painful, for that

'In the gross mistakes and abject superstitions of the vulgar, in the uncertainty of the best philosophers and the impiety of the worst, we have the most convincing proofs that a divine revelation was not entirely unreasonable. All the instances of what reason did not do, being in reality more satisfactory evidences of its comparative

insufficiency, than the romantic suppositions and confident assertions of some men concerning what it might have done.'—Vol. ii. p. 28.

On the *partial propagation* of the gospel, he observes, that a people just delivered from a state of nature by a Numa or a Lycurgus, would be thought to offer a strange reason for a voluntary relapse, in saying that some neighbouring countries were still subject to the same evil, and were not provided with the same remedy; that God dispenses all His gifts in proportions apparently unequal;

'That He deals them all out in various measures, and assigns to them various uses, quite regardless of all our churlish discontent and all our captious sophisms, ever intent upon the execution of that plan which Himself has formed, by the methods which Himself approves'—

That the conversion of the apostles was effected by *degrees*—that the attachment of the Jews to ceremonial observances was weakened by *degrees*—that the light of the gospel rose on the Gentiles by *degrees*—that many truths, obscured by Popery, have been brought out by *degrees*—and that if the communication of God's will be thus progressive amongst those by whom His gospel is in fact known, it is only analogous to such a scheme of things, and not less reconcilable to God's wisdom, that nations should be found still ignorant of that gospel altogether;—that, as a matter of fact, the knowledge of Christianity is, on the whole, upon the advance—that

'For this auspicious and extensive improvement in the religious state of men, every philosophical believer must acknowledge a visible though remote preparation of causes, in the wide diffusion of commerce, in the successful cultivation of science; in the invention of printing, in the discovery of the western world, and in a variety of other particulars which no friend to mankind can contemplate without wonder, or mention without exultation.'—Vol. ii. p. 41.

That if it be asked whether it be a duty to diffuse a knowledge of the divine will amongst a people where the ignorance of it seems thus of divine appointment, the answer is, surely it is a

duty; for that human means are the only means of spreading that knowledge—that we ourselves received it through such means, and by such means transmit it—that where evil exists, there may be a proof, indeed, that God did not intend altogether to prevent the evil, but that where He gives the power to alleviate it, there is just the same proof that He intends it to be alleviated. With regard to the *imperfect efficacy* of the gospel, he still pursues the same line of argument—that it would have been extraordinary for the Athenians to say, because the laws of Solon have not prevented all irregularities, *therefore* we will strip them of that authority by which they prevent any—that because civilization is not complete, therefore we will be again barbarians. But that the edge of the objection may be taken off by the positive efficacy of the gospel—that it has relieved the horrors of war—that it has mitigated or annihilated slavery—that it has put an end to shows of gladiators—that it has abolished human sacrifices, and is now destroying persecution—that it has sweetened domestic life—stopped polygamy—elevated the sex—saved children from exposure—checked false patriotism—excited indignation at brutal indulgences: and that if it be said that these advances are owing to civilization and the laws, it is still to be replied that Christians made these laws, that Christians are the subjects of this civilization. All this, it will be easily perceived, is of that school of Theology of which Bishop Butler is at the head, *facile princeps*.

Many of his sermons, and those some of the best, are expositions of scripture histories, wherein the motive of the agent, the morality of the action, and the practical lesson to be drawn from it, are followed out with great sagacity, and, where the case admits, with great feeling. Such is the sermon on the 'Man of God sent from Judah to Bethel;' such are the second and third sermons 'on Conscience,' where the cases of Joseph's brethren, of Saul, of David, of Belshazzar, of Judas, and of Herod the Tetrarch,—all conscience-stricken offenders —are investigated in ample detail, and by a very skilful

anatomist of the human heart.[a] Under this head again may be ranked his sermon on 'Private Prayer,'[b] of which we quote the opening as exhibiting Parr's practical views of religion, and the light in which he saw it in our divine Exemplar. The text is from S. Matt. xiv. 23: 'He went up into a mountain to pray.'

'The judgments of men have in all ages been distracted, and their morals, I fear, injured by impertinent and invidious comparisons. Objects which are only distinct from each other, have been represented as contrary and incompatible, and their value, which changes with the circumstances of particular men, has been absurdly calculated from general rules and theoretic principles. Hence the idle debates that have been agitated, sometimes by the visionary philosopher, and sometimes by the melancholy recluse, on the comparative excellence of speculative and practical life, and of the social or solitary. Yet common sense will surely tell us, that speculation, unless coupled with practice, may confer intellectual superiority, but cannot imply any moral merit; and we may learn from the same direction, that if the temptations to vice be in the social state many, the opportunities for virtue in a solitary one are few. Let us not then deceive or torment ourselves with these senseless or fruitless researches. Let us not separate what ought to be united, or place those duties in a state of artificial hostility to each other, which have a natural tendency to confer and to receive mutual advantage. He that contemplates virtue most frequently, is likely to practise it most successfully. He that retires from the world to examine his heart in silence and solitude, will return into action with purer principles and calmer passions. The Saviour of the world ascended up into a mountain to pray; but it is also recorded of Him, that He went about continually doing good. He dismissed the multitude that He might discharge His duty towards God; but He did not dismiss them till He had taught and relieved them. In the whole course of sacred history you will find our Saviour's life a mixture of contemplation and action, of exemplary exactness that does not offend our good sense, and amiable freedom that does not relax our virtue. You meet Him in the market-place, the synagogue, and the festal entertainment. You learn also that

[a] Vol. v. pp. 3, 412-414. [b] Vol. vi. p. 344.

He withdrew Himself from the crowd into deserts, or a mountain, or a garden; that He there held immediate intercourse with the great Father of Spirits, and employed Himself in meditation, in fasting, and in prayer.'—Vol. vi. p. 341.

With some of the *doctrinal* sermons we must confess ourselves less satisfied. They fly from enthusiasm till they become frigid, 'from beds of liquid fire, to starve in ice.' They have often more reason than unction, and sometimes fall below the standard of our articles, our liturgy, and our catechism. Such are the three Sermons on the Lord's Supper. Parr takes Bishop Hoadly's view of this sacrament, which is clearly not that of our church, though both attempt to hook the church in—(vol. vi. 181). Here, indeed, he is embarrassed,—*æstuat infelix angusto limite*,—and in his critical construction of St. Paul (δοκιμαζέτω δὲ ἄνθρωπος ἑαυτὸν), which he would have to mean 'let a man *distinguish* himself as a partaker of the Lord's Supper, not of a common meal,' and not 'let a man *examine* himself,' as a step preparatory to it, he shows his skill in special pleading on a Greek word, which is one *crux* out of several for Hoadly, and those who think with Hoadly. He then triumphantly exclaims,

'Is any communicant, in our own or in any other house of worship, so grossly ignorant, so brutishly irreverent, as to not make a difference—a wide and important difference—between the sacramental bread and wine and an ordinary meal? Do any of you talk, or even think, of the cares or the pleasures of the world, when you kneel at the Lord's Table, as you talk and as you think of them when you are at your daily meals, or your occasional and harmless feasts? Does any man, reeking from the brothel or the tavern, presume to approach the Lord's Supper, and to share with his fellow-Christians in the banquet of that most heavenly food?'—Vol. vi. p. 174.

Now, though it may be thought that such books as 'Weekly Preparations for the Sacrament' may have frustrated their own good ends, and deterred many scrupulous persons from the Lord's Table, who, nevertheless, would have been very worthy to go there, still we cannot persuade ourselves to believe that St. Paul looked upon every man as *fit* to approach that table,

of whom it could not be alleged that he was fit to be driven out of God's house with a scourge of cords—

> Nec furtum feci, nec fugi, si mihi dixit
> Servus—Habes pretium, loris non ureris, aio.

This is all that can be said of such qualifications—that they shall at least protect the worshipper from the hands of the beadle. Dr. Parr, indeed, after having thus laboured to show that the testimony of St. Paul, as it is commonly received and interpreted, is inconclusive, does give it as his own opinion, backed too by that of Pythagoras,[a] that self-examination is a good thing, upon this or any other occasion; yet we apprehend that such names, however respectable, would be a very poor substitute for that of an inspired apostle, who spake, not according to expediency, but by command; and we must say that, on this and on some other occasions, Dr. Parr discovers a disposition to stir foundations without any sufficient cause.[b]

Perhaps he erred here and elsewhere, by a wish to *simplify* in his theology more than is meet. Surely some *mystery* was to be expected, *à priori*, in any revelation coming from a Being who is known to us but in part, and to whom we stand in a relation which is known to us but in part. It would be an argument against its truth, were there in it no such dark spots. They stand as the image and superscription of that awful Spirit who impresses, more or less, His own unapproachable character on all His works. Still it is the infirmity of strong and inquisitive minds to be impatient of embarrassment. Parr felt it to the full; and with a certain degree of fretfulness at having to grapple with subjects too hard even for him, he is sometimes tempted to cut the knot which he is unwilling to abandon and unable to untie.[c] In general, however, he declines altogether entering into points of mystical divinity. 'Dear Sir (writes he to his friend, the venerable Dr. Routh), we have

[a] Vol. vi. p. 176.
[b] See Butler's Reminiscences, vol. ii. p. 210; and vol. iv. p. 267.
[c] Vol. vi. p. 257.

not long to live, and let us do all the good we can to good men. No questions will arise hereafter about speculations abstractedly considered—neither yours nor mine. The great God and the Son of man are all in all.'[a] And again, in a strain of unusual earnestness, he says, in one of his sermons—

'In the stillness of the closet, and amidst the solemnities of the sanctuary, I have sometimes doubted whether solid wisdom or sincere piety be much promoted by metaphysical distinctions, or critical refinements, or enthusiastic declamations on what is called the personality of that Being in whom we all unfeignedly believe as the promised Messiah, as the beloved Son in whom God was well pleased—as the crucified Redeemer, to whom, after His resurrection from the grave and His ascension into heaven, hath been given a name that is above every other name.'

This momentous question we cannot here pursue, but commend our readers to the trustworthy guidance of Dr. Waterland, who, with the sword of the Spirit for his chief weapon, which is *the Word of God*, will make a way for them through those speculative difficulties which it is the business of philosophy to raise, and of faith to encounter.[b]

Again, some of the sermons may be considered *political;* that 'On the Beneficial Effects of Labour' is a very comprehensive view of a very important subject. The anatomical argument, from the structure of the human frame; the intellectual argument, from the nature of our faculties, and the benefits that accrue, both to them and to us, from exercise; the moral argument, from the peace of mind, the benevolent affections, and the progress in every virtue, which are the fruits of industry; the powerful pictures of the opulent and indigent sluggard; and the generous appeal to the justice and pity of the task-masters of our manufactories—all combine to make this sermon one of the most instructive and pleasing of the collection.[c] Those 'On the Death of the late King' we

[a] Vol. vii. p. 677.

[b] See his 'Defence of some Queries,' and his 'Importance of the Doctrine of the Trinity.'

[c] Vol. v. p. 237.

like less; the text is ill-chosen, if to be understood in the sense in which Parr understands it; the learning is running to waste before such an audience, at such a moment; and the review of the public and private events of the last reign breathes more the party politician than the calm divine—introduced as they are by a figure of rhetoric, either as events which the preacher takes praise to himself for having hitherto abstained from canvassing in the pulpit, or else, by another figure, as events (and here he imitates the *non vidit obsessam curiam*, &c., of Tacitus, in his Life of Agricola) which the calamitous close of the monarch's life, and the eclipse of his understanding, had veiled from his sight. Still, after all his ill-selected preliminaries, his allusions to the Carbonari, to the queen, to 'military outrages' (why should such topics be even touched upon within the walls of the sanctuary, and 'blood be thus mingled with our sacrifices'?)—after all his hints at the lack of wisdom in the councils of the sovereign, and his tasteless compliment 'to the brilliancy of diction, the plausibility of statement, and poignancy of invective,' of the man who, by his own confession, had abused these endowments to the slander of his king;[a] after all these words of evil omen, Parr, carried away by the natural impulse of a heart which was all the while yearning after better things, pours forth a splendid but discriminative eulogy of the illustrious dead; and his patronage of learning, his easy access, his moral courage, his taste for manly sports, his love of agriculture, his protection (so far as it went) of the virtue of the nation by preserving the virtue of the court, are all features in his character set forth by one who can no longer find in his heart to speak grudgingly, or of necessity, even of a Tory King.

'Happy, then, most happy will it be for any of my hearers, if, upon meeting the personage whose death we deplore, at the awful tribunal of our common Judge, you, in the hearing of angels and archangels and the spirits of just men made perfect, should proclaim aloud, that, in escaping from many dangerous temptations, in multiplying the comforts of your wives, your children, and your

[a] Vol. v. p. 172.

domestics, in promoting habits of temperance and industry among your inferiors, and encouraging your dependants, your neighbours, and your friends, to be grateful to their Redeemer and obedient to their God, you had been animated by the example of your beloved and revered King.'—Vol. v. p. 193.

We return to the personal history of Dr. Parr. It is the lot of all who live long to follow to the grave those who, in the ordinary course of things, should have followed them, and of this bitter cup he had to drink deep. In the winter of 1805, his favourite daughter, Catharine, died of consumption—a disease that delights to fasten upon all that is interesting in person, in disposition, and in intellect.

'The activity of my mind in correspondence' (he writes, a few months after) 'has been much weakened by an event, the effects of which have been and continue to be very injurious to my health and spirits. I do not love to pour forth complaints. I have combated affliction by change of scene, and by the soothing influence of friendly society; but the truth is, that my existence is bereaved of its sweetest consolation, and that my grey hairs are likely to go down with sorrow to the grave.'—Vol. viii. p. 87.

In 1810 died Mrs. Parr, of the same insidious complaint; and before the year expired, his only surviving child, Mrs. Wynne, was laid by the side of her sister and mother, in Hatton Church. She inherited a large share of her father's talent: but her marriage was an unhappy one; a separation followed; her youngest child remained with her, till it was carried off by the small-pox; her other two children (who, like this, were daughters) were not permitted to visit her even on her death-bed, and to her, therefore, to die must have been indeed to rest from her labours.

'My domestic sorrows' (writes Parr to Dr. Burney, a little before this last bereavement) 'weigh me down, but I shall summon all my courage; and in truth, dear sir, I have a very deep and serious sense of the duties which I owe to my grandchildren, as their protector. I had reckoned much upon the judicious and affectionate aid they and their poor mother would have had from Mrs. Parr, but these hopes are no more. I have long learned to value life chiefly as a sort of trust reposed in us by the Almighty,

for promoting the good of His creatures, and as a state of discipline preparatory for a nobler sphere of agency. This conviction is firmly seated in my mind: it does not weaken any of the feelings which are natural to the human heart. No, Charles, but it invigorates them, and purifies them, and exalts them from the rank of weaknesses into incentives to virtue; and virtue, mingled with reflection, intention, and active exercise, raises the soul of man to the most becoming and most animating piety.'—Vol. i. p. 653.

The close of Parr's life, however, grew brighter. The increased value of his stall at St. Paul's set him abundantly at his ease: he can even indulge his love of pomp—*ardetque cupidine currûs*, he encumbers himself with a coach-and-four. In 1816, he married a second wife, Miss Eyre, the sister of his friend the Rev. James Eyre; he became reconciled to his two granddaughters, now grown up to woman's estate; he received them into his family, and kept them as his own, till one of them became the wife of the Rev. John Lynes, whose name is coupled with that of Dr. Johnstone, in this edition of Parr's works. And here we will take the liberty of recommending to the editors, when the opportunity occurs, to arrange their materials in a more natural order, not suffering volumes of sermons and volumes of politics to succeed one another by turns—to give the dates of the several compositions at the head of each, wherever they can; the want of them having caused us much trouble, and left us, after all, in some doubt—to weed out many of the letters, which are of no interest and only swell the work needlessly, from others which are of the greatest—to add an index, which would infinitely enhance the value of so many volumes which treat of so many matters, and in so desultory a manner—and to bestow greater attention upon the correction of the press, of which the errors are an absolute deformity to the edition.

In the latter years of his life Parr had been subject to erysipelas; once he had suffered by a carbuncle, and once by a mortification in the hand. Owing to this tendency to diseased action in the skin, he was easily affected by cold, and on Sunday, 16th January, 1825, having, in addition to the usual

duties of the day, buried a corpse, he was, on the following night, seized with a long-continued rigor, attended by fever and delirium, and never effectually rallied again. There is a note, however, dated Nov. 2, 1824, addressed by him to Archdeacon Butler, which proves that he felt his end approaching, even before this crisis :—

'Dear and Learned Namesake,—This letter is important, and strictly confidential. I have given J. Lynes minute and plenary directions for my funeral. I desire you, if you can, to preach a short, unadorned funeral sermon. Rann Kennedy is to read the lesson and grave service, though I could wish you to read the grave service also. Say little of me, but you are sure to say it *well*.'

Dr. Butler complied with his request, and amply made good the opinion here expressed. He spoke of him like a warm and steadfast friend, but not like that worst of enemies, an indiscreet one; he did not challenge a scrutiny by the extravagance of his praise, nor break, by his precious balms, the head he was most anxious to honour. Dr. Parr's death was tedious, and his faculties, except at intervals, disturbed. He took an opportunity, however, afforded him by one of these intervals, of summoning about his bed his wife, grandchildren, and servants; confessed to them his weaknesses and errors, asked their forgiveness for any pain he might have caused them by petulance and haste, and professed 'his trust in God, through Christ, for the pardon of his sins.'[a] One expression, which Dr. Johnstone reports him to have used on this occasion, is extraordinary—that 'from the beginning of his life he was not conscious of having fallen into a crime.' Far be it from us to scrutinize the words of a delirious death-bed. These must have been uttered (if, indeed, they are accurately given) either in some peculiar and very limited sense, or else at a moment when a man is no longer accountable to God for what he utters. The latter was probably the case: for in the same breath in which he declares 'his life, even his early life, to have been pure,' he sues for pardon at the hands of his

[a] Vol. i. p. 836.

Maker, and acknowledges a Redeemer, as the instrument through which he is to obtain it.

'During fifty days of suffering' (says Dr. Johnstone), 'and during which time he was more helpless than the new-born babe, it needs no great flight of imagination to conceive that his fortitude and magnanimity were drawn upon to the utmost; except, indeed, when his position was obliged to be moved, and the cry of anguish could not be repressed, he never repined, he never complained. Ejaculations of pious hope and unfeigned confidence frequently broke from him in murmurs of thankfulness or prayer; and his countenance, except when he was tortured with pain, had that pleasing expression which usually attended his calm and more agreeable conversations. . . . . On Sunday, the 6th of March, the approach of death became more manifest; the pulsation of the artery at the wrist was imperceptible; yet he awoke conscious—spoke to Mrs. Lynes, and knew those around him. Gratefully affected by the attention I endeavoured to show him, he appeared, from his attitude, repeatedly to bless me, and with the utmost emphasis of his dying voice saluted me as his *most* dear friend. The expression of his countenance, during the greater part of the day, was almost divine. He could take no food, yet, with short intervals of delirium, had the most complete possession of his intellect: not a murmur of impatience escaped him. Except the words of kindness he whispered to those about him, all he uttered was devotional; and such was his frame of mind till five minutes before his death. He then became insensible, and departed by an inaudible expiration at six in the afternoon.'—Vol. i. p. 837.

On reverting to what we have written, it will be perceived that we have said very little of the politics of Dr. Parr. His friends will not blame us for this. Herbert's Country Parson was no politician, nor was Fuller's 'Faithful Minister.' We do not wish ill to Parr's memory; the spirit of our Review, we are sure, bears testimony to this; and in politics we hold of him, as of Milton, that 'he had but the use of his left hand.' How could it be otherwise? What were the circumstances of Parr's life or character to qualify him for a politician? What was there in the labours of a parish or of a school, in the learned dust of a philological library, or in the retirement of a

provincial town, or a country village, which was to fit him for weighing in a balance the affairs of nations?[a] To exhibit Parr, therefore, at any length, pronouncing dogmatically upon public measures and vituperating public men; directing, from his parsonage at Hatton, instructions to Dr. Bennet upon Irish affairs, when he was himself secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, and resident in the castle;[b] or giving Lord Holland hints as to the topics of his speeches in parliament, and the proper objects of his attack there,[c] would be as little agreeable to us, as we suspect such correspondence was to the parties who were honoured with it. Dr. Bennet, indeed, as usual, avails himself of the privilege of a schoolfellow, and tells him his mind; and Lord Holland, we observe, after the manner of his illustrious uncle in his correspondence with Wakefield, is more willing to talk upon Cicero's treatise 'De Republicâ,' than upon 'Wellesley versus the Orangemen, or Canning versus Peel;'[d] and is apt to throw out, as a tub for the whale, when that leviathan would willingly take his pastime with him in the Catholic question, some such small matter as the meaning of '*Cordyla*' in an epigram of Martial, or the authority there might be for making a dactyl out of '*opinio*.'[e]

Burke, too, in his letter of thanks to Parr, for the honourable post he had assigned him in the preface to 'Bellendenus,' praises the Latin, descants upon the general advantages of classical literature, excuses the public for their neglect of himself; in short, does anything and everything, rather than that which was the most natural thing of all to have done,—compliment Parr upon the political sagacity which that preface displayed.[f] Nor does the circumstance of his Whig friends leaving their literary champion to a dead loss of £40, on this his first great effort in their favour, argue much (as his friend Homer ventures

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[a] He might have remembered what Joseph Scaliger says of Lipsius, who affected the character of a deep political writer. 'Neque est politicus, nec potest quicquam in politiâ; nihil possunt pedantes in illis rebus: nec ego nec alius doctus possumus scribere in politicis.'—*Scaligerana*. 1695. 8vo. p. 245.

[b] Vol. vii. pp. 92, 102, 103. [c] Vol. vii. pp. 125, 142, 146.

[d] Vol. vii. p. 160. [e] Vol. vii. pp. 127, 129, 130. [f] Vol. i. p. 199.

to hint[a]) for the value they set upon his political services. The truth was, Parr had too little discretion to be a useful ally. What Fox said of Burke, might have been said of him with at least equal truth :—

'He was certainly a great man, and had very many good as well as great qualities; but his motto seemed to be the very reverse of μηδὲν ἄγαν; and when his mind had got hold of an object, his whole judgment, as to prudent or imprudent, becoming or indecent, nay, right or wrong, was perverted when that object was in question. What Quintilian says of Ovid, *si ingenio temperare quàm indulgere maluisset*, was eminently applicable to him, even with respect to his passions—*si animi sui affectibus temperare quàm indulgere maluisset, quid vir iste præstare non potuisset!*'—Vol. vii. p. 288.

But these passions drove Parr astray: his views changed as his feelings changed: he wanted that consistency in his estimate of men and measures, which is the result only of a judgment exercising itself upon the actual relations of things, and continuing fixed in its awards, so long as those relations do not vary. Early in life he voted at Brentford for John Wilkes. In 1787, he pronounced an elegant panegyric upon Lord North. Then the only fault of that statesman was, that he had prosecuted the American war[b] with too little vigour.[c] In 1793, he writes to Mr. Coke, 'upon the war (with France), as well as upon the *contest with America*, artifice prevails for a time over plain dealing, sophistry over argument, declamation over wisdom, and natural pride over natural prudence. I detest the principle; I dread the event, and to every measure in detail, I anticipate disappointment and disgrace.'[d] In the notes upon Rapin, written about 1783, we are told,

[a] Vol. i. p. 419.

[b] For an authentic account of the events, both public and private, which led on to the crisis of the American war, see a recently-published 'History of the Province of Massachusetts' from 1749 to 1774, from a MS. left by Mr. Hutchinson, then governor of the Province. Mr. H. is already known as the Historian of America, to whom Robertson so often refers as authority. We understand that a journal of the governor's is likely to appear before long, kept with great accuracy from day to day, entering more into the secret details of those times, and continued for some years after his return to England, when he had much intercourse with ministers, and some with the king.

[c] Vol. iii. p. 106.

[d] Vol. vii. p. 235.

'In the character of this extraordinary man (Mr. Pitt), we see a rare and magnificent assemblage of excellences, as well natural as acquired; of attainments not less solid than brilliant; extensive learning; refined taste and discernment, both widely comprehensive and minutely accurate. By a kind of intuition he seems to grasp that knowledge of men and things, to which others are compelled to ascend by slow and patient toil. His genius, in the mean time, acquires fresh lustre from integrity hitherto uncorrupted, and I hope incorruptible. The fierceness of ambition he tempers, or is capable of tempering, by the softest and most exquisite feelings of humanity.

'Ω παῖ γένοιο πατρὸς [ἠπιώτερος]
τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ὁμοῖος.—*Soph. Aj.*

To the generous ardour of youth he has added the extensive views of age, and he may, without flattery, be said to possess at once the captivating eloquence of Callidius, and the yet more fascinating policy of Scipio, "*est enim non veris tantum virtutibus mirabilis sed arte quâdam ab juventâ ad ostentationem earum compositus.*"'—Vol. i. p. 147.

In his preface to 'Bellendenus,' written about 1787, Pitt, this very Pitt, is the beardless senator—one of the foolish, the raw, the boyish counsellors who had taken the state by storm—one who thought one thing and said another—who acted from a love of experiment rather than from a prospect of success—who consulted the complexion of the body politic, whilst he sucked out its vital blood—whose knowledge of mankind, of mankind metaphysically (which is an element of an orator), of mankind historically (which is an element of a statesman), was absolutely nothing; his oratory florid and sophistical; his sentiments at once turgid and jejune; his invective insolent, his jokes vapid.[a]

In 1790, Lord John Townshend is informed by Dr. Parr, that he has received a canvassing letter from Mr. Pitt (the same Mr. Pitt), and that from a sense of pure obligation to him, as he persuaded himself, on account of his treatment of a criminal recommended by him to Mr. Pitt's consideration, he was disposed to give him his support; as though Mr. Pitt (which Lord John

[a] Vol. iii. pp. 118-120 *et seq.*

in his reply shrewdly observes) 'might not as well have hoped for his suppression of Bellendenus on the same account,'[a] for that work, it seems, was published after this act of grace had been performed by the minister, and, what is more, was published when the act must have been of much more recent date, and much more fresh in his memory. Finally, in 1807, we read in the 'Philopatris,' that 'no man was ever more applauded than Mr. Pitt in the zenith of his power, and that his talents will be most assuredly conspicuous in the records of history.'[b] Here again, as in the case of Bishop Hurd, it is probable that Parr, in spite of his mutability, was sincere in the opinion he expressed at the moment, but it was dictated under the influence of the feeling of the moment, and took the complexion of that feeling whatever it might happen to be. In his notes upon Rapin's History of Whigs and Tories (to which we have already alluded), there is constantly found a sober practical view of things which even we can cordially praise. In his private correspondence, of a later date, we meet with passages of a heedless and precipitate intemperance which all must as cordially condemn. It is true that the notes on Rapin were written at a time when the Coalition had thrown politicians of extreme parties into a most unnatural fit of mutual politeness, and the letters (many of them at least) when the voice of the nation had declared against the Whigs, and driven them into a more than usual degree of exacerbation; this, however, is only to account for the inconsistency—not to excuse it.

In the 'Notes,' the influence of the crown, arising out of offices and honours which are at its disposal, may be justified to the satisfaction of every impartial friend to the liberties of his country.[c] It is less formidable in *reality* than appearance: it produces many advantages and prevents many evils which escape superficial observers—it is scarce strong enough to support itself 'against the *latent* but *growing* strength, the undefined and perhaps undefinable privileges of the House of Commons.'[d]

[a] Vol. vii. p. 633. [b] Vol. iv. p. 122. [c] Vol. iii. p. 541.
[d] Ibid. p. 627.

In the 'Notes,' no reformation is advised except such as Lord Bacon recommends, such as should be wrought by men of moderation, 'who would follow the example of time itself, which innovateth greatly, but quietly.' There we are told,

'That if the moderate Whigs should have the merit of furnishing such reformers, we are encouraged by the experience of past ages to believe that the moderate Tories will not have the demerit of opposing them—that in the mean time the strength of both ought to be centred in a vigilant and resolute opposition to every audacious empiric, to every crafty impostor, to a herd of men who stun our ears with complaints of evils which, if imaginary, they wish to exist, and if real, they have been instrumental in creating.'—Vol. iii. p. 631.

In the notes upon Mr. Fox's History, there are passages written in the same excellent spirit. On the subject of obedience, we quote with pleasure the judgment of Barrow, which, says Parr, 'furnishes us with a sure and safe direction for our instruction.' It is this:—

'Are the objections against obedience so clear and cogent as are the commands which enjoin and the reasons which enforce it? Are the inconveniences adhering to it apparently so grievous as are the mischiefs which spring from disobedience? Do they in a just balance counterpoise the disparagement of authority, the violation of order, the disturbance of peace, the obstruction of edification which disobedience produceth?'—Vol. iv. p. 494.

Here, then, moderation is the word. Now let us turn to the letters, for a practical commentary on these peaceable maxims.

'I have little inclination' (Parr writes to Dr. Gabell in 1818) 'at this moment for philology, for I breathe fierce indignation against the property-tax, fiercer against the military establishment, and most fierce against the royal confederates, of whom, I tell you plainly, that I would put every one of them to death as enemies of the human race. I don't love Napoleon, but, driven to a choice of evils, I am compelled to be undesignedly a Napoleonite; and this is plain English language, in that true English spirit, the decay of which will ultimately subject England to the miseries and crimes of a revolution.'—Vol. vii. p. 497.

Where is the moderation here? We are equally at a loss to reconcile Parr's love for the Church with his abuse of the clergy.

'No man living feels deeper, or more sincere, or more ardent admiration than I do for the founders of the English Church; they were wise, good, and great, and my heart often blesses them.'—Vol. viii. p. 490.

'You know again,' says he, in another place, 'my firm and sincere attachment to the Church of England; an attachment not arising from the honest prejudices of education, or upon any sordid views of interest, but upon a sincere and well-founded conviction of transcendent excellence and solid utility.'—Vol. i. p. 267.

'I would not part with the Church, which is our bulwark against vulgar fanaticism,' (Vol. vii. p. 217) says he again.

His letter to Dr. Milner, the late Roman Catholic Bishop, on his audacious assertion, that Bishop Halifax died a Roman Catholic, is written throughout in the temper of a man who felt unfeigned indignation at an attempt to do the Church of England wrong. So are his remarks on Mr. Butler's character of Archbishop Cranmer;—and are we not to think him in earnest, when he writes in one of his notes upon Rapin,—

'It will be difficult to name a time, compared with the present, when the Church of England was adorned by prelates who were possessed of learning at once so elegant and so profound; who united such liberality of spirit with such purity of morals, and were distinguished by so much faith without timid credulity, and so much piety without trifling superstition.'—Vol. iii. p. 685.

Yet, within six years of this very period (during which we are not aware that there was any particular murrain among the bishops), he tells Mr. Homer that 'he thinks three bishops out of five are most desperate knaves.[a] We should have taken no notice of this expression had it been a solitary one; it might have escaped in the gaiety of his heart; a mere idle word, such as he might have used when at his ease and amongst 'his

[a] Vol. i. p. 304.

familiars;' but in the course of Parr's correspondence sneers at the clergy occur so frequently, that we think the Church has some right to do more than mourn in silence at finding herself so often wounded by an arrow feathered from her own wing; at seeing the kid so unnaturally seethed in the milk of its mother. For instance, his neighbour concurs with him 'in condemning regents, ministers, courtiers, placemen, aspirants, and worldly-minded *parsons*, whether bishops, dignitaries, priests, or deacons, when they conspire to blindfold and enthral their fellow-creatures.' 'He, like other *parsons*, has a predilection for mystery.'[a] 'Here some sleek and bowing *court-chaplain* would say to me,' &c.[b] 'Was Lady —— amused with the complimentary verses upon *bishops?* The subject, I believe, is continued, and I suspect that you would be more than amused if you were to see the just and poignant description of prelates who are not much in your favour, or my own.'[c] 'I hope Lord Grenville now sees what sort of stuff makes *bishops* and *priests*.'[d] 'I give no quarter to the *parsons*.'[e] '*Priests*, like kings, never forget or forgive.'[f] 'You see the articles of my belief, and it happens upon this occasion as it does not always among my *clerical brethren*, for I do, *ex animo*, think all that I profess.'[g]

Instances like these abound. Now, if Parr thought that he was tickling the ears of his great Whig friends (for to them, we observe, these sneers are principally confided) when he was thus debasing his own profession, or that he was gaining their esteem whilst he was thus hallooing them on (of themselves nothing loth) to attack its more distinguished members, and even directing them to the place where they might fasten the fang with the greatest effect;[h] if he thought he should gain from them the poor praise of freedom from professional prejudices, whilst he exulted in the defeat of one churchman by another, when the more appropriate feeling was to lament that

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[a] Vol. vii. p. 264. [b] Ibid. p. 275. [c] Ibid. p. 275.
[d] Ibid. p. 123. [e] Ibid. p. 126. [f] Ibid. p. 136.
[g] Ibid. p. 257. [h] Ibid. p. 146.

there should be any contest among them at all,—'Sirs, ye are brethren'—we venture to say that he was out in his reckoning. Sir Samuel Romilly, in one of his letters, hints as much: 'I must not venture to speak as freely of judges *as you do of bishops,*' is the language of that honourable man, himself surely as little of a time-server as Parr.

Parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera,

is a law of nature, which cannot be broken without disgrace to him who does it violence. That Parr should have been anxious to obtain a seat upon a bench, where, according to his notions, he would have met with such worshipful society, is again strange; yet he makes application to Lord Holland for his interest, on the death of Bishop Horsley; and we know not what a churchman of lower pretensions to independence could have done more for himself than this. Whether Parr had any right to complain 'of professional neglect on the part of his episcopal brethren,'[a] after what we have detailed, we do not presume to say; our intercourse with Christian bishops has been very limited, but we imagine that their feelings in one respect must be very like those of a Hebrew Jew of our acquaintance, and that with him they would find some difficulty in bringing themselves to say

'Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog;—and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much monies.'

That quickness of feeling, however, and disposition to abandon himself to its guidance, which made Parr an inconsistent man, made him also a benevolent one. Benevolence he loved as a subject for his contemplation, and the practical extension of it as a rule for his conduct. He could scarcely bear to regard the Deity under any other aspect. He would have children taught, in the first instance, to regard Him under that aspect

[a] Vol. vii. p. 232.

alone; simply as a Being who displayed infinite goodness in the creation, in the government, and in the redemption of the world.[a] Language itself indicates, that the whole system of moral rectitude is comprised in it—εὐεργετεῖν, benefacere, beneficence—the generic term being, in common parlance, emphatically restricted to works of charity.[b] Nor was this mere theory in Parr. Most men who have been economical from necessity in their youth, continue to be so, from habit, in their age—but Parr's hand was ever open as day. Poverty had vexed, but had never contracted his spirit; money he despised, except as it gave him power—power to ride in his state-coach, to throw wide his doors to hospitality, to load his table with plate, and his shelves with learning; power to adorn his church with chandeliers and painted windows; to make glad the cottages of his poor; to grant a loan to a tottering farmer; to rescue from want a forlorn patriot or a thriftless scholar. Whether misfortune, or mismanagement, or folly, or vice, had brought its victim low, his want was a passport to Parr's pity, and the dew of his bounty fell alike upon the evil and the good, upon the just and the unjust. It is told of Boerhaave, that, whenever he saw a criminal led out to execution, he would say, 'May not this man be better than I? if otherwise, the praise is due, not to me, but to the grace of God.' Parr quotes the saying with applause.[c] Such, we doubt not, would have been his own feelings on such an occasion.

In him, indeed, the quality of mercy may, in one sense, be thought strained—in its excess it was in danger of confounding right and wrong, of withdrawing a safeguard from morals by substituting compassion towards the offender for abhorrence of the offence. He saw in the poor prostitute, for instance, one who did not possess the same virtuous education as himself, but who did possess the same understanding, the same feelings, the same Creator, the same Redeemer,—one who had been once spotless, though now polluted—one who had been

[a] Vol. ii. p. 163. [b] Ibid. p. 61. [c] Vol. iv. p. 171.

practised upon by wiles, and then branded by infamy,—one who had been abandoned by others, till she was taught to despair of herself; unused to kindness till she was dead to a sense of it, or to counsel, till she was too hardened to be reclaimed.[a] In the indulgence of such feelings there may be the risk we have said; still they must be confessed to argue kindness of heart in him who possesses them, and self-knowledge, too, which rather directs him to take heed lest he fall himself, than be officiously active in casting the first stone at one who is prostrate. When, however, Parr, in his zeal for mitigating the criminal code, talks of women who have murdered their own children as 'unhappy mothers;' and laments the execution of a young man of twenty-two (a hardened villain upon his own showing)[b] for robbery, and adds some hundred pages afterwards in a note, with the most amusing *naïveté*, that he is sorry he omitted, in his former mention of this hopeful youth, that he had added rape to robbery,—in these and the like cases, his benevolence is misplaced; his feelings, however excellent, are running riot; and in his zeal for the interest of his client, he forgets that something is due to his country. But so it ever is with Parr—he never knows when to stop. Liberality in thinking is abstractedly a very good thing; let it, however, keep within bounds—let it oppose itself to its natural antagonist, bigotry, and all is well; but when it employs itself in removing all restrictions instead of prescribing such only as are meet, in confounding all distinctions instead of distinguishing with propriety, then it is a good thing abused.

What conclusion can be drawn, for instance, from the language of one who both praises Bishop Horne as 'orthodox,' and calls Mr. Belsham's translation of the Epistles of St. Paul 'an excellent work,' qualifying, indeed (as is usual with Dr. Parr), by 'I do not entirely agree with him on some doctrinal points' —of one who numbers amongst 'wise and good men,' such utterly incongruous names as Sir T. More, Erasmus, Johnson,

[a] Vol. ii. pp. 269–271. [b] Vol. iv.

and *Voltaire!*[a] Of one who has a word of praise for Archbishop Laud,[b] and a word of praise for John Wesley;[c] who would be put down in the number of the latitudinarian divines, whilst perhaps their most leading characteristic was opposition to Popery;[d] who felt very jealous for the honour of the Roman Catholic, and very jealous for the honour of the Unitarian;[e] who proclaimed the praises of Dr. Priestley from the pulpit in a manner surely too unqualified and ambiguous,[f] and defended Bishop Bull, 'a man whom he most unfeignedly revered,' from Collyer's accusation, that the great polemic had not expressed an opinion on the consubstantiality of our Lord;[g] who introduced the use of the Athanasian Creed into his church at Hatton, and was even an advocate for more than all the pomp and circumstance of the established form of worship,[h] yet gave the sanction of his presence to a sermon of Dr. Priestley in a meeting-house at Warwick, and again, in a few days after, to the ordination of a minister in the same congregation.[i] We do not desire to deliver an opinion as to which of these particulars are worthy of imitation, and which unworthy, though an opinion we may have; but this we do say, that, taken together, they are utterly useless for the purpose of enabling a man to sketch out any definite and uniform course for himself, with Parr for his pattern. Yet, Catholic as was Parr's spirit, he had one reservation: his horror of fanaticism is such that he even

[a] Bibl. Parr. p. 21. [b] Vol. iv. p. 139. [c] Vol. iii. p. 597.
[d] Field's Life, vol. ii. p. 336. [e] Vol. viii. p. 516. [f] Vol. vii. p. 128.
[g] Vol. i. p. 672.

[h] One of the Doctor's peculiarities was his extraordinary fondness for church bells, and many and pressing were the calls upon the pockets of his friends and correspondents to contribute to those at the church at Hatton. He says himself, 'I have been importunate, and almost imprudent, in my applications.' Campanology was a subject so much at his heart, that, in one of his letters, he intimates an intention of treating upon it at large. In the 'Bibliotheca Parriana,' p. 479, is a long note on Magius de Tintinnabulis, in which he notices Paccichelli de Tintinnabulo Nolano, as the only learned work he had met with on bells. He does not seem to have fallen in with the commentary of Angelus Roccha, or the poetry of Dellingham, or the Campanologie Rationale of Durandus, or the huge folio of Valentinus, which would have been a great comfort to the Doctor's mind. What would he have said, however, to the incomparable theory of Frater Johannes Drabicius, who, in his book De Cœlesti Statu, printed at Mentz, 1618, employs 425 pages to prove that the principal employment of the blest in heaven will be in the continual ringing of bells!

[i] Field's Life, vol. i. p. 289.

hints at legislative interference to put it down ;[a] if any restrictions on the extravagance of human opinion, exercised on matters of theology, be called for, it was here. But whilst his eye was engrossed by the evil which he magnified, Parr was not perhaps sufficiently keen-sighted towards another which was in reality no less. It was the cold, phlegmatic theology of one age that caused an explosion of zeal in another, and so it would dŏ again. Wesley succeeded, because the times called him up ; his fire ran over the country, because the trees were all dry. It was the same with Luther, and it is the same in all great revolutions. They make the hero, not the hero them. We do not think that the Church of England has much to fear from the extravagance of sectaries, so long as she is true to herself; but if her sons so far forget the spirit that breathes throughout her beautiful services, as to transform themselves once more into mere essayists on morals, what happened before will happen again, and the sectarian furor (now, we suspect, on the decline) will be found to have only slumbered under the deceitful ashes, to burst out and blast us afresh.

One word on the style of Dr. Parr. That it is stately, measured, copious, abundant in fine diction, none can deny, but we confess that we should like it better were it less perfect, less laboured, less rhythmical. In its structure it is weakened by antithesis ; in its terms it is not the mother-tongue in which we were born. The natural language of this country is Saxon, not Latin. Why, then, should scholars, English scholars, be ashamed of their speech bewraying them ?

Δωρίσδειν δ' ἔξεστι, δοκῶ, τοῖς Δωριέσσι.

Why should they have recourse to words and idioms of foreign growth, when they have such as will serve them quite as well at home ? It is not a mere affair of taste, but a serious evil to have two languages in a country ; especially in a country where the institutions, both civil and religious, enjoin much communication between the parties who respectively use them—the educated and uneducated classes. In the trial by jury, such

[a] Vol. iv. pp. 545, 549.

difference of speech materially interferes with the degree of information imparted to twelve peasants by the counsel and the court, and therefore interferes with the administration of justice. In addresses from the pulpit, it disables the preacher from saying much to the edification of a rural congregation; 'he is a barbarian unto them,'[a] and the more learned the more barbarous. In this latter case, too, the evil is the more serious, owing to a lack of teachers in our church adapted to the lowest of the people. The Roman Catholic church, with that wisdom of the serpent which marks her construction throughout, provided such teachers in her friars. She took care, that if there were to be any priests of Jeroboam at all, they should still belong to the sanctuary—they should follow after her. Here was opened a natural and harmless vent for every stirring spirit among the inferior members of her congregation, who, in a church constructed like our own, assumes the shape of a methodist preacher, and joins the ranks against her. The evil is the greater, because that class of *poor* scholars, which in former times resorted to our universities as servants to their more opulent neighbours, is, in fact, annihilated. The name remains, the species is extinct; and thus a gap is left in the graduated scale of our clergy, which should have been filled by spokesmen whose birth and connections peculiarly fitted them to speak to the multitude in their own way, as it were 'in the Hebrew tongue, to which they would give the more silence.' Now, the only manner in which the clergy can stand in this gap, is by writing their sermons in the *vernacular* language (never was a word more misapplied than this when used in reference to Parr's sermons), by systematically preferring Saxon to Latin or French derivatives wherever there is a choice, which will be very generally found: and who shall presume to say that compositions must be mean and vulgar, fabricated out of such a vocabulary, while we see it sustaining so nobly all the simple history of the patriarchs, and all the sublime imagery of the prophets in the 'English undefiled' of our Bible? These

[a] 1 Cor. xiv. 11.

remarks have been more particularly suggested by Dr. Parr's sermons at Hatton. Excellent as many of them are, we have no notion that his people could in general understand a great deal of them; not so much from the depth or intricacy of the argument, as from the exotic diction in which it is often conveyed.

We have nearly brought our paper to its close, and how little have we said of Parr as a *scholar!* Yet this, after all, was the character in which he filled space in the public eye. But so it is. What do these eight thick volumes supply in addition to his well-known classical publications, by which we are to measure him?

'Quibus indiciis, quo teste probatur?'

We can pursue the quotation to be sure, and allow,

'Verbosa et grandis epistola venit—'

a long and learned letter to Professor Pillans is come on the use of the subjunctive mood—which is something; and from his other letters, many other observations, both on syntax and prosody, might be gleaned, enough to show how utterly disproportionate his achievements have been to his means, and only enough for this. For whether hindered by fickleness of taste, or aversion to continuous labour, or the embarrassment of literary affluence, or the fear of putting his fame in jeopardy, or by the mere mechanical difficulty of expressing his thoughts in signs that could be read, certain it is that he has written no one work whereby his place amongst scholars can be fairly determined. He has edited no classic, but has shown his qualifications for such a task by demolishing those who had edited one ill. He has composed no grammar, yet rushes upon every unwary transgressor against its nicest rules, and transfixes him with his grammatical obelus. He will not engage in lexicography; yet he overwhelms Dr. Maltby with materials for his Morell, and half quarrels with him because he will not adopt them.

Epitaphs, however, in Latin, he has written, and such as prove that this unaccommodating language was perfectly duc-

tile under his hands; for he who can subdue it to such a purpose can subdue it to anything—as he who can walk a tight rope can walk anywhere. If Parr ever failed, the fault was in the nature of the work, not in the inability of the artist. For one who dies young, of whom little is known, and therefore little can be said but that his friends mourn over him, there is a befitting pathos in the brief, unadorned Roman inscription, more eloquent than a jeremiad of lamentations. 'O Absalom! my son, my son!' is the simple language of true grief —and 'Filio unico et charissimo parentes infelicissimi,' tells a tale of domestic distress which individual experience will, in general, fill up with bitter fidelity. In such cases, 'to imitate the noble Romans in brevity,' awakes a sympathy which the utmost babbling of loquacious sorrow never can. Such is the effect of the epitaph on Smitheman. But when the *character* of the deceased is to be expressed, the case is altered. Then to adhere strictly to the severe (we had almost said meagre) modes of the ancient inscription, is to sacrifice the dead man to the dead language, and to distort his limbs, in order that his bed may fit him. Such is the epitaph on Johnson. Parr lived to allow himself greater licence, and, by so doing, in all probability satisfied himself less, and all other men better. For, if this species of composition, as practised by the later Greeks and Romans, succeeded to the sensible symbols of a former age, to the shield which bespake the departed warrior, or the oar which was laid on the sailor's grave, and, therefore, still confined itself to the expression of a few matters of fact, we see no reason why these manacles of its barbarous origin should be binding upon us, on whom the ends of the world are come —or, if the stern republican of Greece or Rome, jealous of all superiority, was not disposed to lavish words upon the dead, however deserving, we see no reason why we, who are not yet at least republicans, should be phlegmatic too — or, if the heathen of eighteen hundred years since was fitly described by certain heathen terms, does it seem reasonable that we, who are not heathens, should be described (in order to save the Latin) in the same, or else not to be described at all, any more than

that a man who is killed by a cannon should be described (in order to save the Latin) as having been killed by a battering-ram—or, if the ancient epitaph was calculated to be placed on a stone by the highway side, do we see a reason for adopting a slavish adherence to its forms, when our own monuments stand in religious buildings, and should, therefore, have inscriptions breathing a religious spirit?—

> 'Duo cum idem faciunt,
> Hoc licet impune facere huic, illi non licet,
> Non quo dissimilis res sit, sed quo is qui facit.'
>
> *Ter. Adelph.* v. 4.

These, or some such considerations, weighed eventually with Dr. Parr, and his epitaphs became more circumstantial, more ornate, more Christian. Such are those of Burke, of Sir J. Moore, of Dr. Burney.

Parr's Greek reading was as boundless as his Latin. It is bursting its cerements in every letter and in every note that he writes. 'I must say of him, as was said of an old writer,'—and then comes the Greek. His friend has the gout, or he has it not (for either case will serve his turn), and then comes chiragra and χειράγρα, and a dissertation thereupon. He is opposed to a gigantic host of politicians, but then 'he says, with old Hesiod,' &c. He is in trouble, not, however, as other men are, but ἐν τριπύμια κακῶν; he gets out of it, and then τόν λίμεν' εὗρε. He desires to illustrate the sentiments of a sermon or a pamphlet; and the philosophy, the oratory, the biography of Greece lie at his feet. As Attic Greek critics there were some superior to him,—as universal Greek scholars, perhaps none. Porson could not have produced the notes on the Spital Sermon, nor could Parr have written the Preface to the Hecuba. We mean nothing invidious in the comparison, —*Arcades ambo.* Neither of them has left behind him his fellow. Unhappily for the world and for themselves, they both forgot, the one in his appetites, the other in his passions, that 'prudent, cautious *self-control*,' which Burns, who knew so well what it was to lack it, pronounced to be 'wisdom's root.'

We must end as we began, with expressing the difficulty we

find in comprehending and producing Parr's character as it really was. We are lost in a maze of contradictions. Nor we only, but those who knew him from his boyhood upwards; witness that most clever and graphic sketch of him given by Sir W. Jones, in Greek:[a] he is there 'one great antithesis.' The key to him, however, is this, that he was the creature of feeling almost as absolutely as Rousseau. Hence, his conclusions, being in obedience to the impulse of the moment, were in general 'too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;' both adopted and abandoned without sufficient consideration. His vanity was so extravagant as to make even Parr, with all the dignity of his intellect and acquirements, not unfrequently an object of ridicule to others, and, with all the advantages of a temper naturally cheerful, a tormentor to himself. It set him on the watch to spy out symptoms of disrespect where none was intended, and to exact punctilious attentions, which few pay without reluctance, and none will pay long upon demand. It blinded him to a lesson which the experience of life soon reads to any man, the lesson of his own insignificance—that his society, however agreeable to others, is not essential to their happiness—that they will forego it rather than have it with a tax—that, if he retires from the world, inquiries soon cease to be made about him: and, if he dies, his place is shortly filled up, and himself is forgotten. Parr wanted ballast—his judgment was not equal to the task of keeping so powerful a machine steady. The disproportion of this faculty to the rest rendered him incapable of *sorting* his knowledge; of assigning to his speculations their proper place and relative importance. When he exhibits a great question to our view, he perplexes us by the multiplicity of cross lights he throws upon it, all equally strong. The prominent consideration which would naturally govern our opinion, is made to lose its effect by a careful enunciation of the difficulties involved in it. The subordinate consideration, on the other hand, which might have been safely overlooked, is swelled into seeming importance by a plausible array of merits which had

[a] Vol. i. p. 478.

escaped us. Meanwhile our decision is neutralized, for we can only come to that of Sir Roger de Coverley, 'that much may be said on both sides.' Yet, fond as Parr was of balancing a point speculatively, so that it is not always easy to say which part he takes, in *practice* he could never hit upon the mean —he could never trace out the line between learning and pedantry, between liberty and licence, between insolence and servility—he was ever running against every post in the race of life, and ever wondering that others passed him by.

'At est bonus'—but, with all his splendid failings, he had splendid virtues too, and many indeed of his failings leaned to their side. Though stricken by poverty, he was never tamed into meanness; but emerged from sixty years' comparative want into affluence, with a spirit that would have done justice to the revenues of a sultan. In the worst of times he had crouched to no man, he had been in bondage to no man. Even then he seated himself *in cathedrâ*, and dictated a lecture, like one having authority, to prince or prelate, as it might happen.[a] He was frank, ingenuous, unguarded; incapable alike of uttering a falsehood and suppressing a truth —his maxim still was, *ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.* Contrary to the way of the world (Parr's way generally was so), the prosperity of his friends tried his attachment to them, much more severely than their distress. He was very likely to pick a quarrel with them, when they were 'promoted unto honour,' either from a feverish suspicion of lukewarmness on their part, or from an ill-concealed pride of independence on his own; but if they or their children came to be in want, Parr was the last man to turn away from them when they would borrow of him, or to cut their acquaintance because they happened to be going to Botany Bay. Of his vast acquirements, he can scarcely be thought to have left behind him such a monument as he was capable of rearing up —no one great work which he could bequeath unto posterity, with the certainty that they would not let it die.[b]

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[a] Vol. i. p. 322.

[b] 'What was said of Salmasius' (thus writes a friend) 'may with justice be

'Burn them all,' was one of the many conflicting directions he gave about his papers—so imperfect did he reckon them. His learning went with him to his grave, after having wasted itself for so many years in notes which apparently dripped from his common-place book into the press, in fugitive conversations, in desultory correspondence, and, in fairness we must add, in a most liberal communication of it to all who sought it at his hands. We do not mean to undervalue the works which he has committed to us—our opinion of their merits has been expressed in detail. Many of them are, no doubt, such as could have been produced by no other man alive; but still, as a scholar of the first magnitude, we could have wished that he should have been able to write on some one effort of his own, as his own sepulchral inscription—*si monumentum quæris, aspice.* This he was capable of doing, and has not done. He has intrusted a large portion of his fame to the memory of those who knew and have survived him; and when they, in their turn, shall be gathered to their fathers, it will be the classical antiquary alone who will be able to tell of the extraordinary erudition of Samuel Parr.

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applied to Parr—that his learning ran to waste in petty quarrels and controversial pamphlets. He, too, like that hero of letters, was one of the *promissores librorum*, and, as the "Cynthia of the minute" flashed across him, was filled by some great prevailing intention, which died ere it came to maturity. "I make my promises," says Warburton, "like a young courtier, and keep my countenance when I break them, like an old one,"—and so his republisher might have said likewise. There is enough in his enumeration of the formidable squadron of authors he had set apart for his life of Johnson, to furnish matter both for a smile and a sigh. He seems to have inherited something from each of those great men of the last age whom we most reverence; and the surprise is the greater that, with such arrows in his quiver, he should at last have missed the mark. With much of Bentley's bold independence, recondite classical knowledge, and ready and original application of it; Johnson's power of mind and precision of language; Warburton's comprehensiveness of grasp and variety of research; he has left nothing which can be thought, even by the warmest of his admirers, to have raised him to a parity with any of that illustrious trio. He wanted, indeed, the *calx et arena*—good sense to correct and chasten his speculations, sound judgment to discriminate proper objects of inquiry, and a unity of purpose to marshal and combine his resources. With these, how different would have been his fate! Instead of leaving to posterity a character motley, ambiguous, and compounded, in which there is much to blame, much to praise, but everything to laugh at, and compositions in which learning often loses its dignity, and talents their merited respect, he might exultingly have bequeathed to us a name of stable and unequivocal greatness, and works which would have insured him an indestructible fame.'—MS.

VI.—BISHOP BUTLER.[a]

THEY were sad times that succeeded the civil wars. It was not the court only that was stricken, but the country. 'That was an age not less degenerate in spirit than corrupt in manners; when all wisdom and virtue and religion were almost, in most places, grown ridiculous; when the *serious* use of reason became, in vulgar opinion, the most impertinent and insignificant thing in the world; when innocence was reputed a mere defect of wit, and weakness of judgment; integrity, a fond pertinacity of humour; constancy of mind and gravity of demeanour, a kind of sullen morosity or uncouth affectation of singularity; and all strict practice of Christian duty incurred the imputation of some new-found opprobrious name one or other.' So spake Barrow from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey in the year 1663, when one great coming event had not as yet cast its awful shadow before. But if the physical world be so governed as to be subservient to the moral (which it probably is), and if it be lawful to intrude into the secret counsels of

[a] 1. *The Works of Bishop Butler.* Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1826.
2. *The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature.* By Joseph Butler, late Lord Bishop of Durham. *With an Introductory Essay*, by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington. London. 1827.
3. *An Essay on the Philosophical Evidence of Christianity; or, the credibility obtained to a Scriptural Revelation from its coincidence with the Facts of Nature.* By the Rev. Renn Hampden, M.A., late Fellow of Oriel College. London. 1827.

the Most High (which it may not be), it might be thought that to call the people back to a better mind, to sober them once more in the midst of these delirious follies, nothing less could suffice than some national scourge which should make them remember that they were mortal, and that accordingly the plague was commissioned to desolate the land. The moral effect of such a visitation must for a time at least have been great, when every man had to walk with his life in his hand, and when some, foreseeing that the chance of surviving was little, and the chance of decent interment after death less, dug their grave with their own spade, and thus saved themselves from being 'buried with the burial of an ass.' Still the plague does not appear to have whipped the offending spirit out. Like Pharaoh's plagues, it was probably felt, feared, and forgotten; for, during the century which succeeded it, both infidel and heterodox abounded; and whilst a Chubb and a Tindal were labouring to destroy the foundations of the Christian creed, a Whiston and a Clarke were maintaining tenets at variance with some of its most essential doctrines. It was an age of reason, and in one respect, at least, rightly so called; for it was at this period that the faculty acquired fresh force by a more skilful application of its powers; and the method of induction, which the great Bacon had struck out nearly a century before, was now adapted with signal success to every department of knowledge. To argue from points established to points undetermined —to advance, from data not to be disputed, to conclusions which would not otherwise be obvious, seems a very simple process, requiring no Œdipus to discover and propound. Yet the want of this rule (simple as it is) had involved mankind in errors innumerable, for it had occasioned a world to be built on mere hypothesis. Now, however, a new order of things arose: experiment was substituted for fancy. Sir Isaac Newton, instead of indulging his imagination in freaks about the Iris, let the ray of light through the aperture of his shutter, and divided it into its component colours by his prism of glass, and traced its course through the vessel of water on which it fell; and upon the substantial observations thus made, constructed his sublime

system of Optics, and unravelled the mysteries of the rainbow. Locke, pursuing the same course in metaphysics as Newton in physics, emancipated mankind from the doctrines of reminiscences, innate ideas, and the like consecrated lumber; and diverting them from speculative conjectures to the actual examination of their own faculties, founded a fresh era in the philosophy of the human mind. By the application of this same principle, medicine was made to supersede magic, and chemistry to take place of alchemy; and, in a word, science, which hitherto, like the architects of Laputa, had begun to build at the wrong end—in the clouds instead of on the earth, from the chimneys downwards—henceforward laid its foundations on a rock, and only reared such a superstructure as those foundations would warrant. A principle thus wholesome in other investigations was no less so in that which concerns us most of all; and as Newton had profited by it in his natural system, and Locke in his intellectual, so did Bishop Butler (in his own province equal to either) avail himself of it in his system of theology.

It may well be imagined, from what we have already said, and it will be still more clearly seen from what we shall have occasion to say by-and-by, that few persons were of a temper in those days to take God's word on trust. On the contrary, so fastidious were the times, that it was not even considered a subject of inquiry, but a mere fiction, agreed so to be by all people of discernment, a good thing for the poor, and a topic upon which a man of parts might very properly make himself merry.[a] Butler saw the evil, and projected the remedy. He well knew he had those to feed who were not fit for very strong meat; and, accordingly, he proposed, in his own characteristic language, to show—what? that Christianity was true to a demonstration?—no, but '*that it was not so clear a case that there was nothing in it.*' Here was certainly no great flourish of trumpets. 'Quid feret hic dignum tanto promissor hiatu' was a reproach that no man could cast in his teeth. He

[a] Advertisement to the Analogy.

gives such a pledge as he feels that he can not only redeem, but redeem an hundredfold; and the augmented effect of reasoning conducted in this spirit can only be appreciated by those who have felt the dissatisfaction (especially in dissertations upon sacred subjects) occasioned by a contrary process—when a good argument (it may be) is crushed under an unlawful load of conclusions, and a crowd of angels is made to dance upon a needle's point. It is a great secret in the art of reasoning not to go for too much; and, above all, in dealing with sceptics or unbelievers, is it important to drive the sharp end of the wedge first: seeing this, they may by-and-by 'see greater things than these.'

That there is such a thing as a *course of nature* none can deny. This, therefore, is the ground on which Butler takes his stand, whereon he fixes a lever that shakes the strongholds of unbelief even to their foundations: for on comparing this scheme of nature with the scheme of revelation, there is found a most singular correspondence between their several parts,—such a correspondence as gives very strong reason for believing that the author of one is the author of both.

> 'What, if earth
> Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
> Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?'

The argument, indeed, does not amount to proof, but to presumption. It is as though the parentage of a foundling were to be made the subject of inquiry: now that it is the child of such or such a parent—of the one or other of the two women, for instance, that strove before Solomon—can indeed only be *made out* effectually by the production of certain matters of fact in evidence; but at the same time, if it manifestly resembles an acknowledged son of a parent in question—'one face, one voice, one habit, and two persons'—this circumstance, though it would not of itself *prove* the point in dispute, would very greatly *corroborate* the proofs derived from other and independent sources, and would overcome many scruples which might otherwise arise in the mind of judge or jury as to any

supposed deficiency in the proofs themselves. Such is the value of the argument from analogy.

Thus, Revelation declares that we are to live hereafter in a state differing considerably from that in which we live here. Now the constitution of Nature in a manner says so too. For do we not see birds let loose from the prison of the shell, and launched into a new and nobler state of existence? insects extricated at length from their cumbrous and unsightly tenement, and then permitted to unfold their beauties to the sun? seeds rotting in the earth, with no apparent promise of future vegetation, yet quickened after death, and clothed with luxuriant apparel? Is not our own solid flesh perpetually thawing and restoring itself, so that the numerical particles of which it once consisted have by degrees dropped away, leaving, meanwhile, the faculties of the soul unimpaired, and its consciousness uninterrupted for a moment? Is not the eye a telescope, and the hand a vice, and the arm a lever, and the wrist a hinge, and the leg a crutch, and the stomach a laboratory, and the whole frame but a case of beautiful instruments, which may accordingly be destroyed without the destruction of the agent that wields them? Nay, cannot that agent, when once master of its craft, work without the tools, and are not its perceptions in a *dream* as vivid as when every organ of sense is actively employed in ministering to its wants? What though the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the well, and the wheel broken at the cistern, still may not the immortal artist itself have quitted the ruptured machinery, and retired to the country from which it came? What though the approach of death seem, by degrees, to enfeeble, and at last to suspend the powers of the mind, will not the constitution of nature bid us be of good cheer, seeing that the approach of *sleep* does the same? Of sleep, which, instead of paralyzing the functions of the man, is actually their

> 'second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast.'

And if, in some instances, death does lie heavy on the trembling

spirit, in how many others does it seem to be only cutting the cords that bound it to earth, exonerating it of a weight that sank it—so that, agreeably to a notion too universal to be altogether groundless, at the eve of its departure it should appear

'to attain
To something of prophetic strain?'

Here, then, the constitution of Nature and the voice of Revelation conspire to teach the same great truth, 'non *omnis* moriar.'

Well, then, such future state asserted, Revelation next affirms that our happiness or misery in it is in our own keeping; that the Deity, having warned us thereof, leaves us to make our own choice. What says the constitution of Nature to this?—Even that here again (to use the remarkable words of the author of Ecclesiasticus) 'all things are double one against another;'[a] for it is evident that pain is annexed to this object, and pleasure to that, in this *present world*, with no other view, as far as we can see, than to direct our goings in the way; that our path is made to lie, *even as regards the affairs of this life*, amongst burning ploughshares, through which we are left to thread our course, till, by repeated sufferings, we learn to refrain from treading awry; and that everything above us, and beneath us, and around us, proclaims, in accents not to be misunderstood, that to refuse the evil and choose the good rests with ourselves. Nay, the details of the two systems are singularly alike. Thus, punishment is in *this life* often foreseen as probable, and disregarded—often the full and certain expectation of it is withheld—often it admits of being intercepted up to a certain point, but not beyond that point—often it is risked for present profit—often it is greater than seems commensurate with the gain—often it tarries very long behind, *pede claudo*, still comes at last, suddenly, with the clamorous violence of an armed man—the cause of it, perhaps, forgotten—poured forth as if from a treasure-house of wrath awaked. Now, all this is clearly not

[a] Chap. xlii. v. 42.

accident, but a system; not caprice, but design; pointing out, as with the finger of God itself, that it is the will of the Great Contriver that thus it should be. Such is the constitution of *Nature* in this world: yet is it not a literal transcript of the doctrine of *Revelation*, with regard to the *next world*, that our warning is given us—our neglect of it to be at our peril—our punishment, sooner or later, to follow our neglect? When the constitution of our nature tells us beforehand, that, if we are determined to pluck our treasure out of the fire, we must put up with burning our fingers, the case is strictly analogous to that of revelation, when it tells us beforehand, that, if we are determined to seize on present pleasure, we must put up with suffering future pain. Surely these two witnesses agree together, in a manner so remarkable as to leave ample room for apprehension, even on principles the most sceptical, that the latter, like the former, may be bearing God's message.

Further—Revelation affirms this natural government of the world to be a *moral* one too: a government under which men are not only rewarded and punished (for this is consistent with the most capricious tyranny), but rewarded and punished with a strict reference to the *good* or *evil* of their deeds. What does the constitution of Nature say to this?—Does it again furnish the counterpart? Here, it is true, the heathen poet was for a moment staggered. The passage is well known; curious, however, as showing how instinctively the argument of analogy suggested itself to a reflecting mind, though showing, at the same time, the difficulty of following it out with success till Revelation came to hold up the torch:—

> 'Sæpe mihi dubiam traxit sententia mentem,
> Curarent superi terras, an nullus inesset
> Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu.
> Nam cum dispositi quæsissem fœdera mundi,
> Præscriptosque maris fines, amnisque meatus,
> Et lucis noctisque vices; tuno omnia rebar
> Consilio firmata Dei, qui lege moveri
> Sidera, qui fruges diverso tempore nasci,
> Qui variam Phœben alieno jusserit igne

Compleri, solemque suo; porrexerit undis
Littora, tellurem medio libraverit axe.
Sed cum res hominum tantâ caligine volvi
Aspicerem, lætosque diu florere nocentes,
Vexarique pios, rursus labefacta cadebat
Religio, causæque viam non sponte sequebar
Alterius, vacuo quæ currere semina motu
Affirmat, magnumque novas per inane figuras
Fortunâ non arte regi: quæ numina, sensu
Ambiguo, vel nulla putat, vel nescia nostri.'

Claudian: in Rufin.

Which, for the benefit of mere English readers, we translate thus:—

Oft have I ponder'd, still perplex'd to know,
If there be gods who govern here below;
If there be gods—or, if all gods denied,
Chance must be thought to rule, nor aught beside;
For, when contemplative I traced the plan
Of all material things apart from Man—
The ocean's bound, the stream's appointed way,
The sweet vicissitude of night and day;—
These when I saw, I sooth'd my labouring breast,
For God's all-wise dominion stood confest:
Stars in their courses seem'd His voice to hear;
His fruits in just succession crown'd the year;
The inconstant moon, His sovereign pleasure known,
Dispensed her borrow'd light—the sun his own;
His shores the billows of the deep controll'd,
And earth, self-balanced, on His axle roll'd.—
Then looked I upon Man; but now beset
With darkness and with gloom was all I met:
The base triumphant, and the righteous spurn'd.
This shook my faith again, and doubt return'd—
Return'd to cast me on the thankless creed,
That darkling floats along each random seed;
That through the void immense new forms combine,
And Chance, sole arbiter, supplants Design—
That still to this our choice must be confined,
No gods—or gods that care not for mankind.

The Psalmist himself was for a while troubled with these thoughts that would arise in his heart, seeing as he did, that 'the ungodly came into no misfortune like other folk, neither were they plagued like other men.' But both the poet and the prophet, on further deliberation, came to a just conclusion, and 'absolved the gods.' For, indeed, whatever speculative difficulties there might be in the way of such a notion, still a practical belief there is, and ever has been, amongst all nations and languages, that man lives under a *moral* government after all. 'Who is he,' exclaim the ancients of Thebes, 'who is he whom the Delphic rock of prophecy hath denounced as the doer of deeds unutterable; the man of the bloody hand? Time it is that he should flee, with a foot swifter than the horses of the winds: already hath the son of Jove taken arms against him, even hot thunderbolts, and the fearful Fates follow after, and who shall escape them?'[a] Daring was reckoned the spirit of that man who would sojourn under the same roof, or sail in the same boat, with the profaner of the mysteries of Ceres. 'And when the *barbarians* saw the venomous beast hang on the hands of Paul, they said among themselves, no doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet *vengeance suffereth not to live.*' Why, but that this belief is so strong in man, would such a trifle have been left upon record, as that the pen and ink, with which Charles signed the death-warrant of Lord Strafford, was the very same with which he signed his own, in the bill for the Long Parliament? Or why, but for this, would the remark have been so general, that the families who despoiled the monasteries rarely continued to prosper; 'the brand, which the eagle stole from the altar' (as the good old Izaak Walton says), 'and with which she thought to make her nest, serving only to set it on fire.' 'About the year, I suppose, 1615 or 1616,' writes Sir Henry Spelman, in his curious treatise on the 'History and Fate of Sacrilege,' 'I described, with a pair of compasses, in the map of Norfolk, a circle of twelve miles, the semi-diameter according to the scale

[a] Ed. Tyr. 463.

thereof, placing the centre about the chief seat of the Yelvertons; within this circle and the borders of it, I enclosed the mansion-houses of about twenty-four families of *gentlemen*, and the site of as many *monasteries*, all standing together at the time of the dissolution; and I then noted that the gentlemen's seats continued at that day in their own families and names, but the monasteries had flung out their owners, with their names and families (all of them save *two*), thrice at least, and some of them four, or five, or six times, not only by fail of issue or ordinary sale, but very often by grievous accidents and misfortunes.'—A very singular fact, to say the least of it: but the bare disposition to note it is enough for our purpose—as, indeed, is the disposition in general to construe calamities into judgments; for it can only arise out of a confirmed belief that we are living under a *moral* government, whatever may be said or seen to the contrary. Cases might occur to stagger this opinion, as we have said, and must have occurred, so long as a future state of adjustment was only partially taken into the estimate. Still, the opinion itself has universally prevailed; nor can any other account of it be given than that the tendency of the constitution of nature was felt to be such as established and supported it. And this who can deny? Who can deny, as a matter of fact, that of whatever kind the invisible sovereignty may be to which we are subject, prudence does, upon the whole, bring its appropriate reward in this world, folly its appropriate penalty?—That crimes are punished as injurious to society, virtues recompensed as beneficial to it; the punishment or the recompence, no doubt, conveyed through the instrumentality of human means, but not on that account the less faithful expositors of the will of God—society itself being evidently of His appointment, and the arguments, both moral and physical, being amply sufficient to show that He did not intend 'man to be alone'? Who can deny that vice carries along with it strong symptoms of being a violation of the principles according to which the world is governed?—that a lie, for instance, entails embarrassments without end upon its author, and makes him feel that he has entangled himself in

the machinery of the system in which he lives? Who can deny that there is a principle within him which leads him to befriend the good, to thwart the evil-doer; a principle acting thus, without any selfish object, but as instinctively approving what is right, and condemning what is wrong? Can anything be conceived more monstrous than a scheme where the reverse of all this should take effect? Is not the existence of such a principle the keystone of social order itself?—so that, as Milton argues,

> 'If this fail,
> The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.'

Without it, we know not how Christians could have become such, or to what a Gospel could have appealed within the breast for a right of admission into the world. 'If ye believe not Me, believe the *works*'—not merely as exhibitions of power, for an evil spirit might be supposed capable of doing works of power, if that were all, but of *goodness* also. Still less can we understand how heathen society could have held together for a single week; how, in its discordant elements, it could have escaped self-destruction, dashing itself in pieces like an ungoverned and ungovernable engine, and expiring at length in the midst of a universal anarchy. But such a moral nature having been given us is in itself a proof that the Deity intends we should be subject to a moral rule; and His having placed us in such a situation at present as affords scope for the exercise of this nature—nay, as actually demands its exercise in a considerable degree—is a present earnest that He will be *finally* true to this rule, and act upon it strictly.

Dark as the ways of God may be, there is enough to satisfy a reasonable man that He is on virtue's side: the *tendency* of things proves it. For instance, who can set bounds to the prosperity of a nation of perfectly righteous individuals—a nation in which every man would literally do his duty? The wisest of the land would be sent to her Parliament,—the national Senate would be a conclave of sages,—no unworthy motives would influence the electors—no political gratitude,

arising out of a strong sense of good things to come, no fear or favour, would warp a vote—*detur digniori* would be the uncompromising motto, in the choice of a man to whom the property, the liberty, the honour, the morals, the religion of the empire were to be consigned, and whose solemn charge it would henceforth become, to see that in none of these great interests the commonwealth should take damage at his hands. 'Politicians who would *circumvent* God,' would subside into plain men, who would *fear* Him. Faction would be at an end. The public weal would never be put in jeopardy for the purpose of embarrassing a minister, nor would principles reel under party struggles for place and power. New laws would be made, for circumstances might call for them, but perhaps they would be few—(Rome foundered beneath the multitude of her laws, *legibus laboravit*),—for patience to investigate, practical experience to understand, and wisdom to redress an evil, would not fall to the lot of all; and they who failed in these qualities would feel it, hold their peace, and honestly confess, that 'they had nothing to draw with, and that the well was deep.' Old laws would be abrogated or adjusted—for this, too, circumstances might require: but perhaps it would be done with fear and trembling, with a *nolumus;* for it would be considered that it is more easy to discover the mischief which an existing law does, than the mischief which it prevents—that in the application of a theory (especially on so complicated a subject as political economy), the most sagacious calculator may overlook some item in the reckoning, which may be fatal to the success of his measure, however well meant—that, in the actual business of life, it is scarcely possible to make too much allowance for friction—and that it was a grave authority (for Lord Strafford's was said to be the wisest head that stood on any pair of shoulders in England), which declared 'how advised we ought to be of any innovation, considering that inconveniences are rather found by experience than foreseen by judgment.' Debates, it is indeed to be feared, would, in such an assembly, be *tame;* for pleasant sneers at the stupid prejudices, antiquated notions, ecclesiastical bigotry

of former generations (those dead lions at which it is natural that many should kick), would probably be suppressed by one thankful recollection—'*sic* fortis Etruria crevit.' Above all, such a body would have the cordial confidence and support of the country, because, however they might err (as still err they would), they would be known to act from public spirit and in singleness of heart, as senators sitting under the eye of the great Task-master. Then with what promptness would their laws be executed, appealing, as they would, to a people united in their favour as one man: with what spirit, too, should it be needful, would arms be taken up in their defence, conscious, as the nation would be, of the righteousness of their cause, nothing doubting but that God would go forth with their host, covering their heads in the day of battle, or taking them to Himself if they fell. Then again, how would the fame of so peculiar a people spread into all lands; how would they be chosen by strangers far and near as the arbiters of their differences, the peace-makers in their quarrels, the counsellors to whom they might repair without a suspicion of treachery. Thus would the necessity of all subtle and crooked policy be spared, and the balance of the world fall naturally and innocently into their hands. This, alas! is but a Utopian picture; but such is the *tendency* of the essential constitution of things, to give virtue the pre-eminence, of righteousness to exalt a nation; a tendency which must be very strong indeed, to preserve the world even as it is, when we call to mind how vastly more *easy* it is to do evil than to do good, how the hand which cannot rear a hut may demolish a palace. Nor will the value of this concurrence between nature and revelation be thought a trifle, if it be remembered how perplexed we should be, had we found that vice, instead of virtue, possessed *essentially* the advantage in this world; and whilst revelation declared that God would eventually give the triumph to the good, nature asserted that present appearances were all the other way.

Thus, therefore, a future state—a future state of rewards and punishments—a future state of rewards and punishments

dispensed according to a moral rule, or, in other words, according to the virtue or vice of the parties concerned,—is written in the volume of the book of nature itself, in characters legible enough when they have been brought to the light, though it may be that revelation was wanted to hold up the candle. But our parallel does not end here; for if these rewards and punishments are to be measured out hereafter according to merit here, then must this world be a state of probation, in which such merit is expected to develope itself. Accordingly, revelation so represents it. And again, the constitution of things, when unfolded, tallies with the representation. For man is an unformed, unfinished creature, when he begins his being, though we refer him only to the character he has by-and-by to support *upon earth*. His *early years* are but a season, wherein he has to shape himself for the position of his *riper age*—he is not born qualified for the part *in this life* he has to play; he must fit himself for it by much patient previous discipline—*multa tulit fecitque puer*. If we look upon an infant in its cradle, how much, must we think, is to be done, before it can become the judge, or the statesman, or the great captain of the next generation! What a drilling must Barrow have gone through, when, from a child who delighted in fighting and setting his playfellows to fight, regardless of his book—of such uncomfortable promise, as to make his father devoutly wish that if it should please God to take any of his children, it might be Isaac—he grew up in temper fit to win all hearts; in science, fit to fill with honour the mathematical chair in which Newton succeeded him; in learning, fit to stand in the very foremost rank amongst the most profound and universal scholars of his country! Such are the subsequent effects of early discipline in this life—of that scheme of probation, which requires opportunities to be seized as they occur; gratifications to be foregone in the hope of approaching recompence; miscarriages to be risked as well through the fault of others as of ourselves. Thus *nature* represents the years of the boy ministering to the condition of his manhood, just as *revelation* represents his whole threescore

and ten years as ministering to his condition in eternity. The former scheme is in miniature just what the latter is in large; and if the one be certain, surely the other may be probable.

Nor is this all: one feature there is in the plan of revelation more prominent than the rest,—that mankind are to be saved not *directly*, but through a *mediator*. Now, nothing can be more strictly analogous to the constitution of nature than such a provision as this. For is it not through the mediation of others, that we live, and move, and enjoy our being? Are we not thus brought into the world, and for many years sustained in it? Is there a blessing imparted to us, which others have not, in some measure, contributed to procure? Nay, more (for even the details of this dispensation are singularly coincident with our actual experience), when punishment follows vice as a natural consequence, is not a way opened for escape very commonly by the instrumentality of others? Is not a shield thus mercifully interposed, more or less, between the transgression and the extreme curse which would have otherwise alighted upon it? For instance, a drunkard is on the point of falling down a precipice and breaking his bones;—had he done so, it would have been a very natural consequence of his wilful folly in 'putting an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.' But a sober man steps in and rescues him from his peril. Here, then, is a case of a mediator mitigating the just severity of the ordinary wages of intemperance. Or, nobody happens to be at hand to interpose for the protection of the delinquent, and, accordingly, down he goes and fractures a limb. But now, in his turn, comes the surgeon, and once more snatches him from the ulterior ill effects of the righteous accident. Here, again, is the case of a mediator again lightening the curse. But the man is lame and incapable of earning his daily bread, and, if abandoned, must, after all, perish of hunger. And now in comes his parish, or his benefactor, with present food and promise of more, and once again is a part of his heavy sentence remitted. The mediator is still upon the alert. Nor, indeed, can the universal practice of vicarious sacrifice be easily explained, unless it be

allowed, that (howsoever originating) there was something in the constitution of nature, which unobtrusively perhaps, and in secret, cherished its continuance,—so that nations who retained little else of God in their thoughts, retained this.

Such are some of the bolder features of the two schemes of Nature and Revelation, which answer as face to face; and the argument once opened, it is easy to pursue it (as Mr. Hampden has actually done, and often with great success) 'into a thousand similes;'—for wisdom will be crying out in the streets. It is easy, for instance, to see physical and moral events playing into one another's hands, as it were, in a marvellous manner, in the administration of *this world*;—rain or drought working out famine, and famine working out national demoralization;—and thus the virtue or vice of mankind greatly determined by vapours, precipitated or held in solution. Why then should it be thought a thing incredible that the fall of man should be connected with the tasting of an apple; or that *physical* causes, of various kinds, operating the dispersion or temporary migration of the Israelites through almost every part of the known world—Egypt, Arabia, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome,—should have been the appointed means whereby a nation of priests, a host of reluctant missionaries, were sent forth to spread far and wide a knowledge of the true God, and to promote the *religious* welfare of mankind?

Again, it is easy to see, in the administration of this world, a beautiful *uniformity* throughout—a thousand things, great and small, influenced by one common cause, and tending to one common centre;—the meanest individuals thus linked to the universe itself,—'the chicken roosting upon its perch to the spheres revolving in the firmament.' And in the scheme of revelation, it is obvious to remark, that the construction is the same. There it would be found (so we persuade ourselves, and were we at liberty to pursue the subject, we think we could persuade others), that the great principle of the redemption pervades Scripture no less thoroughly, in all its parts, than the principle of gravity pervades our system;—that, either in prospect or retrospect, it is hinted, shadowed out, prophesied,

typified, commemorated, in the entire scheme of Old Testament and New. So that, withdraw it, and we can discover little but a series of incidents, some nugatory, some offensive, all disjointed;—trifles, light as air, detailed with a circumstantial pomp altogether foreign from them;—historical transactions of the last importance (according to man's judgment) overlooked in a most unaccountable and contemptuous disregard;—in a word, a rude and indigested mass of heterogeneous materials. Bear this principle in sight, and all these jarring elements subside into their proper places, so as to compose one harmonious whole; and the domestic detail, however trivial, the mere household word, has still its weighty and appropriate meaning; and the light-hearted mockery of an aged woman, for instance,[a] becomes as real an instrument for telling forth the Almighty's plan, and bears upon it as effectually, as the tongue of the seer itself, which was touched with living coal from the altar.

It is easy to see again, in the administration of this world, causes and effects, running up into one another with a most evasive intricacy,—nobody venturing to say where the regular confusion ends. The building of a church at Rome, for example, is coupled with the sale of indulgences—the sale of indulgences with the exasperation of a Luther—the exasperation of a Luther with the immediate downfall of much, and, perhaps, the ultimate downfall of all spiritual tyranny throughout the world. A soldier has his leg broken at the siege of Pampeluna, and, till the limb is healed, he occupies himself with establishing a religious order, and this eventually governs the destinies of a great part of mankind;—these cases may suffice of a million. Still is the mechanism of precisely the same character in the scheme which revelation exhibits:—the daughter of Pharaoh goes to the Nile to bathe; on this hangs the preservation of the infant lawgiver; on this again the release of Israel, the overthrow of the Egyptians, the pro-

[a] Gen. xxi. 6. *Vide* Allix's Reflections upon Genesis and the four last Books of Moses, where this subject is pursued in a manner not more ingenious than satisfactory.

mulgation of the Levitical law, the preparation of the gospel of peace. Or, to take a more mysterious case, which we will do in the words of a much better philosopher than ourselves, who is speculating, however, upon quite another subject:—

'It is not difficult to show that the miraculous conception of our Lord evidently implies some higher purpose in His coming than the mere business of a teacher. The business of a teacher might have been performed by a mere man, enlightened by a prophetic spirit; for, whatever instruction men have the capacity to receive, a man might have been made the instrument to convey. Had teaching, therefore, been the sole purpose of our Saviour's coming, a mere man might have done the whole business, and the supernatural conception had been an unnecessary miracle. He, therefore, who came in this miraculous way, came upon some higher business, to which a mere man was unequal. He came to be made a sin-offering for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.'

So remarkably do the doctrines of Scripture (even where they are apparently least practical) lock into one another,—reciprocally giving and receiving support.

There would be no difficulty, as we have observed, in pursuing this parallel to almost any extent; and though we doubt not that persons who have been unused to this peculiar method of argument, will look upon much that we have said, or may have to say, as fanciful, yet we have no fear of the result, if they will make the subject of analogy a vade-mecum in their ordinary walks through life, and note the wide compass within which it is capable of application. If we know ourselves, we are not apt to be betrayed into visionary views of religion; but this question is one that has lain in *soak* in our minds (so to speak) these many years, and has acquired fresh authority in every one that has passed over our heads. At the same time, it must be remarked, that we have not been contending for the analogy of the constitution and course of nature, as a *proof* of the truth of revelation; the *proof* must be supplied by those many and various matters of fact to which Scripture

appeals for a testimony, and which retire from the most inquisitorial scrutiny (as we took occasion to remark in a late article on the Works of Paley) without a reproach or a suspicion. To these, revelation fearlessly refers us. But of the argument of the analogy, this, at least, may be said, that it is a very singular and strange circumstance, how a few Galilean peasants (unlearned men, as their own writings demonstrate) should have struck out a scheme professing to come from God, which, when tried by the test of 'the course and constitution of nature' (a scheme indisputably from God), should be found to harmonize with it so remarkably. It is the more singular, when it is remembered, that these rustic contrivers evidently contemplated no such principle of investigation, so that they might square their work accordingly. On the contrary, that they do not even propound their instructions as a *system* at all, but rather throw out certain loose facts and doctrines, fragments rather than forms, which have to be actually arrayed, disposed, reduced into order, before they fall into what divines call a *system* of theology. Surely this is a problem worthy of a solution; and such as ought to make an unbeliever pause at least, and lead him to examine the positive evidence for that, of which the presumptive evidence is not at any rate despicable. It may be said, indeed, that the evidence, furnished by analogy, would have been little, had not revelation told us where to look for it. And this is true; but it is a truth not at all affecting the value of that evidence when we once have it. A Harvey was wanted to apply the anatomical fact of the different directions in which the valves of the arteries and veins open to the development of the theory of the circulation of the blood; yet the circulation of the blood would have been just as real, if no Harvey had lived to make it known. The Newtonian System, as it is called, might have been hidden to this day, if Newton had never been born; but it would not have been, on that account, the less certain that the system existed. The 'Constitution and Course of Nature' has been dug up,—revelation telling us where to dig, in order to find it; but, on coming to the light, its testimony to the truth of revelation is not, on that

account, the less worthy of all acceptation. In the Acts of the Apostles, we read, 'A certain woman named Lydia, *a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us*' (ch. xvi. 14). Now, suppose this passage had induced a search to be made into the ruins of Thyatira, and that, in consequence, a stone had been brought up, bearing a mutilated inscription to a worthy of that city, from a company of *dyers* (οἱ βαφεῖς[a]), the discovery of the stone would help to corroborate the assertion of the writer of the Acts,—not at all the less effectually, because it happened to be some hundred years after the Acts were written that the discovery was made, and that it was only made then, because the mention of the place had stimulated curiosity, and suggested the search.

On the whole, if we pass the several particulars of this argument rapidly in review, and reckon their cumulative value, that which answers to what in architecture is called the *effect*, cannot be inconsiderable in the judgment of any sober and dispassionate inquirer after truth.

But whatever may be the importance of the argument from analogy, when regarded under this aspect, it is not that under which Bishop Butler contemplated it with the most satisfaction. Whether he was first put upon his inquiry by the remark of Origen, which he quotes as though it had struck his mind with the force of a new thought, that 'he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the author of nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it as are found in the constitution of nature;' whether, we say, this was the text from which he set out, and which gave a complexion to his subsequent thoughts throughout, the obvious tendency of it being to lead him to consider the argument chiefly as an *answer to objections* against revelation; or whether he thought that to silence objections was in itself to add to the positive evidence in the most effectual of all ways, by making it carry (to use a profane phrase) less weight; or whether, in wielding his two-edged weapon, he was naturally disposed to strike on the side that cut keenest,—for, as a

[a] *Vide* Wheeler's Journey into Greece, iii. p. 233.

smiter down of the high imaginations of the infidel touching the *scheme* of Christianity, it is not only powerful, but altogether resistless; or whether, in an age like his own, so '*very reasonable*' in its religious notions, he felt a righteous zeal to foil the wise with their own weapons, and to suggest to them, with all becoming humility, that there might be, after all,—and even on admission of their difficulties,—more things between heaven and earth than their philosophy dreamed of: however this might be, certain it is, that it is as an *answer to objections* against revelation, that Butler regards the 'Analogy,' rather than as a witness of its truth;—that he does not so often speak in the spirit of St. Paul, when that apostle urges 'The invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made,' as when he retorts upon the deistical antagonist, 'Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die;'—that he sometimes employs it in conjunction with revelation, but much more often in opposition to unbelief.

Here, indeed, the argument of analogy is the golden branch, before which obstacles fall and phantoms vanish. Thus: there is a presumption against miracles. So there may be, but is there not also, prior to the event, a presumption against such a combination of circumstances as go to make up the history of Cæsar, meeting in any one individual? Yet the presumption (however great) yields before a very small matter of evidence. We have an impression on our mind, that it was the avowed intention, a few years ago, of a great living poet to write a Life of Napoleon, not on the plan he adopted, but on one in which not a single incident should be probable, yet all strictly true; and no doubt the thing might have been achieved. The presumption must have been great against the phenomena of electricity, galvanism, or many other arcana of nature, yet they were soon established on evidence not to be gainsayed. We suppose, that had Palinurus been told, when he was beating about in the Mediterranean three days and three nights, neither sun nor star appearing, that the time would come when a little needle's point would 'prate of his whereabout' with most mi-

raculous organs, and to the merest nicety, he would have been hard to be persuaded. Yet so it was. And though we think the presumption at present strong against the existence of future flying philosophers, yet only a certain degree of testimony would be wanted to work our conviction that, having been long volatile, they were become volant. The course of nature, therefore, very easily disposes of the question of presumption. But it does more. To those who believe in a *particular* Providence ever actively superintending the affairs of this world, great and small, miracles can present no cause of offence; for then, perpetual interposition being the order of things, it is credible enough that it should sometimes manifest itself in striking and unusual effects.

But the administration of this world, it may be said, is carried on according to *general laws*. Still there is much on foot to which those laws do not seem to apply—*faults*, as it were (to use a miner's phrase), in the constitution of things. What are the laws, for instance, by which a hurricane, or a pestilence, or a famine, pounces upon mankind (σκήψας ἐλαύνει), scourging one place and sparing another: so hard to be reduced to any principle, as to be called (what is another name for our utter ignorance of their nature)—accidents? May it not be that times and seasons proceed by rules prescribed, till some accumulation of inconvenience requires the interposition of a hurricane, or a pestilence, or a famine, and still that the interposition itself occurs according to a general law too, not to be considered as an item in a system of expedients implying defect or effort unworthy of the contriver, since to change implies no more of this than to create,—for if there was a defect before the change, so must there have been before the creation, creation itself being a change; and if an effort is required to alter, so it must have been to produce,—but rather as the natural effect of *causes* set at work from the beginning? And in like manner the *moral* world may proceed, according to general laws, till an accumulation of inconvenience demands the interference of a miracle; this, too, according to a general law, a law by which it was appointed, when the foundations of

the world were laid, that, under such and such circumstances, miracles there should be,—a law which we might, very probably, trace out and determine, if we had but other moral systems wherewith to make a comparison. And if it be objected that this is to deprive miracles of their value as tokens of a commission from God, as credentials of His ambassadors, we answer that no such consequence would ensue, for that as a mere man could never calculate upon such an interposition occurring in his favour, unless he had been in communication with the Deity, so its actual occurrence would be thought enough to prove such communication, or, in other words, to certify the authority by which he spake. Moses, for instance, could not be supposed to have lifted up his rod by a happy coincidence at the very moment when the 'universal plan' required that the waters of the Red Sea should be divided before the Israelites; but the phenomenon happening as he waved his wand, it would be at once concluded that the Deity had been with him, and let him into the secret. And, after all, what is a miracle but an apparent deviation from the established course of nature, with a view to a *moral* effect? But (as we have had frequent occasion to remark, in the progress of this argument) nothing is more usual than to see events in the natural world made subservient to moral ends; indeed, so usual, that it may be doubted whether every individual event is not intended to produce finally some moral purpose. There may be difficulties in either case, both in the peculiarities of nature and of revelation—that we dispute not; but our argument is this—that whilst we see in God's natural government apparent interruptions of general laws, or phenomena which, if assignable to general laws, are not assignable to such as we can discover, and are, therefore, classed under the head *accidents* (which, like *sundries*, mean just what we can give no account of), we have no need to be staggered at the same or similar mechanism in God's moral government; the presumption being rather the other way, that irregularities were to be expected in the scheme of revelation, there being actually such in the physical scheme.

But is it not strange that mankind should have been suffered to live so long in the dark—that the world should have been left to drag on four thousand years, before Christianity was revealed? Here again analogy steps in, exclaiming, Not at all strange: on the contrary, it is the most common case in nature. How is it, for example, that herbs have been allowed to run to waste for centuries upon centuries, of which the virtues, when they were once discovered,

> * * 'sae fortify'd the part,
> That when death looked to his dart,
> It was sae blunt,
> Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
> Of a kail-runt.'

Indeed it is not till within these very few years that a whole class of medicines, and a class now, we believe, considered the most efficient—minerals—have been in use, to the great advantage of human life. How is it, to revert to what we have already touched upon, that mankind were left to blunder about upon the ocean, in perils of waters, for so long a period, without the knowledge of the compass?—or to live in gross ignorance of many most essential truths, during a number of generations, for want of the simple art of printing? There is no end to this—the world, like Prospero's island, is full of strange sounds.

But revelation has been communicated *partially;* if it was really from God, and of the importance alleged, would it not have been *universal?* Yet which of God's gifts is not imparted thus? Health, and strength, and intellect, and property, are all distributed in unequal proportions—one man has his lot cast among the snows, and seals, and *tripe de la roche* of a polar sky; another on the vine-clad banks of the Loire. It is not for us to reconcile these things; but it is idle to raise an objection against revelation upon a ground which would equally deprive the Almighty of any hand in the government of the universe.

But the *evidence* for the truth of revelation is not *demon-*

strative;—was it not to be expected, that principles which were not for speculation, but use, and for *such* use too, should have been set forth with a perspicuity which could not be misinterpreted, and supported by testimony which could not be refused? Yet what reason was there for expecting this? None, certainly, from the condition of man in this world. He has been left to shape his course through things temporal, not with *demonstration* for his guide, but with *probability* only. For can he do more, even in the most critical step that he takes, than sit down first, endeavour to count the cost, and then plant his foot where there seems *most* cause to think he can plant it safely?—musing, like the suitors of Portia, on which of the caskets contains his treasure, and often, like them, greatly perplexed. Practically speaking, it is *probability*, in a degree very much lower than that which pleads for the truth of revelation, that supplies the rule of human actions, even where life itself is involved. What else launched the boat of Columbus? He sought a new heaven and a new earth, under much doubt, and discouragement, and danger—the very existence of his object never clearly revealed to him, till it actually rose upon him from the deep, his weary voyage done. Up to that hour, he could only read it in the direction of a current, in the casual floating past of a spar, in the sea-weed, in the land-bird, in the breeze; yet these signs he laid up in his heart, and, following them in faith, found the world he longed for: which things are an allegory. Why, then, should a rule, which thus obtains for the present, be abandoned for the future? more especially as the very *uncertainty* (whatever may be the amount of it) *may* constitute an essential part of the trial of all, and the most essential part of the trial of many. But, in truth, that uncertainty is very much less than many persons suppose. People are apt to see the force of evidence or of argument only as it makes for their own prejudices—'The wish is father to the thought.' The wolf, when he was learning to read, could make nothing out of the letters, whatever they might be, that were set before him, but 'lamb.' Cudworth suggests that even geometrical theorems (that the three angles

of a triangle, for instance, are equal to two right angles), if connected with offensive moral truths, might possibly become the subject of doubt and controversy. And Mr. Le Bas, who adopts this sentiment in his valuable 'Essay on Miracles,' adds in a note, somewhat after the manner of Warburton's illustrations, 'If the Pythagorean proposition (Eucl. i. 47) were to impose on mathematicians the *Pythagorean* maxim of a strict vegetable diet, what carnivorous student of geometry would ever get to the end of the First Book in Euclid? Or if we could conceive the doctrine of *Fluxions* had, somehow or other, been combined with an obligation to abstain from the use of wine, does any one believe that it would have gained its present undisputed establishment throughout the scientific world? Should we not at this very day have many a thirsty analyst protesting that he was under an absolute inability to comprehend or to credit the system?'

But what if miracles, the foundation of the Christian scheme, should not always be found agreeable to the commands of God?—What if the power of working them should have sometimes fallen into bad hands, and have been used for evil purposes?—What if a wonder could be worked in confirmation of the duty of idolatry?[a]—or in defiance of a message of the Most High?[b]—or in establishing the pretensions of a false Christ?[c]—What if those who were outcasts themselves, should have prophesied and ejected evil spirits?[d] Would not this render the worth of miracles themselves in evidence of revelation equivocal? Many of our divines would here deny the premises; would not allow that any confusion of this kind was permitted, and explain, accordingly, the texts which may seem to imply the contrary. If, however, we admit this objection of the Deists to be well founded—if we admit that such abuse of supernatural gifts was sometimes allowed, and that, being allowed, it caused many to doubt, still are not *great abilities* very often suffered in these days to do the same? Such a prophet, or worker of miracles, as we speak

[a] Deut. xiii. 1, 2, 3. [b] Exod. vii. 11. [c] Matt. xxiv. 24. [d] Matt. vii. 22, 23.

of, would but have been playing a part similar to that which a Tindal, or a Bolingbroke, or a Paine, has played since, and lived. They would but have been applying high talents to base ends. The truth is, the possessor of rare endowments, of whatever kind, if he prostitutes them to the object of making 'one of the little ones' to offend, will have to answer for it; but then the little ones themselves, upon this as upon other occasions, are expected to exercise their own understanding ('that *candle* of *the Lord* within them,'[a]) upon the tendency of the conflicting evidence, which, no doubt, Providence will always take care shall *preponderate* on the side of the truth; and the perplexity *may* constitute a part of their trial,—it *may* be the Master's pleasure that 'the *wise* servant' shall have his discretion subjected to this very test.

But the *severity* with which the Deity is made to act in Scripture is said to be another lion in the way; a nation is to be cut off, not in its guilty members only, but in all that belongs to it,—ox and sheep, infant and suckling, camel and ass. Is not this a hard saying? Yet, hard as it is, it is just what the course of nature confirms. A flood, for instance, now acts under precisely the same orders as a Joshua or a Saul did heretofore,—making no greater distinction of persons or things. When Catania, or Lima, or Lisbon was destroyed, no reservation was observed in favour of women, or children, or cattle. The earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, whatever was their innocence. Yet

'Plagues and earthquakes shake not heaven's design.'

Or, again,—must not vast numbers miscarry under a dispensation like that of Christianity, where so much is exacted of beings so frail? Can that be a faithful representation of the Author of the universe, which portrays Him under the character of an austere man?—or, can that scheme belong to the merciful God which describes the gate of His kingdom as strait, the way narrow, and the incomers few? Are there so

[a] Prov. xx. 27.

many beings to be born only to perish? Here we feel that we are entering on 'thoughts abstruse,' which warn us, with Eve, to withdraw. But still, appalling as the consideration may be, it is nevertheless very true, that, in the actual constitution of things, there does seem to be a prodigious waste both of animal and vegetable life—that of the seeds sown, few grow into plants—that of the animals which see the light, few are born to enjoy it—that we give a corporal pang to many a poor beetle as we walk across the field—that we boil water for our food, and destroy myriads of animated atoms. The objection thus viewed ought, indeed, to stimulate our exertion, but certainly ought not to shake our faith. Or, further still, that eternal punishment should be assigned to sins committed during the brief span of threescore years and ten, seems to be hard measure, difficult for flesh and blood to believe. Yet the constitution of nature appears to uphold the dismal doctrine; for how often does a single act of folly or guilt entail upon the offender a whole life of suffering, sorrow, or shame!—the chastisement out of all proportion (as might be supposed) to the sin. It was the unwise or unjust exaction (call it which you will) of a sum, not exceeding thirty shillings, from one of his subjects, that inflicted upon a king of England the downfall of his throne, the loss of his head, and the exile of his children. It was a single act of carelessness (if we are to believe Shakspeare) in putting into another king's hand, by mistake, a schedule of effects, that excited the monarch's cupidity, and wrought the plunder, the disgrace, and, eventually, the death of a Wolsey.

But the method by which revelation represents the Deity to effect the recovery and salvation of man is very *roundabout*. From a Being whom nothing can let or hinder, a more direct and expeditious course was to be expected. Yet why so? Certainly the system on which this world proceeds argues no such precipitation of plan—quite the contrary. You may say, God might command the stones to be made bread, or the clouds to rain it; but this He does not. He chooses rather to leave mankind to till, to sow, to reap, to gather into barns, to

grind, to bake, and then to eat—a process not only very long, but in some respects, *à priori*, very unpromising, very unlikely to answer its end. But, as one of our old divines quaintly remarks, the Almighty 'not unusually looks the contrary way to that He moves; and while men love to go the nearest way, and often fail, God commonly goes about, and in His own time comes safe home.'

But the whole apparatus of Christianity, it may be alleged, is *mean*, unworthy its magnificent pretensions;—its seat, the bosom of God—its voice, the harmony of the world. Be it so: join, if you will, in the querulous cry of that mighty man, the captain of the host of the King of Syria,—still the argument of analogy demolishes the objection, whatever may be its force; for what is more common in the constitution of nature than for prodigious consequences to flow from apparently mean beginnings? Lady Mary Wortley Montagu rambles into a Turkish village, and what comes of it? She sends to England the secret of inoculation; thereby, perhaps, contributing more to the welfare of her countrymen than all the conquerors of the East. Dr. Jenner observes, that the milkmaids of Gloucestershire escape the small-pox altogether; and what is the result?—that vaccination is discovered, and the uncleanly flux of a cow mitigates still further that noisome disease, and economizes life more successfully than a whole college of physicians.

But the scheme of the atonement, as developed in revelation, seems to exhibit the Deity as regardless whether the innocent or the guilty suffer, provided suffering there be: is this credible? It may be a difficulty (for all the objections we have touched are real difficulties), but it is a difficulty of precisely the same kind as that which the scheme of nature presents, and neither greater nor less. '*I* have done wickedly, but *these sheep*, what have *they* done?' is not an exclamation fitted for David only. Napoleon determines upon an invasion of Russia,—the unjust act is not immediately visited upon himself; he *coolly* puts on his fur-cloak, gets into his *traineau*, and flies to his faithful city; but his innocent followers (innocent of plan-

ning the enterprise, we mean) are called to pay the price of his iniquity, by being frozen to death round the ashes of their own watch-fires. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*, is an adage of very old standing. As a matter of fact, therefore, the arrangement is not at all incredible.

But why an atonement at all?—Why should not *repentance* alone suffice to reconcile us to the Deity? We are not bound to tell why; but this we can tell, that in the world in which we live, sorrow for offences does not in general remove the evil they entail upon the offender—it does not 'trammel up the consequence;' it does not, for instance, acquit the deceiver of his contempt, or the libertine of his disease, or the rogue of his halter. Grief there may be, but there must be penalty too; and the natural feelings of mankind bear witness to this, for (as we have already hinted), if sorrow had been thought enough by the heathens, why should they have added sacrifice? There is one consideration, however, suggested by analogy, which is an answer to this, and to almost all objections both against natural religion and revealed—*our very imperfect knowledge of either*. We erect ourselves into judges whilst we are not in possession of nearly the whole case;—we decide upon a piece of very intricate mechanism, whilst we are acquainted with very few of its parts;—we pronounce dogmatically upon a move at chess, whilst we do not see all the positions of the men. The constitution of nature is evidently a *scheme*. Thus the relation of the different parts of a watch to one another is not more certain than that of the several parts of the animal frame. The spring, the barrel, the chain, the wheels, are all proportionate, and adapted each to each; but with no greater care than the bones are articulated, the hinges of the joints made double or single; the vitals protected, the brain by a strong box, the heart by a basket of ribs; no one member being able to say to another, 'I have no need of thee.' Here then is relation of parts in the *individual* —indicating that the constitution of nature is a scheme. Let us extend our circle, and we may observe that the lungs of animals are made with a reference to the air they have to

breathe, their eyes to the light whereby they are to see; for the former could not play in such an element as water, nor the latter be useful for vision, if the rays of light impinged with the momentum of a hail-storm. Indeed, nothing can be more obvious than the *symmetry* with which all things are constructed; quadrupeds and birds bearing some proportion to man and to one another in size, vegetables only suffered to attain a height suitable to those who have to live among them or upon them. With what alarm should we contemplate the growth of grass, if there was no assignable limit to its elevation—if it threatened to bury us alive, like Gulliver in the corn of the Brobdignags; or how should we be dismayed on observing the advance of a blight, when the insects composing it might severally assume (no law forbidding) the size of a behemoth? Here, then, we have the relation of the *individual* to *the place* he lives in—still a scheme. Once more let us extend our circle, and we find the air standing in due relation, not only to the lungs of animals on the earth, but to the sun in the heavens, receiving his rays, not as upon a bed of wool, but upon a transparent, subtle, elastic substance, through which they may be readily drawn by 'a team of little atomies' to the place of their destination. Here we have the relation of *nearer* to more *remote* parts—still a scheme. Yet more: the sun to which we have thus traced up, stands in his turn related to other planets besides ours; the law by which he attracts them, and the quantity of matter he contains, being no less nicely adjusted than the minutest of the subordinate elements which we have been examining; and if we could explore the abyss beyond, we should probably perceive that this system itself, of which the sun is thus the centre, holds a relationship no less complete to other systems as great and glorious as our own; and thus, that the mutual dependencies of things are unbroken throughout the entire universe, and that all conspire to one vast and incomprehensible *scheme*. Then again, the several parts of such a system are not to be regarded under one relation only (as we have been hitherto chiefly considering them), but under *many* relations, involved

and interwoven in a manner the most complicated—one principle answering many ends. Thus, the construction of the body is, in its essential features, the same, whether the animal is to be adapted to the earth, the ocean, or the sky. So, again, the air which supplies the lungs is equally fitted for the propagation of sounds, the conveyance of scents, the mitigation of heat, the aliment of vegetables, or the impulse of vessels—the constitution of nature hereby exhibiting itself, not merely as a scheme, but as a scheme of extreme complexity, full of wheels within wheels,—if touched in one place, trembling under the touch in a thousand other places. Now, this being the natural constitution of things, would it not be idle in any professor in the world to get up and say, 'such a particular in this mechanism is defective; it would have been better thus: the air, for instance, would have been far less objectionable if it had not been of a density sufficient to blow down my castles.' It might be an advantage to you that your castles should have stood (would be the obvious answer); but supposing the change, how would the system at large be affected by it,—the lungs of animals, the passage of light, the aliment of plants, and numberless other matters, of which we know nothing? It is possible that this alteration for which you plead would have involved the derangement of the universe. Your suggestion (saving your Professorship) might be, after all (as Horsley would have said), only 'a rude jog from the clumsy fist of a clown, who knew nothing of the component parts of the machine.'

The *natural* government of God, then, being evidently a *scheme*, and a very elaborate one, it is probable from analogy that His *moral* government is a *scheme* too; indeed, there is further cause for believing this, in the circumstance that the physical world seems to be itself in relation to the moral, just as the vegetable is subordinate to the animal and the animal to the intellectual kingdom; but if a *scheme* at all, then one having a multitude of bearings, very few of which come within our cognizance. To raise objections, therefore, against what

we may fancy irregularities in it, whether we look to the *general* plan of Providence, or to Christianity as a *particular* scheme under that plan, is to charge God foolishly, because it is to charge Him ignorantly. 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?'—it may still be justly replied, as it heretofore was, to such puny assailants,—'Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? hast thou walked in the search of the depth? Have the gates of death been opened to thee, or knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?' It may not, therefore, be more unphilosophical to find fault with the physical order of things, on the score that where there is such air as ours there may be hurricanes, than to reproach the moral order of things with the existence of evil, the partial diffusion of good, the imperfect evidence for the truth of revelation, or the extraordinary nature of it: the true answer in both cases being one and the same—that we are quarrelling, not with independent matters, standing alone or on their own merits, but with parts of a very intricate scheme, subservient to it in how many ways, and with what propriety, He only who can survey the *whole* can tell. This is a portion of his great theme on which Bishop Butler delights to dwell; his Sermons, as well as his Essay, are full of it. Nor can we picture to ourselves a more instructive lesson than that which is afforded by the grave example of such a man; that he, so acute, so patient, so profound, so fruitful in anticipating objections, so candid in estimating, so triumphant in repelling them, so gifted with powers of combining and developing the hints of God's secret counsels, which lie scattered over the face of things,—that he, a man thus endowed, a giant even in days when giants there were, should ever be reminded, and should ever be reminding us, of his ignorance; that the Incomprehensible, the Eternal, the Infinite, sets all the pride of our understandings at nought, and by intricacies which He gives us to unravel, and contrarieties which He gives us to reconcile, and depths which He gives us to fathom, and shades which He gives us to illumine, forces from us a confession unfeigned,

that the wisest are but as fools when measuring themselves against Him, whose ways are past finding out, and who oft, amidst

> 'Thick clouds and dark
> Chooses to dwell, His glory unobscured,
> And with the majesty of darkness round
> Circles His throne.'

Such an example cannot be lost upon an age in which any modesty is left—rebuking the superficial scoffer, as it does, after the manner of Newton to Halley, 'Mund, Mund, talk not of this question; you have not considered it—I have.'

Such is the argument from analogy; the most effectual, perhaps, that can be urged against the unbeliever; for many of his objections, being indisputable difficulties, do not always admit of a ready answer, and an abortive attempt at one would only strengthen his prejudice and harden his heart. But, to retort his own objections upon himself, to drive him (if he would be true to his principles) from unbelief to atheism—from a philosophy which stumbles, to be sure, at the foolishness of a confession of the faith, to a philosophy that reposes in the wisdom of a confession that there may be contrivance without a contriver, and governance without a guide,—this is to take him in his own toils, and to goad him into the necessity of reconsidering a verdict which saddles him with conclusions so monstrous.

We cannot close our paper without adverting to a dissertation by the Rev. Daniel Wilson,[a] prefixed to his cheap edition of the 'Analogy.' We do it with the most entire goodwill to its author (however we may differ from him), whose desire to give increased circulation to such a work, at such a period, can be viewed with no other feelings than those of unmingled respect. And here we may observe, in passing, that this revival of a taste for the writings of Bishop Butler, indicated by the several publications of which the titles stand at the head of this article, is one of the best signs of the times; for, whether the demand

[a] [The late Bishop of Calcutta.—ED.]

for those writings originated with the laity themselves, who would satisfy their own scruples, or with the clergy, who would supply them with the best means of doing so, no better choice could have been made—none more candid, more discreet, more according to knowledge. It is only justice to Mr. Wilson to say, that he shows every disposition to pay suitable homage to one of the greatest men of our Church; and that his epitome of the 'Analogy' is faithful and luminous. Still he has some fault to find with the Bishop of Durham. The learned prelate is not sufficiently scriptural in his language, nor elevated in his views of Christianity:—

'It is impossible' (says Mr. Wilson) 'to calculate the additional good which the "Analogy" would have effected, if its unnumbered readers had been instructed more adequately by it in the spiritual death and ruin of man in all his powers by the fall; in the inestimable constitution of special grace established by the Gospel; in the gratuitous justification of the sincere believer in the sacrifice of Christ; in the divine nature and properties of true faith; in the mighty operations of the Holy Ghost in illuminating and sanctifying man; and in the consolation and universal obedience which are the fruits of faith.'—P. 143.

Now, to the opinion here expressed we cannot altogether subscribe; for to whom was the 'Analogy' *chiefly* addressed? Not to believers, though to them it does indirectly minister, confirming them in their acceptance of that religion which the constitution of nature bespeaks to be a twin-sister of its own; but it was for sceptics, or unbelievers, that it was principally meant; and it is probable that, had not such abounded in the days of Bishop Butler, the 'Analogy' would never have been heard of. For he lived at a time, as we learn from himself, when 'the licentiousness of the upper classes, combined with the irreligion industriously propagated amongst the lower,' was tending to produce 'total profligacy;' when a 'levelling spirit, upon atheistical principles,' was to be apprehended, as it had before been actually experienced on principles of enthusiasm;[a]

[a] Sermons, vol. i. p. 347. Oxford.

when 'religion was become so very *reasonable* as to have nothing to do with the heart and affections, if such words signify anything but the faculty by which we discern speculative truth;'[a] when it was thought needful to propitiate the hearers of a sermon on the 'Love of God,' by protesting at the outset that the 'subject was a real one, nothing in it enthusiastic or unreasonable;'[b] when, 'in every view of things, and upon all accounts, irreligion was the chief danger;'[c] when to preach the love of our enemies was called '*rant*;'[d] when 'there was a general decay of religion in the nation, observed by every one, for some time the complaint of all serious persons—the influence of it more and more wearing out of the minds of men, even of those who did not pretend to enter into speculations on the subject, whilst the numbers of those who did, and who professed themselves unbelievers, increased—and with their numbers their zeal, *zeal* FOR *nothing, but* AGAINST *everything that was good and sacred amongst men*;'[e] when 'the signs of God's coming' were believed be 'but too apparent;' for that, 'as different ages had been distinguished by different sorts of particular errors and vices, so the deplorable distinction of that was, an avowed scorn of religion in some, and a growing disregard of it in the generality.'[f]

These were the times for which Butler had to provide; and we cannot but think that he acted like a wise master-builder, when he laid the foundation, and left others to build thereon. Besides, it was not Butler's object to expound the doctrines of Scripture, but to prove its credibility: he was not its interpreter, but its advocate. With the doctrines, in their full extent, the constitution of nature (which was his concern) had comparatively little to do. It was applicable indeed to the gross features of Christianity, and to these he applied it, but to the nicer details it was not. The element was of a quality fit for injection into the main trunks and arteries, but was not subtle enough to insinuate itself into all the minuter parts of the vascular system. It was applicable, for instance, to the great

[a] P. 227. [b] P. 228. [c] P. 300. [d] P. 146. [e] P. 426. [f] P. 422.

dispensation of a Mediator, but not to His metaphysical nature, or to the degree of ruin (whether total or partial) from which He restored mankind; and, indeed, nothing can be more remarkable than the pains Butler takes to avoid all questions which might immediately or remotely minister to strife—all questions which might narrow the sphere within which his book would be suffered to walk with effect. He does not wish to speak to Calvinist or Arminian, to philosophers of this school or of that, but he wishes to speak to men in general—to plead the credibility of Scripture in general; and, for that purpose, to use (as the algebraists would say) *general expressions*. Hence such terms as 'faculties of perception and action,' 'living powers,' 'living agents,' 'the living being each man calls himself,' which, to be justly estimated (as Mr. Hampden properly observes), must be regarded as exclusions of any particular theory concerning the soul. In like manner, he speaks of 'the unknown event, death;' and, what is perhaps even more remarkable still, he will not shackle himself (logical as he is) with a definition of the sense in which he uses the word 'miracle,' contenting himself with saying, that 'the notion of it, considered as a proof of a divine mission, has been stated with great exactness by divines, and is,' he thinks, 'sufficiently understood by every one.' Moreover, the *obscurity* of Bishop Butler, which has been sometimes complained of, arises, as far as it exists, chiefly out of this very mode of treating his subject; for he was hereby sometimes 'obliged to express himself in a manner which might seem strange to such as *did not observe the reason for it;*' and the secret operation of the same principle probably caused him to be so very sparing of his examples—his mind still delighting to read Nature with a broad eye, and 'scarce bringing itself to set down instances.' Persons not familiar with the analytical nomenclature are often puzzled with a proposition, where the numbers are expressed in letters, who would readily understand it if a particular case were taken, and figures substituted for them.

Nor is this all: so determined is Butler to cast his net as

wide as possible, 'to gather of every kind,' that he frequently argues upon the principles of others and not his own; proving his point, to be sure, not *from* those principles, but *notwithstanding* them, 'omitting what he thinks true' (and we beg attention to this, as bearing very closely on the question in debate) "'and *of the utmost importance*, merely because by others thought unintelligible or not true.'[a] Now, Mr. Wilson will not deny, that some of the propositions which he would willingly have seen adopted into the work of Bishop Butler, were, at least, matters of much debate in Bishop Butler's time. Mr. Wilson believes them to their full extent: he finds them (so he expressly says)[b] perfectly compatible with the plan of the 'Analogy;' then can he still profit by the 'Analogy,' and add to it that which he thinks lacking. Another man may believe them only to a more limited extent: he also finds his opinions compatible with the 'Analogy'—he therefore can profit by it too. A third may not as yet believe them at all (and amongst the motley multitude for which Butler had to cater, this was a very common character): he therefore is to be won, not by overwhelming him at once with the whole mystery of the gospel, but by submitting to him that the gospel is not a thing *incredible*, and leaving him to draw his own conclusions. 'A narrow-necked bottle,' says Quintilian somewhere, 'must be humoured: pour gently, or you spill instead of fill.' 'Reculer pour mieux sauter' is not the worst of French proverbs.

But, indeed, 'the *entire* corruption,' or 'the *total* moral ruin' of man, or the 'alienation of his *whole* moral nature from God,'[c] which Mr. Wilson would have had introduced by Butler, is a doctrine which that profound inquirer did not hold; and, moreover, is a doctrine which, if established, would, in our opinion, shake his argument to its foundations. In his Sermons, which abound in elements of his greater work, and in some cases may serve as a commentary upon it, he is chiefly occupied in determining the inward frame of man: and

[a] P. 408. [b] Dissert. p. 145. [c] Dissert. pp. 131, 144.

his own search and experience lead him to think that his form had not yet lost *all* its original brightness; that in addition to those passions which he shares in common with brutes, there is another principle peculiar to him, even a conscience, a moral sense, a something (call it by what name we please) whereby we respectively assign to right and wrong, approbation or blame; that this principle is felt to speak like one having authority,—*authority* as distinguished from mere *power*, for this any baser principle may possess,—that it seats itself above the other constituent parts of our nature,—inspects them, pronounces on them, nothing within us meanwhile denouncing this as an act of unbecoming usurpation; that however the rabble-rout of disorderly passions may attempt to set it at nought, it is still acknowledged as a sovereign (in this instance at least) by *divine right;* that the Author of Nature, by planting such a monitor within us, answering to virtue or vice by a corresponding pleasure or pang, after the manner of a gratified or violated sense, now recognizing, as with the feelings of the enchanter,

> 'the pace
> Of some chaste footing near about this ground,'

and now again perceiving, as with those of the witch,

> 'By the pricking of the thumbs,
> Something wicked this way comes'—

that the Author of Nature, by endowing us with such a faculty, declares Himself for virtue and against vice; declares, therefore, His present government not to be arbitrary, but *moral*, and thereby declares (as Butler argues) that a future state of rewards and punishments, dispensed according to a *moral* rule, shall be the final consummation of all things. It is therefore, ultimately, upon this basis of a sense of right and wrong implanted to a certain degree in the heart of man, that Butler builds his high argument: deny it, that is, assert the *total* corruption of man's nature, and his foundations sink under him. Nor does Mr. Wilson himself, in some places, fail of being aware of this. It seems to us, indeed, to be a source of

embarrassment to him; for he elsewhere expressly asserts, that 'all the evidences of revealed religion appeal to our *moral nature*, and meet precisely the faculty of judging which we still possess; and would have no medium of proof, and therefore no authority to convince, if this *moral sense* should be denied.'[a] Now this is just what Butler would contend for; but how is it consistent with that doctrine of a '*total moral ruin*,' which it is made a matter of charge against him that he did not sufficiently inculcate? To allow a '*moral sense*,' and yet to insist on a '*total moral ruin*,' appears to us as incongruous as to allow some sense of hearing, and yet to insist on a total deafness. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not undertaking to draw human nature into lime, but only to draw it out of coal-dust—to shelter it under those principles which a Hooker or a Barrow has delivered to us, who, whilst they maintained the existence of a law of reason ('a law comprehending all those things which men, by the light of their natural understanding, evidently know, or at least may know, to be beseeming or unbeseeming, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do'),[b] were at the same time ready to confess that it would be in vain 'to search all the generations of men, sithence the fall of our father Adam, to find one man that hath done one action which hath passed from him pure, without one stayne or blemish at all.'[c] No man can be further than Bishop Butler from advocating, with the Schoolmen of old, the integrity of our nature. The supposition that the 'world is in *a state of ruin*' seems to him 'the very ground of the Christian dispensation, and, if not provable by reason, at least not contrary to it.'[d] No man can vindicate more nobly or more thankfully the merciful scheme of the atonement (if there be any one part of his book more satisfactory than another, it is where he handles this vital question); but that does not entail upon him the necessity of *effacing*[e] the image of its Creator

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[a] P. 110. [b] Eccles. Pol., B. 1, § 8.
[c] Hooker's 'Discourse of Justification.' See, also, Barrow, vol. i., fol., Ser. xxvi.; vol. ii., Ser. vii.; as compared with vol. ii., Ser. i.
[d] Analogy, p. 287. [e] Dissert. p. 107.

altogether from the soul of the unregenerate man, as a preliminary step—thereby confounding the nature of virtue and vice, the charity of a Titus with the cruelty of a Nero, and making such appeals as these, of which Scripture contains many, unintelligible: 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork: there is neither speech nor language, but their voice is heard among them.' The creation, therefore, was qualified to preach, and man (the natural man) had a certain corresponding capacity to receive what was taught. 'The Gentiles which have not the law do by nature the things written in the law.' The Gentiles, therefore, were not wholly lawless: 'nature' was in some sense a guide to them in morals. God, even in the times of the Gentiles, 'left not Himself without witness in that He did good.' Man, therefore, must have been in some measure fitted to approve the good, to apply it to its Author, or where was the witness? 'If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners (*i. e.* heathens) love those that love them' —a very low degree of benevolence this assuredly, but something nevertheless. 'If a man provide not for his own, he is worse than an infidel.' Infidels, therefore, were capable of this act which is enjoined on Christians as commendable. 'Yea, and why even *of yourselves* judge ye not what is *right?*' asks our Lord. In themselves, therefore, was lodged some capacity of doing this, or why the question? And the instinctive aversion which is felt to accept, in the literal meaning, such a text as 'he who *hateth* not father and mother cannot be my disciple,' does not surely arise from its being directly in contradiction to other texts (for if there were no others to qualify it, there would still be no doubt about the matter), but simply from that sense of right and wrong in a man's heart, which tells him at once that the Almighty cannot intend what the words in their strict acceptation imply.

Possibly some ambiguity may have arisen in the notions entertained by religious persons of the *nature* of man, from the different senses in which that term is used in Scripture; for when the apostle says that the Gentiles 'were by *nature* the

children of wrath,' it is plain that he could not employ the word in the same sense as when he says that the 'Gentiles do by *nature* the things contained in the law.' In the one case, man is spoken of as the creature of his natural appetites; in the other, as the disciple of his natural conscience. And perhaps this distinction would be found the key to other seeming discrepancies in the language of holy writ. Suffice it however to say, that St. Paul leaves the question of the *degree* of human corruption undetermined; and that we, therefore, may safely do the same. That it is very great, no man who knows his own heart can doubt. But it is the practice of that apostle, when he would humble his disciples, to make his appeal rather to their sense of the evil they have done, than to their sense of the evil they have inherited—the former they feel to be their *fault*, the latter their *misfortune*. It never can be well to exalt one part of a system, at the expense of another; to magnify the mercies of redemption, in themselves too great and glorious to need exaggeration, by sinking the subject of that redemption below the brutes, and holding up to him as a reflection of himself a monster from which he instinctively recoils as a hideous caricature. 'Let God have His own,' says Bishop Hall (whose authority is often abused on this point), '*in the worst creature*; yea, let the worst creature have that praise which God would put upon it.'[a] The covenant of mercy Bishop Butler founds in this, even in the incarnation, sacrifice, and intercession of Christ, together with promised assistance of the Holy Ghost, not to supersede our own endeavours, but to render them effectual.[b] But having thus assigned to the two latter persons of the blessed Trinity their respective shares in the salvation of man, he is unwilling to rob the Father Himself of the honour due in turn to Him also; and accordingly he cautions us 'not to charge God foolishly, by ascribing that to Him or the nature He has given us, which is owing wholly to our own abuse of it:' adding, 'Men may speak of the degeneracy and corruption

[a] Contempl. B. ix. 5.

[b] V. ii. p. 444. Oxf.

of the world, according to the experience they have had of it, but *human nature*, considered as the divine workmanship, should, methinks, be treated as sacred, for in the image of God made He man.'[a] And this image, he might have continued, must in some degree have survived the fall, for the murder of a man, of a *fallen* man, is forbidden, expressly on the ground of its being an outrage against that image—Gen. ix. 6.

This is the creed of Bishop Butler; and before we condemn it, we shall do well to bear in mind that the Socinians of the present day are in many cases the lineal descendants of the Puritans of the days of Cromwell; that not 'high imaginations' only, but 'voluntary humility' also, may put true religion in jeopardy; its history in this country, from the Reformation downwards, bearing ample testimony to both positions; and that whilst it has alternately suffered under a dead calm or an euroclydon, according as extravagant notions of human perfection or human depravity have prevailed for the season, the Church of England, holding that middle way which, in most cases, is the safest, content to leave some ground still debatable, and laying herself out, in her Articles and Liturgy,[b] over a broad and comprehensive basis, as it becomes a National Church to do, has exercised the most wholesome influence over the rationalist and fanatic in their turns, bringing both back to a better mind, by 'making her own moderation known unto all men.'

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[a] V. ii. p. 134. Oxf.

[b] We refer our readers, on this subject, to Archbishop Lawrence's Bampton Lectures, particularly Ser. iii. and Notes 10, 18; and to Bishop Sumner, 'Apostolic Preaching Considered,' p. 108 *et seq.*

VII.—TOWNSON'S DISCOURSES.[a]

FEBRUARY, 1831.

THE merits of Dr. Townson are not so well known as they deserve to be, and we think the admirable and venerable Bishop of Limerick (who is the editor of this volume) has done a good work in bringing them again before the public through these posthumous sermons, even were the merits of the sermons themselves, of which we shall presently speak at large, more equivocal. At the period when Dr. Townson appeared as an author, the theological arena was pretty fully occupied: Warburton had not passed off the stage, neither the host of assailants which the 'Divine Legation' provoked, of whom Lowth was worthy to contend with that Dares of his day—Horsley, the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam, was wielding it against Priestley, proving, as Bishop Bull had done before him, the want of scholarship on the side of the Unitarians for the conducting of such a controversy, and the unfairness with which they laid claim to the votes of the early fathers of the Church—Paley was in the ascendant, as a writer of evidences destined to eclipse every other—Powell, Balguy, and Ogden were champions of another school of theology; natural religion, in their hands, being made still further tributary to revealed—whilst Wesley and Whitfield were troubling Israel by motions altogether eccentric and beyond calculation; provoking collision, and taking their pastime in the strife. Such were the days upon which Dr. Townson fell,

[a] *Practical Discourses: A Selection from the Unpublished Manuscripts of the late Ven. Thomas Townson, D.D.* London, 1829.

who enlisted himself under the banner of none of these leaders; whose even tenor appears to have been affected by no fightings from without, and whose works, as they were puffed into no ephemeral distinction, so are they likely to suffer no injury by the lapse of years. Yet the most considerable of these was not without its reward even at the time: 'The Discourses on the Gospels,' Bishop Lowth, the friend and fellow-student of Dr. Townson, pronounced to be 'a capital performance, which set every part of the subject it treated of in a more clear and convincing light than it ever appeared in before;' and the University of Oxford bore a public testimony to its worth, alike honourable to themselves and to the subject of their commendation, by conferring on the author a degree of D.D. by diploma. The value of the compliment was probably enhanced to Dr. Townson by the channel through which it was accidentally conveyed—it was by Dr. Horne, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, a man of kindred spirit to his own; who, reading the Scriptures with a lively but not an extravagant imagination, imparted his contemplations to others in a style of singular grace and beauty, and won golden opinions to himself personally by the spectacle which his writings present of a mind perfectly at peace—*Quid purè tranquillet*, the question of the schools, might be answered by a reference to the author of the 'Commentary on the Psalms,' if to anything:—

'And now,' says he, on sending his book into the world,—'and now, could the author flatter himself that any one would take half the pleasure in reading the following exposition which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly—vanity and vexation flew away for a season—care and disquietude came not near his dwelling—he arose fresh as the morning to his task; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it. Every psalm improved infinitely on his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last, for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent on these meditations of the Songs of Sion he never expects to see in this world; very

pleasantly did they pass, and moved smoothly and swiftly along; for when thus engaged he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a relish and fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.'

Such was the Bishop of Norwich, and such, it may be also said, was Townson, whose beautiful sermon on the Nineteenth Psalm, though written in his youth, and (what was more) at Naples, might have been the very manna that dropped from the tongue of Horne.

The sketch of his modest and unobtrusive life prefixed to his works by Archdeacon Churton, who discharged this dut (always a difficult one) to the memory of his departed friend with admirable simplicity and good taste, has been abridged by the Bishop of Limerick, and may serve to rescue one individual, at all events, from the contempt with which certain of our own time affect to regard the capacity and acquirements of country parsons, presenting to them one portrait at least of a man of this class who was both learned and wise, but not less modest than either; and who, when a most honourable and lucrative post in his church was offered him by the Crown, offered him exclusively on the score of his own merits, and for no services political or polemical, had the magnanimity to decline it.

It is not our intention to go through the details of an eventful life, concluded near forty years ago. Yet an incident or two in it may not be wholly without interest. Dr. Townson was educated at a school which, though in itself obscure (Felsted, in Essex), numbered amongst its sons Wallis and Barrow; and, it may be mentioned, as one of the things which contributed to the future purity of Townson's character, that his father expunged from the copies of his school classics which were put into his hands such passages as could only contaminate, at the same time enjoining him solemnly not to frustrate a father's care by indulging, on his own part, a curiosity that was culpable; a precaution this, which he ever remembered with gratitude, and recommended to the adoption of his friends. Having obtained a Fellowship at Magdalen

College, Oxford, he travelled: Mr. Holdsworth, one of his companions, composed on this occasion (we are told) a journal of what he saw, with some care: he afterwards made the same tour again, when he abridged it; he went a third time, and then he burnt it—a word to the wise. On quitting college, where he lingered a few years after his return, he retired to the livings of Blithfield, in Staffordshire, and Malpas, in Cheshire, the former presented to him through Lord Bagot, his pupil, the latter by Mr. Drake, his fellow-traveller. At Malpas, he had for his co-rector (the parish consisting of two medieties) the father of Bishop Heber; and the future bishop, then a child, was a frequent visitor of his library, under the inspection, however, of the good doctor—the boy (as it proved afterwards in the man) being somewhat ungentle in his treatment of books, and apt, when he had squeezed his orange, to neglect it. Happy would this truly Christian Gamaliel have been, if he could have foreseen how fair a character he was then, in some little degree, contributing to form! how beautiful were the feet of that boy one day to be, bringing good tidings, and publishing peace to the East! But thus it is—let us ever act so as to promote the welfare of those amongst whom we may chance to be thrown; and we may sometimes have the satisfaction to find, that we 'have entertained angels unawares.' In his church, which was one of singular beauty (we speak of Malpas), he was scrupulous that all things should be done decently and in order, and a handsome pair of silver chalices were one day found in it, of which it afterwards was discovered that he was the donor, inscribed with the text, 'All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee.' (1 Chron. xxix. 14.)

'His manner of preaching was such, that you would pledge your soul' (says his biographer) 'on his sincerity. You were sure he longed for nothing so fervently as your salvation; your heart glowed within you, and you went home resolved to love God above all, and your neighbour as yourself.'

In distributing Bibles and other books of piety, he would

often add to their value, in the eyes of those to whom he gave them, by an autograph to some such effect as the following:—

'A present to ——, from one of those who promised for him, at his baptism, that he should renounce the devil and the sinful lusts of the flesh; that he should believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and that he should walk in the commandments of God all the days of his life. God grant that these promises may be faithfully and religiously kept, for the comfort of him who made them, and the happiness of him for whom they were made.'

Amongst his various literary labours, Dr. Townson had composed with great diligence an exposition of the Apocalypse; he had some misgivings respecting the soundness of his foundations; he made it his special prayer, that if his system was wrong, his work might by some means or other be prevented from seeing the light; obstacle after obstacle held his hand whenever he was about to revise it for the press, and at a later period he said, in allusion to this work, 'I once thought I had it all very clearly before me, but I now suspect we know very little of the matter.' The French revolution, it seems, had fractured his theory. It was after a second tour upon the Continent, made six-and-twenty years later than the first, and with the son of his former companion, that he settled down to the works on which his character as a theologian is founded, and which recommended him for the Regius Professorship to Lord North. But his leaf was now in the sere — ambition had spared him its noble infirmity; the rural duties of the pastor were those in which he delighted, and he declined the chair. His years were now numbered, symptoms of dropsy having begun to show themselves; nevertheless, on New Year's day, 1792, he was able to preach to his people on Prov. xxvii. 1: 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth'—a text with which he opened his ministry in that congregation, and with which, as it happened, he now closed it, for this was the last sermon he ever delivered. In his illness, which was of some continuance, he read Herbert's 'Country Parson,' and Izaak Walton's 'Lives;' and, as a proof of the calmness with which he contemplated his

approaching dissolution, he desired his friend and curate, Mr. Bridge, in the following distich, to pray that his passage might not be long nor painful:—

> 'Funde preces Domino, ne transitus huncce per angiportum sit longus, neu mihi difficilis.'

He had his prayer,—his death, like his life, proved a happy one; his eye had indeed long become dim, but, in other respects, the natural force either of his senses or faculties had not abated, and, 'without a struggle or a sigh, his heart fixed on heaven, and his look directed thither,' he breathed his last on the 15th of April, 1792. The clergy of his neighbourhood carried him to his burial; the people thronged about his grave weeping; and to this day the memory of Dr. Townson is fresh and unfading in the parish of Malpas. Such honour is due unto those who are saints indeed.

Before we introduce our readers to the sermons of which the title stands at the head of our article, we are anxious to recall their attention to the principal work of our author, 'The Discourses on the Gospels,' because the subject of which it treats is one that has excited of late much learned investigation in the critical world, in the course of which the name of Dr. Townson has been almost overlooked; and because we think that it may furnish a popular answer to a popular objection against the authority of the Gospels which has been recently revived, grounded not on the differences, but on the *resemblances* to be found in them, 'both in their language and in the order and collocation of their narratives.'[a]

'The Discourses on the Gospels' may be regarded as at once offering a body of internal evidence for the truth of the Gospels, and a probable explanation of the agreements and differences which they severally present. Now, a principle which at one and the same time yields testimony to the authenticity of Scripture, and a solution of the difficulties

[a] Edinburgh Review, No. cii. p. 529.—We cannot advert to this rash passage without expressing our sense of the greatly-improved general tone of that journal, on religious topics, for some time past.

which encumber it, has a double claim upon our confidence: just as we may be supposed to have a right key when it both fastens and opens the lock. Dr. Townson's theory is this—that

'The progress in planting the Christian faith was from a Church purely of the circumcision, Samaritans included, to a mixed community, and from thence to distinct churches of the Gentiles. And there is a strong presumption (he thinks) that the Gospels were published successively, as they were wanted by the churches to whose use they were immediately adapted: that St. Matthew wrote for the first; St. Mark for the second; and St. Luke for the third settlement of the faith; and that this view of things presents us with the order in which the Gospels have all along been disposed.'

Here, then, Dr. Townson takes up his position: the four Evangelists have been almost invariably placed, from the earliest times, in the order in which they now stand; the presumption, therefore, is, that such was the order in which they were originally published. Again, the progress of Christianity was this (the history of it, as given in the Acts of the Apostles, were there no other, testifies as much): it began with the *Jews*, who were the first Christian congregation; it proceeded to a mixed society, consisting both of *Jews* and *Gentiles*, who were the next; and it ended with a body composed of *Gentiles* chiefly or altogether. Let us, then, observe whether the historical order of the Gospels does not tally with the historical progress of the cause which the Gospels advocate, deducing our argument from internal evidence only. Now, St. Matthew, as compared with St. Mark, writes as though he was living in Judea—amongst people who knew all the Jewish customs just as well as himself; who had the Temple before their eyes, and the offerings made in it; to whom the phraseology, the geography, the local peculiarities of the holy land, were perfectly familiar: above all, who partook of the Jewish expectations of a Messiah, and understood the numerous prophecies which were thought to relate to Him; for to these St. Matthew points far more frequently than the other Evangelists, and indeed makes it a very primary object to develope the

prophetical Christ in Jesus of Nazareth. St. Mark makes much more limited demands upon his readers for knowledge of this kind; he explains where St. Matthew is silent; and accommodates (as it would seem) the narrative of the latter, in very many instances, to a different audience.

Examples are everything: thus, in St. Matthew iii. 6, we read, 'And were baptized of him in Jordan;' whereas, St. Mark, i. 5, has it, 'And were baptized of him in *the river* of Jordan.' The general identity of phrase here, and in the context of the two passages, argues the one Evangelist to have consulted the other, whilst the insertion of the word *river* by the one, argues that his congregation had members in it to whom the geography of Judea was less perfectly known than to those of his colleague. In St. Matthew, ix. 14, we find, 'Then came the disciples of John, saying, Why do we and the pharisees fast oft, but Thy disciples fast not?' The thing was notorious; but St. Mark, ii. 18, speaks to the uninitiated: he, therefore, supplies a preface, '*And the disciples of John and of the pharisees used to fast,*—and they came and say unto Him, Why do the disciples of John, and of the pharisees, fast, but Thy disciples fast not?' The introduction added, the rest is the same. In the fifteenth chapter of Matthew, as compared with the seventh of Mark, there is a very remarkable instance to the same effect —'Then came to Jesus scribes and pharisees which were of Jerusalem, saying, Why do Thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders, for they wash not their hands when they eat bread?' Now, look at the commentary with which St. Mark, who adopts the narrative in the main, interpolates it,— 'Then came together unto Him the pharisees and certain of the scribes which came from Jerusalem. And when they saw some of His disciples eat bread with defiled (*that is to say, with unwashen*) hands, they found fault. *For the pharisees, and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, eat not, holding the tradition of the elders. And when they come from the market, except they wash, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the washing of cups, and pots, brazen vessels, and of tables.*

'Then the pharisees and scribes asked Him, Why walk not Thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders?' Here we see St. Matthew's text transferred, with little alteration, into St. Mark's, and a note of explanation let into it. In St. Matthew, xxi. 19, we are told, 'Jesus saw a fig-tree in the way, and He came to it, and found nothing thereon but leaves only.' St. Mark, xi. 13, adds, for the purpose of completing an expression which he thought elliptical and obscure, more especially to persons who might not know that at the passover (which was the date of this transaction) the figs in Judea were not ripe for gathering, '*for the time of figs was not yet.*' St. Matthew, xviii. 8, 9, uses the word Gehenna, a word purely Jewish. St. Mark, ix. 43, 48, uses the same in the corresponding passage of his Gospel, but he annexes a paraphrastical explanation of it. St. Matthew, xv. 22, speaks of a '*Canaanitish* woman.' St. Mark, vii. 26, calls the same person a *Syrophœnician*—the former a term perfectly intelligible to the readers of the ancient Scriptures, though a term now nearly obsolete, for it occurs in only two other places in the New Testament (Acts vii. 11, and xiii. 19); and, accordingly, one who wrote at a distance from Canaan, and addressed himself to persons who might or might not be acquainted with the language of the Old Testament, substitutes for it the more popular word Syrophœnician. Nay, sometimes even a slight grammatical emendation may be thought to betray the order in which the two Evangelists wrote, and the ηγερθη απο των νεκρων of St. Matthew, xiv. 2, is written by St. Mark εκ νεκρων ηγερθη, vi. 14; the preposition in the latter case being less ambiguous in its meaning. And again, St. Matthew's sentence, 'but are as the angels of God in heaven,' xxii. 30, is expressed with a similar regard to precision by St. Mark, xii. 25, 'but are as the angels *which are* in heaven.'

By these, and other instances of the same kind, we seem justified in the conclusion that St. Mark wrote after St. Matthew, seeing that he often completes, explains, and developes the narrative of St. Matthew; but, if after him, then is it probable that the congregation which required this new

Gospel would not be made up of Jews only, for the Christian faith soon extended to Gentiles too; and, accordingly, with the internal evidence of its being posterior in time to the Gospel of St. Matthew, comes also the internal evidence that it was addressed to Gentiles as well as Jews. The parallel which has been already run between certain passages in St. Matthew and St. Mark, whilst it establishes one of these points, establishes the other also; for the changes to which texts in St. Matthew are subjected, when they re-appear in St. Mark, are of a kind to show no less that he made them in accommodation to the Gentiles than that he wrote after St. Matthew. But if more proof of the *mixed* character of the converts, for whom St. Mark wrote, were demanded, more might be supplied. For instance, that a portion of those whom he addressed were *Jews*, may be argued from his recording at so much length the reproofs which our Lord directed against the characteristic vices of the pharisees,—vii. 3–13; the nature of the marriage union, and the manner in which the Mosaical law of divorce had been abused,—x. 2, 12; the decision of the question touching the comparative importance of the commandments, which was the greatest, the doubt being altogether judaical—some Jews holding sacrifice, others circumcision, a third party the observance of the Sabbath, to be the greatest—xii. 28-34; the caution against false Christs, a caution of which the Jews stood chiefly in need, they being in expectation of a temporal Messiah, and of which events proved that they stood in need,—xiii. 6, 21-23—not so, perhaps, the Gentiles.

On the other hand, that amongst those for whom St. Mark wrote there were *heathens*, nay more, heathens who did not live in Judea, and to whom the Jewish customs and language were imperfectly known (heathens of *Rome*, as it should seem, and as ecclesiastical authority asserts), is no less plain from other passages,—'*Go not into the way of the Gentiles*, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' is a part of the charge which our Lord gives to his disciples, as reported by St. Matthew, x. 5, 6. St. Mark, vi. 7, 11, who relates many of

the particulars of this address, omits this one; and so does St. Luke, ix. 3, 5; both probably for the same reason, a desire not to give needless offence to the Gentiles, by recording a clause in the instructions affecting them which had been since withdrawn. Interpretations annexed by St. Mark to words of common occurrence amongst Jews, are evidently intended for strangers,—'Boanerges, *which is*, The sons of thunder,'—iii. 17; 'Corban, *that is to say*, a gift,'—vii. 11; 'Ephphatha, *that is*, Be opened,'—vii. 34; 'Two lepta (mites), *which make* a quadrans (farthing),'—xii. 42: here it is further remarkable that a Greek coin is explained by a *Latin* equivalent; 'The soldiers led him away into the hall, *that is* (ὁ ἐστι), the prætorium,'—xv. 16—where again the Greek word is turned by the Latin; 'The centurion' (ὁ κεντυρίων),—xv. 39—again a Latin word; in the parallel passage of St Matthew, xxvii. 54, and of St. Luke, xxiii. 47, the same officer is expressed by a Greek term (ἑκατοντάρχος); 'The preparation, *that is*, the day before the Sabbath,' xv. 42; though the preparation was a common name amongst the Jews for Friday. Moreover, St. Mark speaks of Simon as the father of Alexander and *Rufus*, xv. 21, as though this hint was sufficient to designate the individual to those for whom he wrote. Now, Rufus was a distinguished *Roman* convert, of whom St. Paul speaks (Rom. xvi. 13); and if this be the same Rufus, the circumstance still points to Romans as members of St. Mark's congregation.

Thus there is reason to think from internal evidence that St. Mark wrote at a period *later* than St. Matthew, and from the same evidence there is again reason to think that he wrote for a *mixed* assembly, consisting both of Jews and Gentiles. Now, these two inductions are remarkably consistent, the later date of the Gospel agreeing with the greater diffusion of Christianity; either conclusion corroborates the other, and both minister to the credibility of the Scriptures.

A similar comparison of St. Mark with St. Luke affords similar ground for arguing the priority in point of time of the former Evangelist. Thus St. Mark tells us that, 'as Jesus sat

at meat in *his* house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus, and His disciples,'—ii. 15. As this occurs immediately after the call of Levi, it is reasonable to suppose that the house of Levi was here meant; the passage, however, is not so worded as to determine this with certainty; accordingly St. Luke comes after St. Mark, and puts the matter out of all doubt, 'and Levi made Him a great feast in *his own* house,' v. 29. Sometimes, when the sentence is on the whole all but identical in these two writers, there is an improved collocation of some member in it, which indicates St. Luke's hand to have been the later of the two. Thus, St. Mark, ii. 25, 26, 'And He said unto them, Have ye never read what David did when he had need, and was an hungered, he and they that were with him? How he went into the house of God, in the days of Abiathar the high-priest, and did eat the shew-bread (which is not lawful to eat but for the priest), and gave also to them that were with him.' St. Luke, vi. 3, 4, inverts the last two clauses, and avoids the parenthesis, reading, 'how he went into the house of God, and did take and eat, and gave also to them that were with him, the shew-bread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests alone.' In the two accounts of the miracle performed on the daughter of Jairus, that of St. Luke, though agreeing in great part to the letter with that of St. Mark, is still the more complete: 'As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, He saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe. *And He suffered no man to follow Him save Peter, James, and John the brother of James.* And He cometh to the house of the ruler of the synagogue.' So speaks St. Mark, v. 36–38. But the multitude had 'thronged' Jesus just before: did He disengage Himself from them in the high road, and gather to Him His three attendants without an effort? 'But when Jesus heard it, He answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole. *And when He came into the house He suffered no man to go in*, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden.' So speaks St. Luke, viii. 50, 51, who clears the case up by informing us that

the throng was escaped at the house-door, which was closed against the ingress of all but those whom Jesus selected. In the scene of the widow at the treasury, St. Mark writes, 'For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living,'—xii. 44. St. Luke, nearly in the same words, but with one small supplement, 'For all these have of their abundance cast in unto the *offerings of God*, but she of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had,'—xxi. 4; the addition is not an idle one, especially when Gentiles were to be readers; and as St. Mark had such amongst those for whom he wrote, such an addition would not have been ill bestowed even by him. Whilst, therefore, the general similarity of the two passages indicates that the one Evangelist must have seen the other, the addition of a word of explanation by St. Luke, which would have been equally in its place in the text of either party, argues St. Luke to have been the later writer of the two. St. Luke might have added the clause, but St. Mark would scarcely have expunged it. The details of the mockery of our Lord, immediately before His crucifixion, present another argument for the priority of St. Mark's Gospel. St. Matthew had represented the scoffers as saying, 'Prophesy unto us, Thou Christ, Who is he that smote Thee,'—xxvi. 68; but he makes no mention of the blindfolding. St. Mark says, that 'they covered His face and bade Him prophesy,'—xiv. 65; but he fails to tell what was to be the subject of His prophecy. Accordingly St. Luke profits by the examples of both, and with St. Mark tells of the blindfolding, and with St. Matthew of the prophecy and its objects: 'And the men that held Jesus mocked Him and smote Him. And when they had blindfolded Him, they struck Him on the face, and asked Him, saying, *Prophesy*, who is he that *smote* Thee,'—xxii. 63, 64. The other arguments we shall mention for the priority of St. Mark's Gospel, are such as turn upon points of grammar and construction. The force of these (which is considerable) can only be perceived in the original, and we are sorry for it, it being our object to treat this question in a manner rather popular than scholastic.

Mark xii. 38—40.	Luke xx. 46, 47.
Βλεπετε απο των	Προσεχετε απο των
γραμματεων, των θελοντων	γραμματεων, των θελοντων
εν στολαις περιπατειν,	περιπατειν εν στολαις,
και ασπασμους	και φιλουντων ασπασμους
εν ταις αγοραις,	εν ταις αγοραις,
και πρωτοκαθεδριας εν	και πρωτοκαθεδριας εν
ταις συναγωγαις, και	ταις συναγωγαις, και
πρωτοκλισιας εν τοις δειπνοις·	πρωτοκλισιας εν τοις δειπνοις·
οι κατεσθιοντες τας οικιας	οι κατεσθιουσι τας οικιας
των χηρων, και προφασει μακρα	των χηρων, και προφασει μακρα
προσευχομενοι, ουτοι ληψονται	προσευχονται, ουτοι ληψονται
περισσοτερον κριμα.	περισσοτερον κριμα.

Here it is seen, that the latter end of St. Mark's sentence, grammatically speaking, forgets the beginning; *των θελοντων*, in the first clause, requiring to be followed up by *των κατεσθιοντων* and *προσευχομενων* in the last clauses. Accordingly St. Luke, who deviates but very little from St. Mark throughout the whole passage, does deviate from him in this, and corrects the syntax in a manner the most natural and easy, writing *οι κατεσθιουσι* and *προσευχονται*—

Mark viii. 36.	Luke ix. 25.
και ζημιωθη την ψυχην αυτου.	εαυτον δε απολεσας, η ζημιωθεις.
xii. 20.	xx. 29.
ουκ αφηκε σπερμα.	απεθανεν ατεκνος.

In these, and in other instances which might be mentioned, St. Luke shows himself anxious to avoid the Hebraisms of his predecessor. Moreover, in the arrangement of his facts it is found, that St. Luke agrees with St. Mark in a manner which could not be accidental, and which differs from St. Matthew.

But as years rolled on after the ascension of our Lord, the church waxed more and more Gentile in its members; and agreeably to this, whilst, as before, by internal evidence we determine St. Luke to have written after St. Mark, by internal evidence we determine him to have written chiefly, if not altogether, for a Gentile community. Thus, whilst St. Matthew traces up the genealogy of our Lord to David, St. Luke goes

on to Adam, the one being the Evangelist of the Jews, the other of all mankind. St. Luke marks the date of the Saviour's birth and of John's preaching by the reigns of Roman emperors; he speaks with peculiar accuracy and frequency of the ejection of unclean spirits, the gods of the heathens: he purposely waives an appeal to the Jewish law, where another Evangelist has introduced it, (compare Luke vi. 31, and Matt. vii. 12; Luke xi. 42, and Matt. xxiii. 23;) he sinks in his narrative circumstances which would have no interest for the Gentiles. St. Matthew, for instance, tells us, that Jesus predicted the fall of Jerusalem, 'as He sat upon the Mount of Olives,' xxiv. 3, 4; St. Mark, 'as He sat over against the Temple,' xiii. 3, 4; whereas, St. Luke gives the prophecy, and with that contents himself, xxi. 6, 7. He adapts his phraseology to Gentile conceptions, and whilst St. Matthew much more frequently talks of what Moses *said*, or of 'that which was *spoken* unto you by God'—forms perfectly understood by the Jews, as implying quotations from the Old Testament—St. Luke, though not renouncing the former expression, favours rather what is *written* in the law, what is '*written* in the book,' a distinction which we may observe well exemplified on one occasion in the language of St. Paul; for to Felix the *Roman* governor he speaks of himself as 'believing all things which are *written* in the law and the prophets,' Acts xxiv. 14; to King Agrippa, 'a man expert in all customs and questions which were among the *Jews*,' as 'saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses *did say* should come,' Acts xxvi. 22. He explains what to Jews, or to those who held much intercourse with Jews, would need no explanation, 'the feast of unleavened bread, *which is called the passover*,' xxii. 1; 'a Mount, *which is called* the Mount of Olives,' xxi. 37; 'Capernaum, *a city of the Jews*,' iv. 31; 'Nazareth, a *city of Galilee*,' i. 26; 'Arimathea, *a city of the Jews*,' xxiii. 51; 'the country of the Gadarenes, *which is over against Galilee*,' viii. 26; 'Emmaus, *which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs*' (σταδιους εξηκοντα), xxiv. 13. He gives *Greek* the precedence, 'in letters of Greek, and

Latin, and Hebrew;' whereas St. John (who is the only one of the Evangelists besides that here enumerates the languages) says, 'in *Hebrew*, and Greek, and Latin.'

Of St. John's Gospel it may not be thought necessary to speak so much at large. It has very little in common with the other Evangelists, but is composed with a very manifest reference to them. He takes for granted that incidents which they have related are known, and makes no mention of the circumstances of Christ's birth, baptism, temptation, or transfiguration; none of the call of the apostles, or of their names; none of the institution of the Lord's Supper: many of the most important particulars of the trial and crucifixion he omits, whilst, on the other hand, many of a secondary importance he details in a manner to show that he was thoroughly familiar with all: the miracles he does not dwell upon; of five only he speaks at length, feeling that the world was already in possession of authentic accounts of them. In some instances, the allusion to his predecessors is marked; he tells us, that as Jesus returned home from Jerusalem through Judea, he tarried to baptize, and that John also was sojourning at Œnon near to Salim for the same purpose, 'for John,' it is added, 'was not as yet cast into prison,' iii. 24: but who had said a word respecting any imprisonment of John? not the Evangelist who records this; he well knew, however, that others had spoken of it, and, therefore, he introduces this remark to obviate any possible objection that his narrative was inconsistent with theirs. Again, in speaking of Martha and Mary, xi.], he breaks off, and, in a parenthesis, observes, 'It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped His feet with her hair;' yet he had not communicated a syllable about this transaction in any previous passage, though others, he was aware, had. St. John, therefore, clearly considers himself as furnishing a supplement to the well-known labours of those who had already occupied the same field—a supplement which the heresies of the times (for already had the mystery of iniquity begun to work) rendered necessary. Now the appearance of such divisions in the church indicates Christianity to

have been then of a certain standing, and coincides very singularly with several incidental expressions in this Gospel which argue its late date. Thus St. John, in speaking of the Passover, calls it 'the Passover *of the Jews*,' to distinguish it, no doubt, from the Christian Passover, which it should seem was then of consideration enough to require some distinction in the terms, ii. 13. So, the lake which St. Matthew and St. Mark call the 'Sea of Galilee,' St. John calls the 'Sea of Tiberias,' vi. 1, xxi. 1, the new name, derived from the town which Herod the Tetrarch had built in honour of Tiberius, having by this time superseded the use of the old one. 'This spake he, signifying by what death he (Peter) should glorify God,' xxi. 19, is another passage to our present purpose; for it carries along with it evidence that it was written after the martyrdom of St. Peter, and he was an old man when he suffered, 1 Pet. v. 1. Moreover, the comment which St. John makes upon an expression of Christ relating to his own end, leads to the same conclusion. 'Yet Jesus said not unto him, he shall not die; but if I will that he tarry *till I come*, what is that to thee?' xxi. 22. Here, whilst he denies that Jesus said he should not die, he admits that He said he should live till He came; and this distinction he takes as though it would be felt to vindicate the good faith of his Master, and correct the mistake of the brethren. And how? It does it by the figure aposiopesis. St. John is conscious that the 'coming of Christ' was then acknowledged to be the destruction of Jerusalem, which had already fallen out when he wrote, and which therefore, according to the prophecy, he had lived to see.

Thus do we find in this Gospel, as in the others, internal evidence of its truth, arising out of a coincidence between its date, which is discovered to be late, and the condition of the church at the time, which is discovered to be heretical. We are well aware that this scheme has its difficulties (indeed, no solution of the phenomena presented by a comparison of the diction and matter of the four Gospels, which has yet been attempted, is without difficulties); they are in general, however, such as appear to us rather of a negative than of a

positive character, resting not so much upon our knowledge as upon our want of it;—that if, for instance, successive Evangelists had made use of their predecessors' writings, we might expect to discover the principle by which they regulated themselves in the use; nevertheless that this we cannot always do; that sometimes it seems to be on the principle of an epitome, sometimes of a supplement, sometimes again of neither one nor other, but to be a matter, humanly speaking, of mere arbitrary choice. Still we do not throw up a theory which has so much to plead for it in despair, because we cannot, even with its help, unravel the thousand motives, little and great, which determined men who wrote near eighteen hundred years ago, to this line or that, in every instance. Neither shall we stay to discuss how the original language in which St. Matthew composed (Aramaic or Greek) bears upon this question, nor how the preface of St. Luke; either of them matters which do bear upon it no doubt, though not in a manner, as far as we can perceive, hostile or at least fatal to Dr. Townson's theory. But one objection which has been advanced against this scheme, and all others of its kind, is too specious to be passed over in silence.

It is said that we have proved too much; that in thus accounting for the resemblances among the several Evangelists we injure them as independent witnesses. This, however, we deny; and we are the more solicitous to make the grounds of our denial good, because here, undoubtedly, is the weak part of Dr. Townson's Essay. That they successively wrote their Gospels, each his own, without any knowledge of the previous history of the other, and yet fell into whole pages of almost verbal agreement, is an untenable opinion; nothing less than a continued miracle, such as that conveyed in the exploded tale of the writers of the Septuagint, being enough to explain such a phenomenon; unless indeed we have recourse to an original document from which they all drew, a supposition which makes more knots than it unties. But the same scrutiny into the Evangelists, which determines that they did not shut their eyes to one another's labours, determines, too, that each

wrote from a knowledge of his own, notwithstanding. The variations of the several Gospels; the matter introduced into one or other above the rest; the explanations occasionally annexed; above all, the undesigned coincidences which may be detected on a comparison of them with one another, or with writers nearly contemporary,—sufficiently testify that though the witnesses have been admitted to converse together, and have availed themselves of their intercourse, they will still bear cross-examination and confronting, because each has a separate knowledge of the facts he attests, and is not the mere echo of his companion.

St. Matthew we may let pass; he was a principal in the events he relates, and his narrative gives ample proof of it. But what have we to say of St. Mark? Whether this Evangelist was indebted to St. Peter for his information, as history directly asserts, and as his Gospel incidentally confirms, or to any other source, certain it is that his writings betray, by many minute particulars, the eye-witness: 'the pillow in the hinder part of the ship,' on which Jesus was asleep, iv. 38; 'the *green* grass' on which the multitude sat down, vi. 39; the 'rising of blind Bartimeus, and the casting away of his garments,' when our Lord met him, x. 50; the 'ruler of the synagogue, Jairus by name,' instead of the indefinite 'certain ruler' of St. Matthew, v. 22; the exception of 'one loaf' which the disciples had with them, viii. 14, where St. Matthew states generally that they had forgot to take bread, xvi. 5; 'the colt tied by the door without, in a place where two roads met,' xi. 4; the peculiar crime for which Barabbas was in prison, where St. Matthew contents himself with describing him as 'a notable prisoner,' xv. 7; the quality of Joseph of Arimathea as an 'honourable counsellor,' whom St. Matthew designates merely as a 'rich man,' xv. 43-45; the occasional preservation of the precise words uttered by our Lord, such as Talitha kumi, Ephphatha, v. 41, and vii. 34;—in these, and in other instances of a similar kind, there is a liveliness of description that determines the writer or his informant to have been also the spectator.

In like manner St. Luke, who, whether from St. Paul or from personal observation, or both, 'had perfect knowledge of all things from the very first,' gives token enough that his acquaintance with the circumstances of our Saviour's history was intimate and independent: the minute particulars of the conduct of Martha and Mary at the village feast, x. 38, 42; the sudden exclamation of the woman in the company who had heard Jesus speak, xi. 27; the news incidentally brought to him of the murder of the Galileans, and the immediate reflection our Lord makes upon it, xiii. 1; the small stature of Zaccheus, and the expedient to which he had recourse in consequence, xix. 3; the number of swords among the attendants of Jesus, xxii. 38; the rebuke which one of the thieves cast in the other's teeth, xxiii. 40, 41; the broiled fish and honeycomb which were offered to Jesus after the resurrection, xxiv. 42;—these are all particulars of a class and character which bespeak the narrator's possession both of accurate and original information. The same may be predicated of St. John, and be still more easily proved. But this is not all.

The *independence* of the Evangelists as witnesses of the facts they attest, is further apparent from points of casual agreement, the very nature of which must satisfy the most suspicious critic that it does not and cannot come of collusion amongst the parties: the incidents on which the observation is founded are such as surprise us, by the artless manner in which they lock into one another, like the parts and counterparts of a cloven tally. St. Matthew, for instance, introduces us to a scene which represents 'James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, in a ship with Zebedee, their father, *mending their nets*,' iv. 21. Not a word is said of any accident having happened to the nets which furnished this employment to James and John. But let us turn to the fifth chapter of St. Luke, where the events of the same place, the same day, and the same people are related, and we learn that the Lord having made Simon let down the net, he and his companions did so, and 'they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and

their net brake.' Here, therefore, the Evangelists, each telling his own tale in his own way, without any studied reference to his colleague, complete one another's narrative and confirm one another's veracity. Or again—'When *the even was come,*' says St. Matthew, viii. 16, 'they brought unto Him many that were possessed of devils; and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick.' Now why did they bring the sick and the possessed to Jesus when *the even was come,* and not before? Let us suppose that St. Matthew's Gospel had chanced to be the only one that had descended to us; in that case the value of these few words, 'when the even was come,' would have been quite overlooked as affording an argument for the truth of the story; nor could it have been conjectured what thought was influencing St. Matthew's mind at the moment when he let them drop. But, on the other hand, let us suppose that we had been long in possession of the three other Gospels, and that this of St. Matthew had just been deciphered among the Ambrosian manuscripts, and that, on comparing this passage with the corresponding one in St. Mark, i. 21, 29, it was perceived that the latter actually assigns this influx of diseased and demoniacal persons to the transactions of 'a *Sabbath-day,* after Jesus was come out of the synagogue;' and that, on referring to another place, Luke xiv. 3, we found that it was reputed unlawful amongst the Jews to 'heal on the Sabbath-day,' and that the Sabbath was not over till 'the even was come.' After this would not a new light strike upon us, and a conviction that this Gospel, in saying 'when *the even was come* they brought unto Him all that were possessed with devils,' was telling the truth; and that truth was the more manifestly stamped upon it by the artless manner in which this fact was announced, and the entire absence of all explanation touching the day of the week, and the prejudice relating to it? We are not concerned about the perfect intelligibility of this passage in St. Matthew—its meaning is obvious, and it would be a waste of words to offer what we have done by way of commentary; all that we have been anxious for is this, to

point out the *undesigned* elucidation which one Evangelist receives from the other, and thence to infer the independence of the testimony of either. To take another case:—'At that time,' says St. Matthew, 'Herod the Tetrarch heard of the fame of Jesus, and said unto his *servants*, This is John the Baptist,' xiv. 1, 2. Now St. Luke, who speaks of this same incident, ix. 7, says nothing about the servants as being the persons to whom Herod communicated his suspicions; but, in another place, he, and he only of the Evangelists, tells us of at least one servant of this same Herod having a disciple of Christ for his wife—Joanna, the wife of Chuza, *Herod's steward*, being one of those who ministered unto Him, viii. 3, a circumstance which certainly corroborates St. Matthew's assertion, that Herod communicated with his *servants* touching the character of Jesus, some of them being better informed on the subject than himself. Here there is at once a correspondence between two witnesses which argues their knowledge of one another; yet withal such facts separately stated by either, as argue their knowledge of the matters they wrote about to be independent of one another.

Or, to put the question of the *independence* of their testimony to another proof:—St. John mentions many incidents with regard to the crucifixion, in common with the other Evangelists, and there is every reason to think (as we have already said), from the tenor of his whole Gospel, that he had seen the Gospels of his predecessors; but he, and he only, speaks of Pilate 'sitting down in the judgment-seat, in a place that was called the *Pavement*' (Λιθοστρωτον). Let us try this supplemental fact by another test, that of coincidence, not with any other Evangelist, but with something near contemporary history—with Josephus. Pilate comes out of his own hall to his judgment-seat on the *Pavement:* this is St. John's assertion. The hall and the pavement were therefore, according to him, near or contiguous. Now let us turn to the Jewish historian:—'The city was strengthened by the palace in which he (Herod) dwelt, and the Temple by the fortifications attached to the bastion called Antonia' (Antiq. xv. c. viii. § 5). Hence

we conclude that the Temple was near the castle of Antonia. 'On the western side of the court (of the Temple) were four gates, one looking to the *palace*' (Antiq. xv. c. xi. § 5). Hence we conclude that the Temple was near the *palace* of Herod; therefore it follows that the palace was near the castle of Antonia. But if Pilate's hall was a part of this palace, as it was (for there, Philo tells us, what indeed we might have guessed, was the residence of the Roman governor when he was at Jerusalem), then Pilate's hall was near the castle of Antonia. Here let us pause a moment and direct our attention to a passage in the Jewish War, vi. c. i. § 8, where Josephus records the prowess of a centurion in the Roman army, Julianus by name, in an assault upon Jerusalem.

'This man had posted himself near Titus, at the castle of Antonia, when, observing that the Romans were giving way, and defending themselves but indifferently, he rushed forward and drove back the victorious Jews to the corner of the inner Temple, single-handed,—for the whole multitude fled before him, scarce believing such strength and spirit to belong to a mortal,—but he, dashing through the crowd, smote them on every side, as many as he could lay hands upon. It was a sight which struck Cæsar with astonishment, and seemed terrific to all. But his fate overtook him, as how could it be otherwise, unless he had been more than man?—for having many sharp nails in his shoes, after the soldier's fashion, he slipped as he was running upon the *Pavement* (κατα λιθοστρωτου) and fell upon his back; the clatter of his arms causing the fugitives to turn about. And now a cry was set up by the Romans in the castle of *Antonia*, who were in alarm for the man.'

From this passage it seems that *a pavement* was near the castle of Antonia; but we have already seen that the castle of Antonia was near Pilate's hall, therefore this pavement was near Pilate's hall. This then is proved from Josephus, though very circuitously, which is not the worse, that very near Pilate's residence a pavement (λιθοστρωτος) there was; that it gave its name to that spot is not proved, yet nothing can be more probable than that it did; and consequently, nothing more probable than that St. John is speaking with truth and

accuracy when he makes Pilate bring Jesus forth and sit down in his judgment-seat in a place called the Pavement. Thus does the narrative of St. John, in this particular, stand the trial we proposed.

It would be most easy to multiply instances of this kind, the last of which is taken from Professor Hug's 'Introduction to the Writings of the New Testament,' a work which has supplied us with several other hints already embodied in this article; and which, though not free from very serious objection, must be allowed to contain a vast deal of curious and interesting matter. Enough, however, has been advanced to show the nature of Dr. Townson's argument, and the value of it; and that if we admit certain appearances in the Gospels to be inexplicable, perhaps, without some communication amongst their several authors, there are other appearances no less inexplicable without an independent knowledge of their subject on the part of each.

Now, whilst this theory accounts in a great degree both for the resemblances and differences of the Evangelists, it seems to leave the question of inspiration untouched. In the *prophetical* parts of Scripture, it is clear to demonstration, that the Spirit of God supplied to successive individuals an intimate knowledge of His will with respect to *future events*—yet those individuals availed themselves of the writings of their predecessors notwithstanding; and we see no greater reason for doubting the inspiration of the Evangelists because they did so, than for doubting the inspiration of Isaiah because he sometimes adopts the language of David; or that of Jeremiah, because he does the same by Isaiah. Nor in the principle of *accommodation* (where there is no compromise) do we find any stumbling-block in our way. The gift of tongues was doubtless a *spiritual* gift; but once imparted, it was as much subject to the discretion of the parties in the application of it, as if it had been learned by grammar and dictionary; and, accordingly, by some it was used, and by some (as we read) it was abused: it was used when the speaker *accommodated* his language to the audience he addressed; when he

spoke Greek to the Grecian, and Arabic to the Arabian;—and it was abused when he addressed the latter in the language of Greece, and the former in that of Arabia, not caring, through vainglory, though he should be a barbarian to them, and they barbarians to him. In like manner the Spirit influenced the *matter* which the Apostle delivered, as He influenced his *language;* but He did not in this case, any more than in the other, suspend the exercise of his own common sense, which would naturally dictate an *accommodation* (not a compromise) of that matter to the character and wants of those to whom he submitted it; nor in a Gospel, for instance, meant exclusively for Gentile converts, insist upon his dwelling emphatically upon Jewish privilege (however strong expressions to that effect might have been recorded with perfect truth, as having fallen from the lips of our Lord); nor in a Gospel meant for Jews, require him to omit the correctives specially administered to Jewish corruption. In all these instances, 'the spirits of the prophets,' as St. Paul expressly tells us, 'were subject to the prophets.'—1 Cor. xiv. 32.

Meanwhile this cannot fail to strike us, that in the case of the Apostles, both in their *hearts* and in their *understandings* (the two provinces for the operation of the Spirit of God), we observe them presenting a very singular contrast to themselves, when contemplated before the crucifixion, and shortly after it; —such a contrast as requires to be accounted for, and does coincide in a very remarkable manner with the supposition that an extraordinary illapse of the Holy Spirit had occurred to them in the interval, which enabled them to brave dangers from which they had before shrunk, and to understand scriptures to which their eyes had been before blinded. This same Spirit, therefore, it is reasonable to believe, did not desert them in the composition of those writings which they have left us, but guided them into all truth.

The precise mode, indeed, in which the Spirit influenced the holy men of old, we do not pretend to determine; in this, as in almost any other investigation, it is an extremely easy matter to puzzle ourselves, or for others to puzzle us, if we will go

far enough — if we will not 'know to know no more.' A special pleader may confound a perfectly veracious witness, but the jury sees the man all the while to be a true man, and, without troubling themselves to unite the hairs which the other has split, accepts the testimony and forgets the logic. The precise mode in which inspiration directed the Apostles may be unintelligible; so is the precise mode in which instinct directs the swallow. The poor bird, however, does not meanwhile set himself down on the house-top and argue himself into a distrust of the principle, whatever it is, till winter cuts off his speculations and his life together, but prunes his wing, and commits himself to its guidance, nothing doubting, and finds it land him at last, tempest-tost perhaps, on a soil where his foot can rest, and in a clime where he can bathe himself in the genial breeze.

We have tarried so long upon the threshold of the more immediate subject of our review, that we shall be constrained to speak of it somewhat briefly. We must premise, as an act of justice to the modesty of Dr. Townson, and not assuredly because any propitiation is wanted for the reader, that these sermons were not written or prepared by their author for publication; and that when Archdeacon Churton pressed him, a few days before his death, for permission to give them to the world, he did not consent. The prohibition was not peremptory; it sufficed, however, to suppress them for nearly forty years; and to the zeal and sound discretion of the Bishop of Limerick, who had long cherished a wish that Dr. Townson's posthumous papers might be brought to the light, and who, by an accidental acquaintance and subsequent intimacy with their custodee, Archdeacon Churton, had the opportunity of expressing and urging his desire in the proper quarter, we are now indebted for the possession of them. They will be found to place Dr. Townson, if not in the very foremost rank of sermon writers of his own generation, or of that which immediately preceded him, still in a very honourable position amongst them. It is no disparagement to him to say that he had not perhaps the acuteness or the depth of Sherlock—a

reasoner, indeed, of the very first order, too severe to be very often imaginative, but occasionally kindling into uncommon eloquence, and always wielding his own language with the hand of a master;—that in ecclesiastical learning he must yield to Waterland—few indeed having had the command of such magazines of controversial knowledge as were possessed by that champion of orthodoxy;—that he could not shake the capitol with the fulminations of a Warburton, nor leave his hearers in doubt whether the intrepidity with which he proposed a paradox, or the ingenuity with which he supported it, were the more extraordinary;—that he had not that force of genius which drove Horsley forth in search of 'hard sayings,' determined to find a way, if there was one; or to make one, if there was not;—that he had not the pith and point of a Paley, nor that practical knowledge of mankind, or of the laws of popular ratiocination which are so remarkable in all the sermons of that home-spun philosopher and divine. But, in truth, the powers of Dr. Townson are scarcely perceived in the meekness with which he wears them. His happy expositions of Scripture, both of the text and of the scheme, may be very readily overlooked through the unostentatious form in which they are presented to us. It often requires a considerable familiarity with topics of divinity to estimate him at his real worth, to give him the honour which is his due, to be properly aware of the dexterity with which he steers through an intricacy, or the aptness with which he applies an explanatory text, or the sagacity with which he illustrates a doctrine:

> 'All men may try and think to write as well,
> And not without much pains be undeceived.'

Then, his style contributes to this want of striking effect—especially in these days when style is so often meretricious; or, as Sir Hugh Evans would say, 'is affectations.' There is no ambition in it—no attempt to shine; it is such pure undefiled English as would have passed from the pen of Addison; terse it is, no doubt, but the labour of the file does not appear. It is ever under the influence of a taste the most chastened

and sober, such as checks all extravagance, whether of fancy or expression, forbids all clashing of discordant metaphors, tolerates no antithesis, discards every idle word, and, in short, racks off so much of that which goes by the name of fine writing, as would leave to authors of a different order from Dr. Townson, a miserable *caput mortuum* indeed. What does remain, we will express in the language and under the authority of the Right Rev. Editor:—'For himself, he can truly say, that more just thought, more sound theology, and more genuine piety, embodied in so short a space, and so unencumbered with needless words, it has not been his fortune to meet with in any production of modern times.'

Before we close our paper, we will extract a few passages for the satisfaction of our readers; not, however, such as are to be accounted *purpurei panni*, for it is quite characteristic of these sermons to be exempt from all splendid paragraphs. The following is, we think, a picture very finely conceived and expressed. It is in the 25th Sermon, on the raising of Lazarus:—

'But when He advanced to the grave, and was now upon the point of commanding the dead man to come forth, St. John tells us, He groaned again in Himself. We may here imagine, that His thoughtful mind was struck with the impression of a deeper concern, than what arose from the sorrow of those around Him: looking forward from the resurrection of Lazarus to that hour, when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth, they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damanation.—The mind of our Lord, looking forward to that hour, would naturally forecast in thought, how many should then come forth unto the resurrection of damnation; among whom, it is to be feared, some of that very company, for their hard and impenitent hearts, would be numbered. And He, who had such tender compassion for us that He died to save us from this second death, must then have felt a deeper sorrow working within Him, when, after having groaned in spirit and wept, on coming to the grave, He again groaned in Himself.

'Having thus seen our Lord affected according to the principles

of His human nature, we next behold Him acting according to the power of the divine: when, after a short prayer addressed to His Heavenly Father, He cried, with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" and he that was dead came forth. He, whose hands were bound to his sides, whose feet were closed together, in the grave-clothes wrapped round them, arose in the cave where he lay, and at His call came forth. He who, after a course of sickness, had been dead four days, in which time his body, in that hot climate, must naturally have seen corruption; he lived and came forth, with an immediate and full return of vigour in his limbs; and, as appeared to the wondering beholders, so soon as the napkin that bound his face could be removed, with health in his countenance.'—p. 330.

There is occasionally great poetical beauty in Dr. Townson's illustrations. In Sermon XX. he has occasion to speak of that foretaste of greater joy which it is permitted the good man to experience as he approaches the end of his earthly pilgrimage, and a better country begins to open upon him. He may here have contemplated a well-known passage in the 'Paradise Lost,' though another, in Bishop Ken (which the Bishop of Limerick gives, as he also does the former, in a note), is a still more striking coincidence:—

> 'The merchant, who towards spicy regions sails,
> Smells their perfume far off in adverse gales;
> With blasts which thus against the faithful blow,
> Fresh odorous breathings of God's goodness flow.'

The same thought is thus expressed by Dr. Townson:—

'We read that in certain climates of the world the gales that spring from the land carry a refreshing smell out to sea, and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching to a desirable and fruitful coast, when as yet he cannot discern it with his eyes. And, to take up, once more, the comparison of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find, by their conversation, towards the end of their days, that they are filled with hope, and peace, and joy; which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odours to the seaman, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls, and give them to

understand, with certainty, that God is bringing them unto their desired haven.'—P. 256.

We can only find room for one quotation more; it is a piece of noble declamation, which occurs in a Sermon for Christmas Day (XXVII.):—

'In the first and second chapters of St. Luke, we read how His coming in the flesh was received by Zacharias and Simeon, two venerable persons, who themselves had tasted of divine inspiration, and were diligent to search the Scriptures. The holy delight which they felt and testified, naturally resulted from the divine prophecies and promises concerning Him. For, what manner of person must He be, might such pious inquirers ask, who shall answer all the expectations raised, from age to age, of His appearance? How powerful shall this seed of the woman be, who shall bruise the serpent, the ancient deceiver of mankind? How happy this seed of Abraham, in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed? How wonderful the prophet who shall perfect and complete the law, given at Mount Sinai, and ordained by angels? How mighty the Prince, who shall sit on the throne of David for ever, and of whose kingdom there shall be no end? How majestic the Angel of the Covenant; of whose coming to our temple such things are spoken? We see not our tokens any more, might they say, when the Temple, built and adorned by Solomon, was still richer in heavenly gifts; when the precious stones of Aaron's breast-plate shone with an oracular brightness; and a cloud, a symbol of the divine presence, overshadowed the mercy-seat: and yet we are assured that the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former. Who, then, is He whose presence shall thus ennoble our temple? Who is this King of glory who shall enter our gates with all the honours upon Him, which Heaven before divided among its favoured sons? Whom Adam represented as a father of mankind; Melchizedec, as a priest of the most high God; Moses, as a mediator between God and man; Joseph, as a Saviour; David, as a shepherd of His people, a ruler, and king?—Who, indeed, can this King of glory be: promised to all ages, proclaimed by all inspired prophets, prefigured by all great examples,—who but the Lord; even the Lord of Hosts Himself, Immanuel, or God with us?—P. 354.

On the whole, it will appear from these sermons of Dr. Townson, that he was a man such as the Church of England

delights to see, and contributes to nurture; who, in an age of much lukewarmness on the one hand, and much fanaticism on the other, was led by the spirit of his own articles and liturgy, and fell into neither extreme, being at once the pious and evangelical preacher, and the sound and sober moralist; who was too ripe a scholar as well as too earnest a servant of God, to play the pedant before a rural audience, or, on the contrary, to refresh his flock with 'lean and flashy songs' only, but rather gave himself to solve the difficult problem of communicating deep things in a manner that should be intelligible to a simple hearer, and of using plain speech, without an approach to vulgarity; who, at a time when many preachers were striving to be profound, was himself content to be scriptural; and without violence or effort, or popular appeal, or observation, made his way into the heads and hearts of his people, remembering 'That the words of wise men are heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools.' [a]

[a] Eccles. ix. 17.

VIII.—CRANMER.[a]

(JULY, 1832.)

'GIVE me my liar,' was the phrase in which Charles V. was used to call for a volume of history; and certainly no man can attentively examine any important period of our annals without remarking, that almost every incident admits of two handles, almost every character of two interpretations; and that, by a judicious packing of facts, the historian may make his picture assume nearly what form he pleases, without any direct violation of truth.

To the characters which distinguish the period of the Reformation, this remark is particularly applicable. It is with almost all of them as with Wolsey in the play. A Catharine's version of him is, that he was a man who ranked himself with princes; who held simony fair; whose own opinion was his law; double in his words and meaning; never pitiful, but when he meant to ruin; mighty in his promises, in his performance mean; unchaste in his morals—pernicious in his example. A Griffith's version of the same Wolsey is, that though certainly of an humble stock, he was stamped for honour; that if he was lofty, it was only to those who loved him not; that if he was unsatisfied in getting, he was most princely in bestowing; that he was a scholar, and the friend and patron of scholars; great in prosperity, greater in misfortune; and that he crowned

[a] *The Life of Archbishop Cranmer.* By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1831.

the glories of his life by dying in the faith and fear of God. Sir Thomas More is another leader of those times presented to us in strangely-conflicting aspects: the tender husband and parent; pleasant in his household; sportive with his friends; simple in his pursuits; fond of animals (a taste rarely connected with a harsh nature); tolerant in his principles; enlightened in his creed. And again, the inveterate bigot; the cruel inquisitor; the calm spectator of the conscientious martyr's pains, as he struggled under the scourge in his garden at Chelsea, or writhed upon the rack which he had prepared for him in the Tower. Cromwell, Earl of Essex, is a worthy, according to some chroniclers, almost without a fault; wise in counsel; resolute in execution; or, like Cæsar, if doing wrong, 'never doing it but in just cause.' According to others again, he conducts his intrepid attempts at ecclesiastical reformation, with one eye to the interests of religion, with another to his own interest; and orders, without scruple, abbots to be 'tried and executed,' *castigatque auditque*, or the torture to be applied by way of experiment. Pole is exhibited in as many cross lights as there are authors who have described him. His historical character ranges from the sanguinary persecutor to the lenient counsellor of mercy, and the chivalrous friend, leaving Burnet to recant in his third volume what he had said of him in his second. Gardiner is the man of blood—he is the man who abstained from blood, suffering Bonner to shed it, who loved it;—he is the betrayer of the great interests of the nation in his embassy at Paris—he is the assertor of its rights and liberties, in his negotiations with Philip before his marriage.

But all this is natural. The epoch which saw these distinguished persons acting their momentous parts on the stage of life was one of extreme exasperation, and friends and foes did not leave, in those times, cause for the wistful sigh, that they would be either cold or hot. Cranmer was not likely to fare better than his less-conspicuous contemporaries. With respect to him, above all, there has been, from his own day to ours,

the forward voice to speak him well, and the backward voice to utter foul speeches and to detract, till it is hard to believe the subject of so much praise and vituperation to be one and the same. Mr. Todd, in his recent life of him, has produced some new documents, and investigated some old accusations, in a manner which will tend to establish the truth concerning him; more than this, Cranmer would not ask—'Speak of me as I am.' We shall take for granted, that our readers are acquainted with the leading circumstances of the archbishop's history, and shall merely touch upon such passages in it as may seem to require a remark.

Cranmer received his early education from a parish-clerk. This may seem singular, for he was of gentle blood, and was entered at Cambridge amongst 'the better sort of students.' But probably such shifts were not unusual before the Reformation. The monasteries, indeed, had schools attached to them in many instances. In Elizabeth's time a complaint is made by the Speaker of the Commons, that the number of such places of education had been reduced by a hundred, in consequence of the suppression of the religious houses. Still, it must often have happened (thickly scattered as the monasteries were) that the child lived at an inconvenient distance from any one of them; mothers, too, might not have liked to trust less robust children to the clumsy care of a fraternity; and probably little was learned in these academies after all. Erasmus makes himself merry with the studies pursued in them; and it is remarkable that no sooner did the love of learning revive than the popularity of the monasteries declined. For thirty years before the Reformation, there were few or no new religious foundations, whilst schools, on the other hand, began to multiply in their stead; a fact which sufficiently marks the state of public opinion with regard to the monasteries as places of education —for education began now to be the desire of the day. Schools, therefore, in the present acceptation of the term, in Cranmer's boyhood there were scarcely any; and it was the crying want of them in London that induced Dean Colet to establish that

of St. Paul's, which, under the fostering care of Lily, the first master, not only became so distinguished in itself, but set the example, and prepared the way, by its rules and its grammar, for so many others which followed in its wake. Edward VI., with the natural feeling of a boy fond of knowledge, and himself a proficient for his years, was aware of the evil, and projected the remedy. Colet might be his model—but he was embarrassed in his means by courtiers, who were for ever uttering the cry of the horse-leech's daughters; and, besides his days were soon numbered. Cranmer, who perhaps remembered the obstacles in his own way, and who certainly foresaw the great calamity of an ignorant clergy, pressed for the establishment of a school in connection with every cathedral—a school, as it were, of the prophets—where boys intended for holy orders might be brought up suitably to the profession they were about to adopt, and where the bishops might ever find persons duly qualified to serve God in the church. But Cranmer was overruled, and a measure, which might have helped to catch up the church before it fell into that abyss of ignorance which seems to have immediately succeeded the Reformation (the natural consequence of a season of convulsion and violence), was unhappily lost. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that the evil was at all adequately met, nor fully indeed then, as the deficiency of well-endowed schools at this day testifies. Still much was at that time done. The dignitaries and more wealthy ecclesiastics of the Reformed Church bestirred themselves and founded some schools. Many tradesmen, who had accumulated fortunes in London (then the almost exclusive province of commercial enterprise), retired in their later years to the country-town which had given them birth, and gratefully provided for the better education of their neighbours, by furnishing it with a grammar-school. And even the honest yeoman, a person who then appears to have appreciated learning, and often to have brought up his boy to the ministry, united in the same praiseworthy object. In such cases application was usually made to the Queen for a charter, which was granted with or without pecuniary assistance on her

own part; and whoever will examine the dates of our foundation schools, will find a great proportion of them erected in that glorious reign.

Thus it came to pass (to revert to our text), that Cranmer was sent to college in his fourteenth year, Oxford and Cambridge being at that time the substitutes for the schools which have succeeded them, and being considered the two great national receptacles for all the boys in the country. There they were subjected to corporal punishment. The statutes were framed with a reference to the habits of mere boys,—it is forbidden, for instance, in one of the Cambridge statutes, to play marbles on the senate-house steps; and the number of the students was so enormous (still for the same reason), that Latimer, in one of his sermons, speaks of a decrease in those of his own time, to the amount of no less than ten thousand.

Every passage in Cranmer's life tells a tale of other days. At the age of twenty-three he married, thereby vacating his fellowship at Jesus College, to which, however, upon the death of his wife, he was re-elected. This wife, says a modern Romish writer (Dr. Milner), was a woman of *low condition*. 'One Joan, surnamed Black or Brown, dwelling at the sign of the Dolphin in Cambridge,' are the words of Thomas Martin, a contemporary of Cranmer, unfriendly to the marriage of priests. 'She was the daughter of a *gentleman*,' writes Fox, who does not conceal, however, that Cranmer 'placed her at an inn called the Dolphin, the wife of the house being of affinity to her.' This is a curious feature of the day. There is probably nothing inconsistent in these two facts of Fox. The innkeeper of those times seems to have been a person of less humble station than now—he shared his calling with the monastery and with the village-pastor. Travellers had to choose (as they still have in Roman Catholic countries) between the refectory of the monk, the parsonage of the minister, and the tavern of mine host—payment for the night's lodging, where he was in a condition to pay, being expected of him, in one shape or other, at all. The keeper of the Tabard in the 'Can-

terbury Tales' appears to be upon a level with his guests, both in rank and information, and to play the part of one who felt that he was receiving his equals, and no more, under his roof: yet his company was not of the lowest; and in those times it seems to have been usual for the landlord to preside at the common board, and act in every respect as the hospitable master of the house, save only in exacting the shot; as indeed is the custom in many parts of Germany at the present day. When the system of lay impropriations had begun to take effect, it was by no means an uncommon thing for the minister himself to be also the tavern-keeper; a circumstance, however, which, it must be confessed, may be thought to argue the extreme impoverishment of the church, which drove the clergy to such expedients for a living, rather than the respectability of the calling to which they thus betook themselves.

At Cambridge, Cranmer continued to pursue his studies with great severity and success, so that, in 1524, he was invited by Wolsey to his new college of Christ Church, which was to be filled with the choice spirits of the time. He, however, like Parker, his eventual successor in the metropolitan see, declined the offer, baited as it was with so much to recommend it to an ambitious churchman. Cranmer, however, was not such, though he has been charged with being so. This one fact is enough to disprove it;—for here was a man in the opening of life, with his fortune to make, a simple student, without a patron in the world, met more than halfway by the great favourite of the great king; yet his advances he declines, content with what he has, and by so doing risks, and, it is said, actually incurs his displeasure. This surely is not like ambition; and the circumstance deserves the consideration of those who insinuate that Cranmer, eager for the mitre, was willing to expedite the king's divorce, as the unworthy price at which it was to be won; though nothing can be more certain than that he was against the lawfulness of the marriage with Catharine from the beginning; against the Pope's dispensing power, as exercised in that case, at the very first, when he was yet a private individual, known only as a learned

member of his own university; that herein, too, he did but follow in the steps of Warham, then archbishop; and what is more, that Gardiner himself held the same opinion, and avowed it.

Such indifference to the favour of the favourite, we submit, perfectly coincides with his own protest before the commissioners at Oxford, 'that never man came more unwillingly to a bishopric than he did—insomuch, that when King Henry did send for him, in post, that he should come over, he prolonged his journey by seven weeks at least, thinking that he would be forgetful of him in the mean time.'

Here, however, his sincerity is called in question. Yet facts are stubborn things, and it is a fact that the see was not filled up for six months, Warham dying in August, 1532, and Cranmer's consecration not taking place till the March of the year following. But, rejoins an objector, there are few instances of the see of Canterbury being filled up so soon; yet the cases of Islip, and Chichelè, and Stafford, and Kemp, and Bourchier, and Dean, from 1349 to 1501, are all within that time, and some considerably within it. Besides, no one can review Cranmer's character without being persuaded that he was much too cautious, much too diffident, not to say much too timid a man, to rush upon such an office as that of Primate, in such times, hand over head. The mitre was likely to prove to the brow that wore it but a 'crown of thorns.' Of that there were ample signs around him: he had seen enough of Henry to discover that he would have in him a master of 'a right royal stomach;' and he could have wanted no seer to tell him that, independently of this embarrassment, a storm was at hand which was likely to smite the high places. He was a man, like Sir Thomas More, to see a lion in the way at some distance; and, like him, rather of a temper to lay down what honours he might already enjoy, than cumber himself with more. Moreover, he had scruples. Who can read the two oaths—the one taken by the bishop-elect to the Pope, the other to the king—and doubt that scruples must have been entertained by any man who was required to swear

allegiance so devoted to two masters whose interests were so entirely at variance? The wonder is, that so tyrannous a demand upon the consciences of men was tolerated so *long*. Cranmer might be the first who expressed his misgivings; but he could not be the first, by many, who had felt them; and though at last he did take the oath to the Pope, it was not till he had previously made a *public* protestation of the sense in which he understood it—thereby reconciling it with the other to the king. But this has been pronounced a mere equivocation; yet the Bishops of Lincoln, Exeter, and St. Asaph, who acted on this occasion for the Pope—the last of them, too, Dr. Standish, a very zealous Roman Catholic—must have heard the protestation; and still they expressed no dissatisfaction at the manner in which he thus qualified, but completed his consecration, nothing wavering. We say these prelates must have heard his protestation: the minute account of it given by Watkins, the Prothonotary, of which the record is still preserved amongst the Lambeth manuscripts, and from which an extract is published by Mr. Todd, puts this question beyond all doubt. It there appears that he first protested in the Chapter House of Westminster, in the presence of Watkins himself, of John Tregonwell, of Thomas Bedyll, of Richard Gwent, and of John Cocks, all official persons; that he then went out of the Chapter House, advanced to the high altar, there to receive the pontifical dress and consecration; that then the oath of obedience to the Pope he took, qualified, however, as before, in the Chapter House; that he took it a third time before the acceptance of the pall, but still after the same manner—a proceeding utterly incompatible with any reserve towards the three bishops actively engaged in administering the rite. It was their business, therefore, as representatives of the Pope, if they were not satisfied, to object; and the *publicity* of the transaction is of importance, as establishing the conclusion that an opportunity of objecting was afforded them; otherwise, we should agree with Mr. Hallam, that it was a matter of no consequence, with regard to the morality of the act, whether it was public or not. These

commissioners, however, waived all objection, if they felt any; and the Pope, by taking no steps afterwards to suspend the archbishop, must be understood to have sanctioned their connivance. Doubtless, all the parties felt that the papal power in England hung by a thread, and so were prepared to concede, with as good a grace as they knew how, that which perhaps it was an agreeable surprise to find was even asked.

But if Cranmer was blameless in this part of the affair, which was, after all, the most material part, it is difficult to acquit him of all duplicity in previously allowing a proxy to take the oath at Rome, subject, as it should seem, to no such limitations as were afterwards annexed to it in England. It was an expedient invented by the canonists, and forced upon him by the king; and if Cranmer had not yet emancipated himself from the influence of those casuistical refinements, amongst which he had been born and bred, who can be surprised? This must be his apology, and no compromise must be attempted, even for his sake, between right and wrong. To the same cause must be ascribed the cases of persecution to which Cranmer was a party; few, indeed—but how humiliating is it that there should be even one!

Early prejudices here, too, still cleaved to him. Things, however, which he knew not, have in this instance also been laid to his charge. Of the blood of Lambert, who was condemned for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, he appears to have been guiltless. He neither sought him out as his inquisitor, nor arraigned him as his accuser, nor condemned him as his judge. He disputed against him in the presence of the king, it is true; such was the hard tax of his office; but it was meekly, and, as it should seem, mercifully. It was Gardiner who baited him; it was the king who judged him; it was Cromwell who read his sentence. Neither does the sin of Ann Askew's death lie at Cranmer's door, though it has been laid there: Gardiner and Bonner were her judges, not Cranmer; and accordingly a vindication of her at the time was diligently circulated at *Winchester*, that being the seat of Gardiner's see. Besides, if she was condemned under the act

of the Six Articles (as we presume she was), it should be remembered that this was an act hateful to Cranmer; an act which he had opposed, day after day, at the hazard of the king's displeasure; and which he was therefore more likely to wash his hands of altogether, than to acknowledge, by bathing them in the blood which it was shedding; nay, it was actually made one of the charges against him by the prebendaries of Canterbury, at the instigation, as it was thought, of Gardiner, that under him the law of the Six Articles was unexecuted. The strong case against Cranmer is that of Joan of Kent; for with regard to Van Paris, whose fate is usually coupled with hers, no contemporary evidence inculpates Cranmer; he might not perhaps intercede for his pardon, but this is a different thing from soliciting his death. To the capital punishment of Joan Bocher, however, he is said to have been more than consenting: yet, if the importunity which he is reported to have exercised in order to persuade the tender-hearted monarch to sign her death-warrant had been such as Fox describes, it seems strange that Edward should have been content to enter the tragical incident in his journal with so frigid an adherence to bare matter of fact.

'On the 2nd of May' (so the young king writes) 'she was burned for holding that Christ was not incarnate of the Virgin Mary; being condemned the year before, but kept in hope of conversion; and on the 30th of April, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Ely were to persuade her, but she withstood them, and reviled the preacher at her death.'

This is scarcely the language of a youth who was speaking of a transaction wherein his conscience had been violated by the too earnest solicitations of another, and which now, it might have been expected, in his privacy, would have risen in arms, and dictated terms at once of self-reproach, and disgust at an evil adviser. Alas! that Cranmer, so wise and so humane a man, should be even suspected of having thus acted towards a poor fanatic, and a woman too! It is vain, however, to deny, that toleration of religious opinion was a principle little understood even by the wisest and most humane in-

those days—for it was not a principle which had obtained in the Church of Rome.

Cranmer, if he sinned, as Fox asserts, sinned ignorantly: he was guilty of one of those secret sins of which the Psalmist speaks,—his own nature full of tenderness soured by a persecuting creed. And it is remarkable, that, in his penitent prayers and confessions before his death, no allusion is found to this sad misdeed. Doubtless he maintained, in common with all the world at the time, that death might as righteously be inflicted in some cases of heterodoxy as in all cases of murder; he has the merit, however, of limiting the number of such cases by drawing a distinction, more explicitly than had been hitherto done, between the essential and non-essential doctrines of the Gospel; and whilst, in his 'Reformation of the Ecclesiastical Laws,' a code of discipline intended for the reformed church, he proposed that capital punishment should be inflicted on atheists and such as opposed Christianity in general, he confined this extreme severity of the law to them. This was a step in the path of mercy. The day of small things must not be altogether despised. Let us scan this code by notions now prevalent, and no doubt it will seem harsh and sanguinary; but it may be very well questioned whether Cranmer's own age was prepared to quarrel with it on the same score. Still the distinction is not admitted by all. Dr. Lingard would have it, that the heretic is condemned to death in the third chapter of the code, as the atheist and unbeliever certainly are in the first; and, what is more singular, Mr. Hallam doubts about it. Yet surely doubt there can be none,—'Consumptis omnibus aliis remediis, ad extremum ad civiles magistratus ablegetur *puniendus*,' are the words of the clause,—'when all other remedies shall have been tried without effect, last of all, let him be sent to the civil magistrate *to be punished*'—but not to be *punished with death*. Such a punishment would not have been left to inference, especially when it had been denounced in express terms with regard to other delinquents. Besides, how could such a punishment of the heretic be consistent with those civil disabilities which are

afterwards imposed upon him,—that he should be incapable, for instance, of being a witness or of making a will? 'I rather wonder,' says Sir J. Mackintosh, 'at my friend Mr. Hallam's hesitation, in a case which seems to me to allow none.' But if more light upon this subject were needed, Mr. Todd would supply more. Cranmer's own copy of this code is in the British Museum. It appears to contain his last revisions. Now in this copy, after 'puniendus,' is added, 'exilio vel æterno carcere;' but the pen is drawn through these words, and the following substituted for them:—'vel ut in perpetuum pellatur exilium, vel ad æternas carceris deprimatur tenebras, aut alioquin magistratûs prudenti consideratione plectendus, ut maximè illius conversioni expedire videbitur.'—So that the question of capital punishment, at least, is surely set at rest. In truth, *moderation* was the key of Cranmer's character and conduct. It shows itself in great things and in small. He was not for pushing matters to extremities with More and Fisher; he would be satisfied with their oath to the succession, and waive the rest, having respect to their scruples, and wisely considering the weight of their example; to that effect he writes to Cromwell. He was for winking at the use of the mass by the Princess Mary. He has occasion to write to Latimer, whom he had recommended as a preacher to the court, and who was evidently considered a humourist even in his own day, hardly to be trusted to go alone by reason of his singularity: it is still in the same vein that he writes—He would not have him personal in his sermons. 'What might sound suspiciously against any *special* man's facts, acts, or sayings,' he would have him avoid. Of the mysteries and moralities, respecting the lawfulness of which there was soon much controversy, he seems to have pronounced no opinion. Gardiner and his party denounced them as hateful. Fox, a puritan, ranks players with printers and preachers, being, altogether, the 'three things set up of God, as a triple bulwark against the triple crown of the Pope, to bring him down.' Cranmer seems to evade the question, neither blessing them at all, nor cursing them at all; and a

passage in the Latin Catechism, where they are reflected upon as 'ridiculous, licentious, and unworthy fables, having religion for their pretence,' is studiously omitted in the translation done under his inspection. Indeed, in general, Cranmer took his stand on ground between the two parties—the Roman Catholics and the Puritans; for the attempts which have been made to identify him with the latter are abortive; and a matter of wonder it is that he could avoid rushing into that extreme, driven as he was by the gross corruptions of the established church. Puritan, however, he was not. It was said, indeed, amongst the exiles at Frankfort, that he would have gone further in the Prayer-book had he not been hampered by a wicked convocation and clergy; but there is no sufficient evidence of this being his disposition. On the contrary, in adapting the prayers of foreign churches to our own (as in the two confessions of the liturgy and communion service), strong expressions, and those coincident with some of the tenets of the Puritans, are designedly moderated or withheld; and, in general, Cranmer's own opinion of his Prayer-book is best conveyed in his own words, of which we know not what cause there is to question the sincerity, that 'no one could object to that godly book' (we quote from memory, but the passage occurs somewhere in Strype's Life of him,) 'who had any godliness in him, coupled with knowledge.' The sermon on the Keys, annexed to the catechism published under his sanction, is not written in a spirit to please the Puritans, but the reverse. It must have offended them, being much too emphatic an assertion of the privileges and authority of the church to meet with their concurrence. His controversy with Hooper on the episcopal habits argues the same moderation in his views. Surely, had Cranmer been so inclined, he might have here conceded to the precisians with a very good grace; for he had the king's warrant, nay, his recommendation, to come to a compromise with Hooper—yet he refused.

In framing the articles of his church, moderation was still his principle: he consulted no party exclusively; they are, as they ought to be, comprehensive; allowing some debateable

ground, some latitude of opinion in matters unessential. It was his original intention to draw up, with the help of a convocation of learned men, a set of articles which should embrace all the reformed part of Christendom. Melancthon suggested and promoted this plan; nevertheless, Calvin was consulted too: the leading reformers, in short, whether of one party or another, were made acquainted with it. But it failed as to Christendom in general—which was not to be wondered at; and then Cranmer contracted his views, and limited himself to England. The mere announcement of this their origin is enough to show the *animus* with which our articles were compiled—that it was not narrow or sectarian. There was, indeed, a party amongst the reformers who were more exclusive in their notions, and who, like the divines of Westminster and of the Savoy at a later period, advocated the adoption of the Predestinarian doctrines. Bradford was of this sect; and accordingly he drew up a treatise on the subject, which was supposed by Dr. Winchester and Mr. Hey, and, indeed, by most modern divines, to be no longer extant; Archbishop Laurence, however, was happy enough to discover it some years ago, amongst the Bodleian manuscripts, and published it with a valuable introduction. It was addressed in Bradford's own name and in that of his fellow-prisoners to Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, as the 'chief captains of Christ's church.' It manifests some misgiving on the part of the writer as to how far it would be acceptable to those distinguished leaders. They were to approve 'as *they might think good.*'—His companions in bonds were ready and willing to signify their concurrence in the positions he had advanced, 'as they should see them (Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley) give *the example.*' And what was its object? It was to procure some specific declaration from authority against the Free-willers, whom he chooses to call plain 'Papists, yea, Pelagians.' 'I must complain of you unto God in the last day,' says he, 'if ye will not, as ye can, help something, ut veritas doctrinæ maneat apud posteros, in this behalf, as ye have done in behalf of matters expunged by the Papists.' Now, be it

remembered that the articles of our Church had been settled some two years before this letter was written, which was in February, 1555,—articles, in which the extinction of Papal errors had indeed been effected, but which, it should seem, according to Bradford's notions, were defective, in that the question of Predestination had not been determined too. What answer then does he get to this communication? From Cranmer and Latimer none at all, as far as we know,—but, from Ridley, that "*he will think of the matter*, as he can and may for his tardity and dulness,'—that he will do that he might do '*conveniently* in the matter.' Ridley's first impressions, therefore, are clearly not favourable to Bradford's application, and so it was understood by Bradford; for, in a second letter, which Ridley addresses to him, in answer, it should seem, to one of Bradford's which is lost, we learn that the latter had resented the neglect or rejection of his proposition, and we learn, at the same time, the wise and liberal principles by which this great reformer was governed—

'Where you say,' writes Ridley, 'that if your request had been heard, things, you think, had been in better case than they be; know you, that concerning the matters you mean, I have, in Latin, drawn out the places of the Scriptures, and upon the same have noted what I can for the time—Sir, *in these matters I am so fearful, that I dare not speak further, yea, almost none otherwise than the text doth, as it were, lead me by the hand.*'

We think, therefore, that nothing can be clearer than that our articles were framed upon a principle of comprehension rather than of exclusion; and that if the pugnacious controversialists, whether Calvinist or Arminian, who, from time to time, have asserted their own special right to the articles, could have appealed to the spirit of Cranmer or of Ridley, the answer, had there been one, would have run in no form of words so likely as in that voice from the tomb, of which Lord Byron speaks with so much emotion, '*Imploro pace.*'

But it has been thought, that the moderation which governed Cranmer in all other things, forsook him in the composition of our liturgy. Gibbon, more enamoured of Mahometanism

than was seemly in a philosopher, fails not to remark, amongst its other merits, the brevity of its prayers—'the measure of zeal was not exhausted by a *tedious* liturgy.' We should be curious to know what might be the limits of a liturgy which should not exhaust the measure of zeal that fell to the lot of the historian of the 'Decline and Fall.' The same objection, however, is urged by many in a far more honest heart than his. —Alas! for the fastidiousness of the times! But the fault, it is said, is not in Cranmer; it is in ourselves. We have combined three services into one, and then complain of its length. We have taken other opportunities of exposing this mistake, for such we believe it to be, and shall not here recapitulate all our reasons for thinking it so: suffice it to say, that whilst it appears, by a passage in the 'Life of Grindal,' that the morning service—strictly so called—succeeded to the matins of the Roman Catholic church—five o'clock in the forenoon being the time at which it was appointed in the first instance to begin—so does it appear no less clearly, by a comparison of the Injunctions of Edward and of Elizabeth, that the litany and communion service, taken together, succeeded to the high mass; and accordingly that, as there had been an interval between matins and mass, so did there continue to be an interval between morning service and the litany and communion service, but none whatever between these two last, and the other only for a very few years,—morning service, litany, and communion service being apparently united as now, so early as in Hooker's time, who, in combating the objections made to the length of the liturgy, incidentally admits it to occupy an hour and a half. If the original practice could be again restored, doubtless it would be well, and some trifling objections on the score of the repetitions incident to the service as at present conducted would be removed; but the difficulty of collecting an early congregation, which at first caused the evil, such as it is, would still prevent the remedy such as we propose. And, after all, the frequent repetition of the Lord's Prayer—and, indeed, the same may be said of other repetitions—has this advantage, that as the attention is apt to

wander and return, it may be arrested in one instance, where it had been suffered to escape in another; and it has this defence, that real importunity manifests itself in iteration of language, and that our Lord Himself, in the hour of His most urgent supplication, thrice 'said the same words.' With regard to the absolute length of our service, is it greater than suffices to impress the minds of a congregation with a sense of the share which religion ought to have of their time and thoughts? We think not. High mass was perhaps as long; and when we consider that it was in contemplation of our reformers that baptism should be administered after the second lesson,—moreover, that marriages should be solemnized in the face of the congregation too,—it should seem that they did not look upon these supplements to the regular morning prayer as adding extravagantly to its length, which, nevertheless, in such cases, would be nearly or quite as great as now, when, in deference to the wishes of the people, these occasional services are postponed. Neither do those who advocate an abridgment of the service upon the ground that the reformers never intended one so long as our own, take into consideration the curtailment which sermons have undergone since the days of Cranmer, which, from an hour or an hour and a half, are now 'dwindled to the shortest span.' Our services have been constructed advisedly; their several component parts are in strict relation to one another; and we confess that we should witness any attempt at fusing them into another liturgy with unfeigned regret, both because we think that the harmony of the several portions would be impaired, and because we feel that we should thereby weaken the loyalty of many to the church, and give up at once for 'some new thing,' the reverential associations of nearly three hundred years.

But we must on. Mr. Todd copies the several recantations of Cranmer, as they were published by Bonner, six in number, each rising above the other in its demands upon the spirit-broken victim. These he submits to a jealous examination, having no faith in the honesty of the original publisher; and, finally, he bestows a few words on the notion of the modern

Roman Catholic historian, that there was yet a seventh. Whether, however, they were printed in perfect good faith, and whether they were more or fewer in number, is not a matter of any great importance: that the recantation was ample there can be no question, and there needs no evidence beyond the affecting penance of Cranmer himself. Of him it must be confessed, that his physical courage was not equal to his moral; and it must have been the torment of his life to find himself constantly drifted into positions by force of circumstances which put him to the proof precisely in a point where only he could be found wanting. In such situations he sometimes behaved with the spirit and constancy of the martyr, who could thrust the hand by which he had offended into the flames, and, at other times, with the weakness of the man who could set that hand to 'the little leaf.'

Henry was as dangerous to approach as a sleeping lion, and Cranmer was forbidden the court; yet he ventured to write to him in behalf of Anne, imploring the king's mercy towards her (to adopt the happy quotation of Sir James Mackintosh), 'his life so late and dear delight.' The stand which he made against passing the Act of the Six Articles was that of a bold as well as a benevolent man; insomuch that Cromwell observed, 'Do or say what you will, the king doth always take it well at your hands;' for at that time Henry was not in love with the reformers. When the same Cromwell lay under the displeasure of his capricious master, and was deserted 'in his utmost need' by all his false and fleeting friends, Cranmer had the spirit to write to the tyrant in favour of a fallen man, generously asserting that 'he had always loved the king above all things, and served him with great fidelity and success.' His answer to the Devonshire rebels, a formidable body at the time, was valiant as well as wise. His intercession to the council in behalf of the Protector Somerset, his fast friend, when the lords were now pursuing him to the death, though fruitless, was honest and manly. His conduct on the accession of Mary, when he was advised to fly, and had the opportunity to do so, was worthy of a Christian hero; whilst he recommended others to

take care of themselves, urging the example of our Lord, who retired into Samaria to avoid the malice of the Jews, and commanded His Apostles, if persecuted in one place, to flee unto another; and whilst he further exhorted them not to detract from the number of Christ's little flock by an unnecessary surrender of their lives, he added, on his own part, that 'it would be no way fitting for him to go away, considering the post in which he was, but rather to show that he was not afraid to own all the changes that were by his means made in religion in the last reign.' But then, through that frailty in our nature, by reason of which we cannot always stand upright, the same Cranmer pronounces the divorce of Queen Anne, for whom he had just before so eloquently and so honourably pleaded; lends himself a second time to the same humiliating office in the case of Anne of Cleves, afraid, as it should seem, that this hasty and hapless match should involve himself, as well as Cromwell, in ruin; suffers himself to be overruled in his sounder judgment by the persuasions of a boy, aided, perhaps, by secret misgivings of his own, and thus to be made a party to the unjust exclusion of Mary from the throne; and finally sacrifices his conscience to the ignoble love of a life of which he had once prepared himself to be prodigal, and which he did at last lay down (rebuking, as it were, the 'foul fiend' that had possessed his better self for a moment), with the dignity of a dauntless soldier and servant of Christ. The touching particulars of the last sad scene are given in that equally authentic and picturesque narration from the hand of a generous enemy, 'which,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of ancient English' we possess. With this document, which Mr. Todd very properly extracts from Strype, he would have done well to close the mournful history; but the taste of the antiquary,—a taste which, it is fair to say, occasionally lends great interest to these pages,—gets the better of the biographer, and he adds the bill for the archbishop's burning.

The reflections which the martyr's end, his fear, and his firmness, might raise in the mind of a candid man, shall be

given in the eloquent words of the distinguished writer to whom we have already alluded more than once; whose sketch of the Reformation, contained in the second volume of his 'History of England,' if it does not dwell on Cranmer's talents with the emphasis we could have desired, bears abundant testimony to his virtues, and, on the whole, will serve, if we mistake not, to befriend his memory in quarters where it may have suffered, and to suggest a kindly feeling towards the church itself.

'The language of Cranmer,' says he, in a spirit which knows how to make allowance for the occasional backslidings of the great and good, and has no pleasure in pointing out a dead fly in a sweet ointment,—

'The language of Cranmer speaks his sincerity, and demonstrates that the love of truth still prevailed in his inmost heart. It gushed forth at the sight of death, full of healing power, which engendered a purifying and ennobling penitence, and restored the mind to its own esteem, after a departure from the onward path of sincerity; courage survived a public avowal of dishonour—the hardest test to which that virtue can be exposed; and if he once fatally failed in fortitude, he, in his last moments, atoned for his failure by a magnanimity equal to his transgression.—Let those,' it is added, 'who require unbending virtue in the most tempestuous times, condemn the amiable and faulty primate; others, who are not so certain of their own steadiness, will consider his fate as, perhaps, the most memorable example in history of a soul which, though debased, is not depraved by an act of weakness, and preserved an heroic courage after the forfeiture of honour, its natural spur, and, in general, its inseparable companion.'

Such was the principal founder of our Church,—a church for which we will crave leave to say a few words at parting, under the shelter of the name of this illustrious martyr.

There was a custom in Abyssinia, when factions were violent and ready to tear each other in pieces for mutual wrongs, to compromise the quarrel by means of a camel. It was agreed that nobody in all Abyssinia had been to blame on either side, but the whole mischief, be it what it might, was the work of

the camel. The camel had set the town on fire; the camel had threatened to burn the aga's house and the castle; the camel had cursed the grand signior and the sheriff of Mecca;—in short, whatever evil had befallen the State was all the doing of this luckless camel. Accordingly the poor animal, though actually the most useful thing in the whole country, was despatched, each man transfixing him with his javelin, and so going his way in peace. The Church seems to be just now the camel of England;—Infidels, Roman Catholics, Dissenters, Whigs, Radicals, however much they may have heretofore quarrelled amongst themselves, seem to have agreed to forgive and forget, and lay all the fault upon the camel.

The Church of England is not an Apostolical Church, cries one, with the Puritans of old time. Square it by the model of the Acts and of the Epistles, and it will be found out of all compass. St. Paul and St. Peter had neither livings nor tithes; for here lies the gravamen of the charge, as it did in the days of Cromwell—when the Presbyterians urged it till they had dispossessed the Episcopalians, and then found it convenient to be silent, having entered into their possessions. But what if the apostles did not receive tithes? Does not a change of circumstances warrant a change of practice in things indifferent? Greet one another with an holy kiss, says St. Paul. Such was the custom of the country in which that apostle lived, and the age in which he wrote;—but may not we shake hands? The first apostles, perhaps, had no districts assigned them, and no funds appropriated to their use; but even by the time of St. Paul some alteration appears to have been effected in both these particulars, for we find him unwilling 'to build upon another's foundation' (Rom. xv. 20), refusing 'to stretch himself beyond his measure,' or 'to boast in another man's line of things made ready to his hand' (2 Cor. x. 14, 16); as though, even at that early period, the small portion of the world then Christian was gradually assuming the shape of parishes, assigned to their several teachers, and as though the arrangement was considered convenient by the apostle himself. In like manner, though the

twelve disciples are sent forth into the world without purse or payment, by the time of St. Paul's ministry a change had been wrought here also; for however he himself worked with his own hands, in order that he might not be burdensome to a community then consisting almost exclusively of the poorest of the people, he did not waive the right of a maintenance as an *apostle of Christ* (1 Thess. ii. 6), but, on the contrary, expressly challenged it for himself, in case he chose 'to forbear working,' as well as for a sister, a wife, if he thought fit to have one,—a right which other apostles not only challenged but exacted. (1 Cor. ix. 5.) In both these instances, therefore, the mere mechanism of the church was allowed to adapt itself to the actual circumstances of the church, the principle being still the same as that which had before obtained under the law, for the ambulatory church in the wilderness differed in many respects, and in some important respects, from the stationary church afterwards established at Jerusalem. Besides, those who would tie down our own church to the rigid observance of primitive usage in things indifferent, would do well to remember that, if the rule is good for the clergy, it is equally good for the laity, and that it was the primitive usage of these latter, a usage approved by the apostles, too, to sell their lands and houses, as many as possessed them, in order that distribution might be made to every man according as he had need, all things being held in common; so that if the representatives of the apostles are to be unbeneficed, it is only fair that the representatives of the hearers of the apostles should be un-squired. It is no doubt a very pleasant thing to talk about St. Paul as a rector of Rome or of Thessalonica, or a prebendary of Philippi, or a dean of Corinth; but it would be equally pleasant to represent him as wearing a black coat, a pair of quarter-boots, and walking with an umbrella through his parish; yet there would certainly be no reason why he should not do these things were he now sojourning amongst us, or why he should still confine himself to the use of sandals and to the cloak which he left at Troas. The discordance of the ideas brought into near relation in either case, proves

nothing as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the propositions they involve; nor, indeed, proves anything at all, but that ridicule is a poor test of truth. That parishes, therefore, should be set apart for the clergy, or that stipends, consisting of tithes, should be paid them, is not contrary to apostolic intentions, but rather in accordance with them; such parochial divisions securing to every part of a country a pastor of its own, whereas, in a system of itinerancy, many parts might be unserved: such a method of payment, besides having the sanction of the Mosaical law, providing that pastor with an income which rises and falls with the prices of the times, and is for a perpetual generation.

But I do not quarrel with the principle of a parochial, or a paid ministry, says another, but with the amount of the payment. And if livings of Succoth, worth £8000 a year, and episcopal savings to the amount of £1,200,000 in the three per cent. consols, were fair samples of ecclesiastical portions, there might be some cause for quarrel; but this being a case of facts and figures, we are compelled to have recourse to less facetious authority. We have lying upon our table the last charge of the Bishop of Peterborough, in which his lordship enters into the statistics of his diocese in complete detail, and with his wonted perspicuity. Having remarked that the revenues of the bishoprics have been most grossly exaggerated, and that, with respect to his own (which, we may observe, equals or exceeds in value twelve out of the twenty-four), it is so far from enriching its possessor, that it falls considerably short of the expenses which it unavoidably occasions, his lordship proceeds to a particular description of the diocese of Peterborough according to the data which he has been able to collect, and which have occupied some of his attention during twelve years.

'The benefices in this diocese are in number not quite 300, though the churches and chapels, with a consequent increase of duty, exceed that number. Of these benefices there are 120, that is, more than two-fifths of the whole, which do not exceed £200 a year. This is the maximum, which few of them attain, and not

less than twenty-six of them are under £100. We cannot, therefore, reckon the average value of those 120 livings so high as £150. Of livings exceeding £200, but not exceeding £300, the number is seventy-four. But as few of them amount to the latter sum, and most of them are much below it, we cannot take the average value so high as £250. Since, then, 120 livings average only £150, and seventy-four other livings average less than £250, the two sets taken together cannot average more than £200, because the number in the former set exceeds the number in the latter set in the proportion of 120 to 74, or more than three to two. Here, then, we have 194 livings out of less than 300, that is, nearly two-thirds of the whole, of which the annual average value does not exceed £200.

'But if such is the case with two-thirds of the livings in this diocese, it may be urged, that they find an equipoise in the remaining third. Let us see, therefore, whether the average of the remaining third exhibits such enormous wealth as to afford just matter of reproach to those who, in general, are so educated as to qualify them for the society of the highest orders in the State. Seventy-three livings out of the remaining third vary, as far as I have been able to obtain information, from £300 to £500 a year; but as the greater part of them are under £400, we cannot take them all together at a higher average. There are fifteen livings which average about £550 a year; and the average of the few remaining livings cannot be taken at so high an average as £800, though two or three of them exceed that amount.

'I have thus given,' adds the bishop, 'a faithful description of the incomes possessed by the parochial clergy in this diocese; and, if we take the poor livings with the good livings, I am sure there is no reason to complain that the clergy of this diocese are overloaded with wealth; and there will appear still less reason to complain when the unavoidable outgoings are taken into the account.'

Here, then, is a clear, candid, and particular account of the livings in a single diocese; and, on taking an average of them all, we shall find that, one with another, they are worth about £290 a year. Now the livings of this diocese are considerably above the average of the livings generally throughout England, as appears from the returns of tithes made to the tax-office, and published by the House of Commons in the

estimates and accounts of 1813. For an abstract of these latter we refer our readers to a sheet entitled 'Awkward Facts,' recently published at Cambridge; for the church has no interest in concealing her means, but she has an interest in exposing to the uttermost those shameless misrepresentations of ecclesiastical property which are put forth every day for the purpose of exciting the cupidity or the disgust of the million. We have selected the case of an individual diocese, however, rather than taken the whole kingdom, because it is carefully investigated and clearly put; because a single case is more open to refutation if there be any error in the reckoning; and because we would give the enemies of the Establishment every advantage which an over-estimate of its revenues (for such it is) may afford them, feeling that our argument can well bear it. It seems, therefore, after all, that the average value of English livings is about the same as that of Scotch livings, which is £278 per annum, exclusive of the glebes, the number of clergy in Scotland being nine hundred and thirty-six, and the whole income of the church to which they belong being made up by Parliament to £260,000. Is it the nation's pleasure to reduce the income of the clergy to a sum lower than this; to make mendicants of them, like the friars, and so to have them, like the friars, exclusively of the lowest of the people, unlettered, ill-bred, time-serving, sly, and expert in all the arts of petty and often of vicious intrigue?

To say the truth, however, we do not see what right the nation has to interfere with church property, be the amount what it may, except in the way of trusteeship. Tithes are not a tax imposed by the State for the maintenance of the clergy, and, therefore, to be submitted to Parliament with the army and navy estimates;— they are a rent-charge laid by lords of manors upon their own proper estates generations ago, for the support of ministers upon those estates for ever. This is matter of history, of which any man may satisfy himself who will turn to Dugdale's 'Monasticon Anglicanum,' or to 'Selden on Tithes.' Archdeacon Lyall, in a charge recently delivered to the clergy of Colchester, gives a few instances of such

endowments of livings within his own archdeaconry. They are found in 'Newcourt's Repertorium.'

'Audley, endowed by Robert de Ram, in the reign of King Stephen; Ashdon, endowed in the reign of William the First, by Gaufredus and Radulphus Baynard; Great Badfield, in 1090, by Gilbert de Clare; Great Bentley, about the same time, by Alberic de Vere; Great Claeton, by Richard de Beauvys, or de Belmeis; Coggeshall, by Earl Godwin (with the tithes of Stisted), in the time of Edward the Confessor; Elsenham, by Beatrix de Say, in 1200; White Notley, by Roger Bigod, in the reign of William the First; Black Notley, by Walter de Mandeville, in 1218; Rickling, by Geoffry de Say, in the reign of Henry the Second; Weeley, by Elgiva, a noble Saxon lady, in the time of Edward the Confessor. It would be easy,' adds the archdeacon, 'to extend the number of examples; and even to produce the very words of the endowments, many of which are given at length by Newcourt.'

Estates have been inherited, have been bought and sold—wherever they have been bought and sold—subject to this rent-charge; or, in other words, nine-tenths of such estates have been the object of transfer, and not ten-tenths; and we know not how the possessor of a titheable property can reconcile it to his own sense of common honesty to clamour (as he very often does) for the abolition of tithes, seeing that it is neither more nor less than to declare his fixed purpose to augment a lawful inheritance or purchase by a mere lawless seizure,—to claim so much as his own by right, and so much more as his own by might; to admit, that whilst he holds his own possessions, freely to enjoy, his heart is sick because he happens not to have Naboth's vineyard too. That is the truth. But even allowing that the people might lawfully interfere with tithes to their alienation, would it be their wisdom so to do? What property is so accessible to the people at large as church property? In what other have they the same chance of being partakers in the same degree? And do they wish to tie themselves up from this fair field of adventure by appropriating the revenues of the church to individuals, or to the State? The case is somewhat analogous to that of a common, which, so

long as it is unenclosed, is a treasure to all the peasantry who live upon its borders; but let the act of enclosure be passed, and the cottager's cow-gate or sheep-gate (as they call it in the north) is at an end. So it is with the church,—it is *open territory*. A poor man's son may be bishop of Durham. Butler was a younger child of a small shopkeeper in a country town, and he a dissenter; but if the property annexed to that see had belonged to a dukedom instead of a bishopric, where would have been the dissenting tradesman's boy? This is no extravagant case. The bench of bishops at this moment, though never more respectable, is, on the whole, a plebeian bench. On that bench there will be found splendid instances of individuals, having no pretensions to distinction in society beyond those of high talent and spotless character, placed on a level with the most ancient blood of the land, and entitled to lift up a fearless voice in its most august assembly. Nay, the author of the Six Letters to the Farmers,[a] of which we wish the circulation were as wide as it deserves to be, was told many years ago by a prime minister's daughter, that her mother's maid was a bishop's sister, and he moreover the head of a college; so that here we have a peer and a premier going down to the House of Lords to encounter, in equal debate, the brother of his wife's tirewoman. Do we say this in disparagement of the bishop? No; but in commendation of the system which made him; and we cannot but wonder that when the rage is for popular rights, as it now is, objections should be started against an institution so popular in its very nature as an endowed church.

But it is not of the sum total of the revenues of the church that I complain, says another, but of the unequal distribution of them—for it is singular with what kindness the cause of

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[a] We have, we believe, mentioned this admirable tract before. It is generally ascribed to the Rev. Hugh James Rose, the present Christian Advocate of Cambridge; and we hope rightly so: for it certainly does the author, whoever he may be, infinite honour. A more happy specimen of condensed information, plain manly sense, and native vigorous English, we have not met with; and the whole is lightened up with a vein of exquisite humour. Such a work is more likely to do good at present than a hundred laboured dissertations. The *Drapier* himself could hardly have struck the tone for the times more skilfully.

the poorer clergy, or the *working* clergy, that is the phrase, who are, of course, unable to state their own grievances, is advocated just now by 'the friend of humanity.' Unequal, no doubt, the distribution of church property is, which is the case with other property besides that of the church; and in the latter instance too a similar objection is often heard from a similar quarter,—though, we believe, that many who feel its force as regards the church, feel no force at all in it as regards the laity. Let the question have fair play. Such inequality, up to a certain point, is, in neither case, an evil, but a good, in the church a great good—one woolsack makes many men fit to sit upon it who never do—one dukedom makes many men try to fight their way to it, whose services would otherwise have been lost to their country—and so, one mitre, or stall, or goodly rectory, makes many scholars fit to adorn either, and embark their talents in a profession which has prizes to give, though they may not be the parties to get them. The spirits of men, like other spirits, will not stir upon a dead level; and the mischief of such an order of things is manifested in our labourers, who have lost all heart and activity, simply because they cannot rise; there is no scale of holdings for them as there once was, one or other of which they might successively occupy as their means increased; they are on a treadmill, ever climbing and never mounting an inch, till at last, in sheer despondency, they stagnate, or study mischief. It would be with the labourers of the vineyard as it is with the labourers of the field, if their portions were all alike. The zeal of the church would cool; for it is visionary to suppose that a body of clergymen will not be acted upon by feelings common to all men,—they would be above or below their nature were it otherwise. The literature of the church would languish; 'for though many look with an evil eye on the endowments of the English church, to that church,' says Dr. Chalmers (himself, be it remembered, one of the brightest ornaments of the church of Scotland), 'the theological literature of our nation stands indebted for her best acquisitions; and we hold it a refreshing spectacle,' he continues, 'at any time that meagre

Socinianism pours forth a new supply of flippancy and errors, when we behold, as we have often done, an armed champion come forth, in full equipment, from some high and lettered retreat of that noble hierarchy; nor can we grudge her the wealth of her endowments, when we think how well, under her venerable auspices, the battles of orthodoxy have been fought —that in this holy warfare they are her sons and her scholars who are foremost in the field, ready at all times to face the threatening mischief, and by the might of their ponderous erudition to overbear it.' So that a church, and a most estimable one, of which the revenues are equally diffused, has to seek its *theology*, it seems, from a church of which the portions are some ample and some scanty. The character of the clergy would sink in the eyes of the people; for, as it is, even the lowest amongst them derive a dignity, not a false dignity, but such as renders them more efficient in their callings, from the scholarship, the intelligence, the social rank of their more exalted brethren. It would be indeed an anomaly in the system upon which society is constructed in England, to say that one stratum of it, and only one, should be perfectly horizontal, and that men whose profession closes every avenue to a competency but one shall be vexatiously impeded in that also. You have surgeons who ride in their carriages, and see the first people in the land at their own houses, and you have surgeons who breathe a vein, draw a tooth, and farm a club—you have booksellers who mix with the best literary men of the time, and you have booksellers who deal in quills and Jack the Giant Killer—you have brewers and mercers who are members of Parliament and men of note upon the Rialto, and you have some of the same calling too glad to supply the Lion with a barrel of porter, or to measure out a yard of tape to a maiden on a market-day. Is not this as it should be? We think it is; and that by this diversity of ranks all parties have a chance of being shuffled into their right places; a whole class is made satisfied with its lot by the distinction of a few individuals in it; and a spring is communicated to it throughout, which renders all its movements spirited, vigorous,

and elastic. So it is with the church. Its clergy would be but a *tame* body were they all provided for alike, be the provision what it might. If, indeed, the talents and acquirements of the clergy were all alike, no man amongst them could reasonably feel aggrieved at such a system; but that not being the case, the more highly gifted would naturally fret at the conditions of a profession which rendered these their gifts unavailing, and it would soon be found that parents would abstain from sending a hopeful boy into a calling which afforded him no field for distinction, and the church would be filled with the refuse of our schools and universities, and with none other; meanwhile those universities and schools, of which the tutors and teachers would be still in all probability ecclesiastics, would decay under a generation of men no longer the flower of the scholars of the time, and the light which is amongst us becoming darkness, how great would be that darkness!

Some inequality, therefore, and, indeed, a considerable inequality, in the portions which the church has to dispense, is much to be desired:—still the principle may be pushed too far, and should the inequality be such as to imply an absolute want of subsistence for the incumbents of the smallest livings of all, and thereby to afford not a pretext, but almost a necessity, for non-residence, it is pushed too far,—for, after all, this must be never lost sight of, that the Church of England is an instrument meant for the effectual diffusion of religious knowledge throughout England, and that whatever seriously obstructs this, its very end and object, its best friends would wish removed—the life is more than the meat and the body than the raiment. Now, by returns made to Parliament in 1815, and published in the Parliamentary papers of 1818, returns made when prices were very high, it appears that 2273 livings were under £100 a year; nearly a third of that number under £50 a year; and that 4809 livings were without any parsonage house (more than half this number actually were so), or with such a one as was quite unfit for a clergyman's residence, and did not let for more than two or three pounds a year. It cannot, therefore, be denied

that a very large division of our livings are thoroughly poverty-stricken, and that until some remedy can be found for this disease, non-residence, which so frequently is as rottenness of the bones to the church, must, to a great extent, be tolerated. How then is the evil to be redressed? Let the church property be fused, says the reformer with great self-complacency, and a new and a better division of it be made. Now, to many who advocate this doctrine, we have nothing on the present occasion to offer, because they are consistent reformers, and would make thoroughpace work of all property both in church and state; but really, to hear men who cling to their own broad acres with the tenacity of their own timber—and, above all, men who are actually perhaps holding tithes themselves to a vast amount as sinecurists,—to hear these preach the same doctrines, is something too bad. What has occasioned this extreme inequality in the value of livings, these pluralities, this non-residence, but the system of impropriations?—a system, by which it happens that in about half the benefices of England not a sheaf of the great tithe goes to the garner of the clergyman, but is all swept away to the squire, who forthwith puts his horses to his carriage, the very tithes making them to go, and having lodged himself on one of the benches of St. Stephen's chapel (the only ecclesiastical duty he does), lifts up his voice there against pluralists, non-residents, the indolence and rapacity of priests. Yet, indolent as they are said to be, we observe that when functionaries are wanted by these same legislators for carrying any useful measure into effect, the clergy are invited to the work without much scruple or misgiving, and that in their projects, for instance, for the gratuitous education of the poor, for the effectual management of savings-banks, for the organization of friendly societies upon sound principles, for the adjustment of the census of the population, and a satisfactory answer to the statistical questions connected with that census, for the establishment of boards of health in the case of dangerous visitations of sickness, and the like, the active assistance of the clergy is apt to be counted upon, nor is it counted upon, we imagine, in vain. Neither have the clergy been such idle

observers of the times, as not to be the first to open the eyes of landlords to the disaffection that has been gradually introducing itself amongst the peasantry, and to suggest the wisdom of giving them some interest in the soil, by letting out to them small allotments of it, and so tying them by the tooth. This hint has been taken, and with the happiest effects; and had another of their suggestions been also listened to as it deserved—a suggestion founded, like the former, on a more intimate knowledge of the habits and dispositions of the lower classes, than commonly falls to the lot of those who make our laws—the bill for the beer-houses would never have seen the light; places, we firmly believe, where much of the mischief which is now afloat in the country has been brewed, besides the beer. Rapacious, again, as are the clergy when compared with laymen, but a few years ago almost two-fifths of the subscriptions to the county hospital of Durham (we are told) came from the clergy; and at this moment, in the county where we happen to write, that of Salop, where the church is much less splendidly endowed than in Durham, we discover that one-sixth of the subscribers to a similar institution are clergymen, many of them, very many of them, men of extremely-limited incomes, with large families, and, like all of their profession, having a life-interest only in their possessions, and too often destined to carry along with them the cupboard-key when they die: and, indeed, if the accusers of the clergy will have the candour to look over any list of charitable contributions, we care not what, whether for the relief of the spiritual or temporal wants of the people, and observe the proportion of clerical names which it contains, we do not think it will be such as to make the church ashamed. On casting our eye, for instance, over the last Report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and taking a couple of letters at random in the alphabetical list of subscribers' names, we perceive that out of 1348 (which is the amount of those two letters), 677, or somewhat more than one-half, are clergymen. To whatever slanders the church may be exposed whilst it stands, of this we are sure, from an intimate knowledge of its quiet operations among the poorer

part of our population, that justice will be done it one day by them when it is fallen, and that the worth of the well will be known and acknowledged when it is dry, if not till then.

There are others, and real well-wishers to the church, who, without going the length of recasting ecclesiastical property, hope to mitigate, and by degrees remove, the evil of small and houseless livings, by taking a fresh valuation of undischarged benefices, and paying over the actual instead of the nominal first-fruits or tenths, or both, to Queen Anne's bounty, and so to make that fund effectual to the more rapid improvement of the poorest livings of all. Of this class of reformers is the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, whose opinion, always worthy of respect, is not the less so in the present instance, as, if it were carried into effect in the manner he proposes, it would be much to his own damage. That such a plan presents difficulties there can be no doubt; still it deserves consideration whether, if not the scheme itself, some modification of it might not be adopted. Two-thirds of the livings in England and Wales are in the gift of laymen—they, no doubt, would be often found unwilling to relinquish a portion of property at the disposal of them and of their heirs for ever. Some persons have bought advowsons, and it may be said to be hard upon them to load them with a payment which was not considered in the purchase-money. There are those who have an objection, and a fair objection, to the principle, which certainly is of a levelling tendency, and might be urged further than was intended. Some may argue, and justly argue, that the church establishment is for the general benefit of the public, not for the exclusive benefit of the individual minister, and therefore that the public ought to take their share in the sacrifice thus demanded for the public service; and some again may contend that though there are many livings so small as to call loudly for augmentation, there are very few livings so large as to bear a reduction for such a purpose. There is much reason in all these objections; and some of them, particularly the equalizing tendency of the principle, have caused many of the most sincere friends of the church to withhold their support from

the plan—Lord Harrowby, the discreet and zealous benefactor of the inferior clergy, amongst the rest. He, therefore, limiting his views to the augmentation of one division only of small livings, those belonging to cathedrals and collegiate bodies (the universities excepted), suggested, in a recent republication of a letter addressed to the late Mr. Perceval, the revival of a measure of the date of Charles II., when deans and chapters and other dignitaries were commanded by an injunction of that monarch (being the repetition of a similar injunction of his father), on renewing the leases of tithes impropriate, to make provision for the augmentation of the poor vicarages and curacies in their gift; an injunction of which the authority was recognized by act of parliament, and the augmentations made in obedience to it secured to the parties for ever. But the injunctions and the act having fallen into entire desuetude, Lord Harrowby, as we have said, brought them again before the notice of the country; and thus originated, we suppose, the bill of last year introduced into the Upper House; a bill, if we remember, not compulsory upon these ecclesiastical bodies, but hortatory, and at the same time having for its object to make valid and perpetuate any such appropriation of their revenues as they might deem expedient. We believe that this, like other practical measures, is for the present suspended. Of its great value there can be no question; for the number of small livings in the presentation of cathedrals and other ecclesiastical corporations is very considerable. The only question is, whether the remedy is commensurate with the disease: the case is urgent; the church rides, and is long likely to ride, in a very tempestuous sea, and if she could throw out an anchor in every parish in the land—which she would do had she a resident minister in every parish in the land—persuaded we are, that she would weather it all without damage.

To be convinced of this, we have only to look at the honest testimony of regard, which any clergyman of common conduct, who has resided a few years in his parish, is sure to receive if circumstances happen to remove him—the reluctance expressed at the separation—the cordial wishes for his future welfare—

the parting presents—the unaffected sorrow at the thought that they shall see his face no more—the strength of the bands which kindly intercourse had knit between the parties, never, perhaps, known to either till then. Let all this be witnessed, and we shall soon be satisfied that nothing is wanted but a clergyman in every parish, to walk 'not unseen' amongst his people, in order to fix the church to which he belongs in the hearts and affections of them all. It is not in human nature that it should be otherwise. Some remember that he taught them when children—some that he visited them when sick—some that he pleaded their cause with the landlord, the agent, or the overseer—some that he was the man to see the last of their friends dead and gone—some that he had rebuked them friendly—some that he had relieved them in want, cheered them in sorrow, and saved them from despair. Let the Church of England, we repeat, establish a resident minister in every parish, at whatever cost, and then we boldly say, let her enemies do their worst—she will have no cause to fear. For so great a good, therefore, should not a point be strained? and is not such an appropriation of some greater share of the first-fruits or tenths than is at present exacted, the least violent remedy that can be applied?

Stare super antiquas vias, is still a good maxim, let a conceited age say of it what it will; and it would be the maxim here,—for such a reform would be only a recurrence to a primitive practice, which the revolution of years and of money-values has rendered obsolete. In carrying, however, such a measure into effect, it would be for future consideration what should be the details: what should be the value, for instance, of the livings, which should subject them to the action of this additional impost—what the amount to which it should be proposed to raise the smaller benefices before it should cease altogether—whether, in levying the tax, some regard should not be had to the residence or non-residence of the incumbent, as is the case in the Gilbert act—whether a living mortgaged under that act for the building of a parsonage should not find favour in the eyes of the law, at least till the mortgage had

expired—whether the first-fruits should be levied at all, or at least upon residents; the year in which a man takes possession being usually the poorest of his life, and so esteemed in all college preferment, where a year of grace is allowed for this very reason; (we observe, indeed, that Dr. Burton confines his proposition to the tenths, and we think he is right)—whether some portion, as we have already hinted, less than a tenth, might not suffice, or whether some graduated scale might not be adopted in reference to the value of the benefice, it being obvious that a living of a thousand a year could afford to pay a hundred pounds better than one of half the sum to pay fifty: but these are all matters which this is not the season for discussing. At all events, the law, whatever it is, must not attach to present incumbents (even a Lord King would hardly propose this), but should come gradually into operation as a new generation succeeds them. When all the benefices throughout the country shall, by this means, have been raised to a sum competent to the respectable maintenance of a clergyman, then might the legislature, by degrees, throw more and more impediments in the way of pluralities, till that great, but as matters now stand, necessary, evil should at last cease. So would the dues of the church be more cheerfully rendered when they are paid to one who strows where he gathers,—tithes being, in such cases, seldom resisted, or (as far as our experience has gone) grudged;—so would church preferment be more widely dispersed when it was no longer accumulated upon individuals, and many meritorious men, who live and die in the harness of a curacy, would come in for their portions;—so would some unseemly expedients, to which recourse must now be had for the creation of a pluralist, be annihilated, and much obloquy on this score be removed from the Establishment;—so, above all, would every parish have its own proper spiritual guardian, poor indeed still in very many cases, but yet with less-limited means of exercising charity and hospitality than the still-poorer curate; and though in many instances it might happen that the parish would be no gainer by the exchange (for curates

are allowed by the country to be, in general, in these days no drones), still it would be something to meet the reproach now so often cast upon the church, that one man feeds the sheep whilst another shears them—not to say that the rector would be no longer brought into invidious comparison, as at present, with his curate, in the eyes of his parishioners—with his curate, who enjoys an unwholesome popularity, founded often, if the truth were known, rather upon the covetousness of the people than upon his own worth;—and the church at large would not be left to suffer by the notion thus naturally put into the heads of tithe-payers, that the services required of the minister may be done (for, in fact, they see them done in a manner) at far less cost perhaps than the amount of their tithes.

We have ventured upon these remarks chiefly with a view to ascertain the feeling of the clergy, conscious that the question is one of great difficulty and delicacy; persuaded that even the incumbents of our best livings are, for the most part, so burdened with parochial and other claims upon them (for the clergy are generally of a rank to have poor relations), that they can afford as ill as any men to have an additional tax laid upon their incomes; but, withal, utterly hopeless, from the temper of the times (unless it should please God, by some scourge of His own, to create a stronger interest for religion in the hearts of the people), utterly hopeless, we say, that the wants of the church, however crying, will be relieved by any other class than the ministers of the church themselves.

IX.—ROBERT HALL.

(October, 1832.)

We have not, of late years, undertaken a task of greater difficulty than this, of laying before our readers our opinion of Hall and of his writings, and the grounds upon which it has been formed. On the one hand there is to be taken into consideration the dignity of Hall's talents, for they were surpassed perhaps by those of very few men in his time; the reverence we naturally feel for one who, so gifted, was content, for conscience' sake, to occupy a far lower station in society than seemed his due; the reserve which we would most sincerely desire to exercise in dealing with a noble mind in which there was a flaw—a flaw extending perhaps further than met the eye; and the allowance which ought, in fairness, to be made for the defects of an author, no longer alive to superintend the publication of his own works, to revise, to reconcile, above all to withhold. On the other hand, we cannot forget, that the editor has been acting a deliberate part towards the memory of his friend, whether a discreet one or otherwise; that the sentiments of such a man as Hall, so vividly conceived, so eloquently expressed (for he is an absolute master of English), cannot fail of producing powerful effects; and that, whilst they are often tributary in the highest degree to patriotism, to

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[a] 1. *The Entire Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M.*, &c. Published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL.D, F.R.A.S. 5 vols. 8vo. London, 1830–32.

2. *Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M.* By John Greene. London, 1831.

liberty, to morals, to all the graces of a Christian life, they often again breathe a spirit so fierce, so dogmatical, so impatient of fair opposition, so studiously offensive to every honest member of the Church of England, that, though quite unconscious of party feelings, and certainly having opened these volumes with many prepossessions in favour of the writer, we cannot altogether submit to charges so intemperate, and lick the hand upheaved to lay low what of earthly institutions we most estimate. If, therefore, Dr. Gregory has allowed himself, from whatever motive, to give to the public essays composed at distant intervals, under different circumstances, in the fervour of youth and the circumspection of age, at seasons of extraordinary ferment and of calm repose, of bright hope and of bitter knowledge—regardless of the inconsistencies they betray, which are many and grievous—on him and not on us be the blame. We are unwilling to pronounce that there is anything in the condition of the times which stimulates the principles of dissent to unwonted and ungenerous activity—that they are working just now, as they *have* done in times past (to use Mr. Southey's illustration), because there happens to be thunder in the air; but if it be so, we advise them to be still a little longer, lest eagerness should get the better of discretion—lest that which is probably meant as a menace should be taken as a warning, and the temper already shown, should only suggest the caution, if it be such in the green tree what will it be in the dry?

Hall, at the age of seven-and-twenty, publishes a pamphlet, entitled 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom.' It is impossible to read the works of this extraordinary man without perceiving that his passions in his youth were turbulent in the extreme—that the energies of his mind were then scarcely under his own control—that years of reflection and dear-bought experience were wanting to him, above all men, in order to tame his spirit—that, like Milton's lion, he was a long time before he could struggle out of earth. 'I presume,' says he, in one of his letters, 'the Lord sees I require more hammering and hewing than almost any other stone that was ever

selected for his spiritual building, and that is the secret of His dealing with me.'[a] 'Tranquillity,' he writes in another letter, 'is not my lot; the prey in early life of passion and calamity, I am now perfectly devoured with an impatience to redeem the time.'[b] Why, then, will Dr. Gregory disturb his repose by a republication, to which Mr. Hall would never consent, he tells us, during his life; doubtless condemning, in his more sober years, the bitter temper which spake in his youthful effort; for of the ability with which it is written even Hall could never have had any reason to be ashamed? It is a poor apology, as it seems to us, to the wounded spirit of Hall, if his spirit can now be wounded, to say, that surreptitious editions of the work had been printed and must be met. What if they had? These editions, some or all of them, must have been known to Hall himself, yet they did not provoke him to republish. He had unhappily suffered words to escape him which he was not able to revoke, and he made all the atonement he could to his own sense of right and wrong by refusing to repeat them;—we cannot but think that it would have been the office of a true friend, to respect his self-accusing silence, and set upon it his seal. For, after all, the treatise, now that it is once again before the public, as compared with Hall's subsequent writings, is full of contradictions; so that whatever honour it may reflect on the genius of the man is at the expense of his judgment—a poor compensation. Thus, he calls the maxims of Mr. ——'s sermon, to which the tract is an answer, 'servile,' because Mr. —— thinks it better that ministers of the gospel should not turn politicians, or if they do depart from their natural line, that it should be 'to defend governments, to allay dissensions, to convince the people that they are incompetent judges of their rights.'[c] Yet, 'servile' as was this counsel, the time came when Hall himself was 'determined to have as little to do as possible with party politics, and in the exercise of his professional duties nothing at all.'[d] And again, at a later period, he expresses a reluctance to appear as a political

[a] Vol. v. p. 479. [b] Vol. v. p. 424. [c] Vol. iii. p. 7. [d] Vol. i. p. 83.

writer, from 'an opinion, whether well or ill founded, that the Christian ministry is in danger of losing something of its energy and sanctity, by embarking on the stormy element of political debate.'[a] Mr. —— had said no more.

'Our author,' writes Hall in the same treatise, 'expresses an ardent desire for the approach of that period when all men will be Christians. I have no doubt,' he adds, 'that this event will take place, and rejoice in the prospect of it; but whenever it arrives it will be fatal to Mr. ——'s favourite principles, for the professors of Christianity must then become politicians, as the wicked, on whom he at present very politely devolves the business of government, will be no more; or perhaps he indulges a hope, that even then there will be a sufficient number of sinners left to conduct political affairs, especially as wars will then cease, and social life be less frequently disturbed by rapine and injustice. It will still, however, be a great hardship, that a handful of the wicked should rule innumerable multitudes of the just, and cannot fail, according to our present conceptions, to operate as a kind of check on piety and virtue.'—Vol. iii. p. 18.

Now, to say nothing of Hall misrepresenting his antagonist —for Mr. ——, if we understand right, was confining his observations to ministers of the gospel, and restricting them, and them only, from taking an active part in matters of state —to say nothing of this—we confess that we do not discover aught, in this irreverent badinage on the fulfilment of prophecy, which should recommend the divine to descend to the politician, and mingle hot blood and devotion.

Again, Mr. —— had presumed to quote the example of our Lord in favour of his view of the question:—

'On this ground,' replies Hall, 'the profession of physic is unlawful for a Christian, because our Lord never set up a dispensary; and that of law, because He never pleaded at the bar.'—Vol. iii. p. 40.

And in the same vein, in another passage in this treatise, Hall takes advantage of what he considers an obscure allusion

[a] Vol. iii. p. c

to the Birmingham riots, in a turn of Mr. ——'s sermon, and imputes the obscurity to that 'mystic sublimity which has always tinctured the language of those who are appointed to interpret the counsels of heaven;'[a] and recurring to the same figure in the next page, declares himself 'no longer surprised at the superiority he assumes through the whole of his discourse, nor at that air of confusion and disorder which appears in it,' both of which Hall imputes to 'his dwelling so much in the insufferable light, and amidst the coruscations and flashes of the divine glory.'[b] Surely this is ground on which angels should fear to tread.

Accordingly, we find Hall on this, as on the former occasion, living to see the day when he stood self-corrected—when this very flippancy on sacred subjects became a just offence to him, and was thought worthy of receiving a chastisement, which no man knew better how to administer. Thus, in allusion to an article on Methodism that appeared in the Edinburgh Review, he talks with great indignation of 'the poison of impiety' (for such he discovers in that paper), 'prepared, it is generally understood, by hallowed hands' (we pretend not to know whose), 'and distributed through the nation in a popular and seducing vehicle, which had met with a powerful antidote and rebuke from Dr. Gregory, who, himself a layman, will be honoured,' says Hall, 'as the champion of that religion which a clergyman has insulted and betrayed.'[c] And, in another place, the author of 'Zeal without Innovation,' having talked of a certain class of preachers holding their hearers by '*prosings* on the hidings of God's face,' Hall now says, and says well, that 'to good men it will be a matter of serious regret, to find a writer, from whom different things were to be expected, treat the concerns of the spiritual warfare in so light and ludicrous a manner.'[d]

In the same youthful essay Hall maintains, that the Revolution in France may be defended on its *principles*, against

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[a] Vol. iii. p. 31. [b] Vol. iii. p. 33. [c] Vol. iv. p. 179.
[d] Vol. iv. p. 112.

the friends of arbitrary power, by displaying the value of freedom, the rights of mankind, the folly and injustice of those regal or aristocratic pretensions by which those rights were invaded, and that accordingly in this light it had been justified with the utmost success; or, again, that it might be defended upon its *expedients*, by exhibiting the elements of government which it had composed, the laws it had enacted, and the tendency of both to extend and perpetuate that liberty which was its ultimate object.[a] Yet the days were at hand, when Hall could commend Mr. Gisborne as the individual to whom the country was under *unequalled obligations* for discrediting this very doctrine of *expediency*, which threatens, says Hall, 'to annihilate religion, to loosen the foundation of morals, and to debase the character of the nation.'[b] And for the *principles*—the real principles—of the French Revolution, Hall lived to lay them bare in one of the most eloquent and philosophical sermons ever preached in any pulpit in any country—a sermon for which England was most grateful at the time, and the extraordinary merit of which renders it painful to us at this moment to unveil the earlier errors of so great a man, which, but for this republication of them, might, for us at least, have slept till doomsday. Mark then the *principles* which the mature Hall discovers to have been actively at work in the French Revolution:—'Among the various passions,' says he, 'which that Revolution has so strikingly displayed, none is more conspicuous than *vanity*'—vanity, both in those whose business it was to lead, and in those whose lot it was to follow: infusing into the former—into those intrusted with the enaction of laws—'a spirit of rash innovation and daring empiricism, a disdain of the established usages of mankind, a foolish desire to dazzle the world with new and untried systems of policy, in which the precedents of antiquity and the experience of ages are only consulted to be trodden under foot:'[c] vanity, predominating among the latter, the million, by reason of—

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[a] Vol. iii. p. 22. [b] Vol. iv. p. 139. [c] Vol. i. p. 38.

'Political power, the most seducing object of ambition, never before circulating through so many hands; the prospect of possessing it never before presented to so many minds—multitudes who, by their birth and education, and not unfrequently by their talents, seemed destined to perpetual obscurity, being, by the alternate rise and fall of parties, elevated into distinction, and sharing in the functions of government; the short-lived forms of power and office gliding with such rapidity through successive ranks of degradation, from the court to the very dregs of the people, that they seemed rather to solicit acceptance than to be a prize contended for. Yet, as it was still impossible for all to possess authority, though none were willing to obey, a general impatience to break the ranks, and rush into the foremost ground, maddened and infuriated the nation, and overwhelmed law, order, and civilization with the violence of a torrent.'—Vol. i. p. 39.

Here was one of the *principles* of the French Revolution, but not one on which it could be defended. Another was, that *ferocity* of character which was the effect of sceptical impiety, the life of a man being very differently estimated by the Christian and the infidel; its extinction appearing to the one the summons of an immortal being to the bar of its Judge, to the other, the diversion, perhaps, of the course of a little red fluid. Let those who doubt of the close connection which subsists between atheism and cruelty, 'recollect,' says Hall,—

'that the men who, by their activity and talents, prepared the minds of the people for that great change—Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Rousseau, and others—were avowed enemies of revelation; that in all their writings, the diffusion of scepticism and revolutionary principles went hand in hand; that the fury of the most sanguinary parties was especially pointed against the Christian priesthood and religious institutions, without once pretending, like other persecutors, to execute the vengeance of God (whose name they never mentioned) upon His enemies; that their atrocities were committed with a wanton levity and brutal merriment; that the reign of atheism was avowedly and expressly the reign of terror; that in the full madness of their career—in the highest climax of their horrors—they shut up the temples of God, abolished His worship, and proclaimed death to be an eternal sleep; as if, by

pointing to the silence of the sepulchre and the sleep of the dead, these ferocious barbarians meant to apologize for leaving neither sleep, quiet, nor repose to the living.'—Vol. i. p. 47.

Here was another of the *principles* of the French Revolution, but one on which it could not be defended.

There was a third—that unbridled *sensuality* to which infidelity is favourable, by releasing the strongest instincts from the strongest restraints, in a manner which Hall analyzes and exemplifies in a spirit of the truest philosophy, and with an eye to that wreck of the household virtues with which the Continent was at that time strewed.[a] Now, we submit that it was not well or wise to involve Hall in these contradictions, by the republication of the unripe speculations of his youth, even though they did contain (what it might no doubt be a pang to forego) many valuable sarcasms upon the church and churchmen; though they did speak of the 'liberality of bishops, if *ever such a thing existed*,'[b] and compare in a note (for even this note was too tempting to resign) one Mr. Martin, who had been so unfortunate as to incur the notice and friendship of several of this interdicted brotherhood, to Judas who had 'no acquaintance with the high-priests till he came to transact business with them;'[c] though they did describe the articles of the church as 'the ladder of promotion with the clergy, the cant of the pulpit, and the ridicule of the schools,'[d] and as for a long time treated by churchmen themselves with contempt, or, if maintained at all, 'maintained with little sincerity and no zeal.' We can most truly say, that we have no pleasure in the line of criticism we are now pursuing, which we feel to be, under other circumstances, unworthy of our subject; but we are forced upon it in self-defence—Hall's friend and editor not allowing it to be otherwise.

The 'Apology for the Freedom of the Press' is another essay of the same class and character as the last, published, however, some three years later, when its author was now thirty. Again Hall appears to have had some misgivings as

[a] Vol. i. p. 48. [b] Vol. iii. p. 14. [c] Vol. iii. p. 47. [d] Vol. iii. p. 51.

to the propriety of his conduct in sending this forth to the world; but as he did consent, ten years before his death, to its republication, Dr. Gregory may be here supposed to stand excused in comprising it in the complete edition of his works: still some regard might have been had to the reluctance which Hall manifested to comply with the loud and repeated importunities of his friends in this instance also,[a] and though certainly he did at length yield to their wishes, afraid lest his reserve should be mistaken, and imputed to a change of opinions (which he had, indeed, undergone in many respects, but which he was loth to confess, and of which, perhaps, he was not himself fully conscious), still, in the advertisement to his new edition, he puts forth an apology, such as it is, for the acrimony and vehemence of the work in general, and, in particular, suppresses altogether one memorable passage of the original preface, we will not say 'delineating,'[b] but mangling the character of Bishop Horsley. It was a passage, which, 'on mature reflection, appeared to the writer not quite consistent either with the spirit of Christianity or with the reverence due to departed genius.' It might well, indeed, appear so, even upon less than mature reflection. Terms like those applied by Hall to Horsley, in the paragraph in question, were such as any man professing to be governed by Christian principles, and reflecting upon them in cool blood, might well regard, not only with sorrow, but shame;—and pity it is for his own sake, far more than for Horsley's, that the compunction which caused him to blot out a part, and apologize for more, did not prevail with him to extinguish the whole. But though this was not so, it would have been, we think, only an act worthy of the editor, who was the friend, to aid this faltering sense of duty in Hall which did impel him to a half measure of penitence, and, by omitting what was merely abusive in the preface, and retaining, if he pleased, what was argumentative, to have withdrawn our attention from that false pride in Hall which taught him to be so very frugal in the acknow-

[a] Vol. iii. pp. 80, 184, 202.

[b] Vol. iii. p. 82.

ledgment of an injury. As it is, the venomous vituperation (with the exception we have mentioned) is retained and repeated; and there Horsley still stands, blasted by Hall's wrath, as 'the Bonner' of his time, as the man to 'recognize in every persecutor a friend and brother,' as 'a picture of sanctimonious hypocrisy and priestly insolence' (we are giving Hall's own words) to be quitted with disgust.[a] This might have been spared; such personalities were unprovoked—Horsley's only offence having been to preach a sermon before the House of Lords, the sentiments of which Hall did not approve, being hostile, as he thought, to liberty and dissent. And if further warrant was wanted for the omission, the editor would have found it in the concession, ungracious as it is, which the author had actually made, and the disposition which it argued in him to relent, as well as in the reluctance which every right-minded man must feel to revive such language of the dead, as they would themselves, no doubt, now wish forgiven and forgotten. And, indeed, independent of other considerations, we should be disposed to say of this 'Apology for the Freedom of the Press,' as we said of 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' that the more prudent guardian of Hall's fair fame would have hesitated to reproduce a piece, of which, if we compare it with other works of the same hand, or sometimes even with itself, the contradictions are not less remarkable than the talent. And whatever may be the secret satisfaction with which Hall is here again heard to calumniate the Church of England,—whether by asserting, as he does, in one place, that 'there is a disagreement between its public creed and the private sentiments of its ministers'[b]—or, as he puts it in another place, still more offensively, that she exercises 'a discipline of fraud, compelling her ministers to subscribe what few of them believe;'[c] or, as he insinuates in a third, that those ministers are 'an army of spiritual janizaries;'[d] whatever gratification these and many other passages of the like

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[a] Vol. iii. pp. 77, 78. [b] Vol. iii. p. 144. [c] Vol. iii. p. 166. [d] Vol. iii. p. 147.

kind may afford to some, still such gratification ought to be considered as too dearly bought at the price of the writer's reputation for consistency in other matters connected with these; and regard for him should at least have taken precedence of aversion for others:—but it is not Love only that should be represented as born blind. For instance—in the advertisement to this publication on the 'Freedom of the Press,' Hall bespeaks the reader's indulgence for its imperfections, the warmth of his expressions, and so forth, on the ground that it is a 'eulogium on a *dead friend*.'[a] The freedom of the press, then, it seems, had expired; accordingly, in the course of its pages we are told that Mr. Pitt is distinguished by a 'fatal pre-eminence in guilt;' that he is 'a veteran in frauds while in the bloom of youth; betraying first, and then persecuting, his earliest friends and connections; falsifying every promise, violating every political engagement;' that he was to be despised for 'his meanness and duplicity;' 'dreaded for his machinations;' 'abhorred for his crimes;' and that whilst the nation regards with so much indifference the iniquities of his administration, it is not in a condition to reproach the Romans for 'tamely submitting to the tyranny of Caligula or Domitian.'[b] In the same treatise (the freedom of the press, be it remembered, extinct!) religious establishments are represented as 'nurseries of *Bonners and Horsleys*;'[c] and the relation in which dissenters stand to the Church is compared with that of the early Christians to their Pagan persecutors, when the latter lifted up the ruthless cry of *Christianos ad leones*.[d]

Yet, gross as are these libels upon the most powerful minister of the day, upon the most distinguished, and, perhaps, the most irritable bishop of the bench, and upon this most hateful and intolerant church—we believe that they were suffered to pass with impunity, productive of no other inconvenience to Hall than as they serve to tarnish his character by becoming

[a] Vol. iii. p. 67. [b] Vol. iii. p. 65. [c] Vol. iii. p. 77.
[d] Vol. iii. p. 150.

monuments of his self-contradiction — and this they are in more ways than one. For, independently of the ludicrous contrast presented between his allegation of grievance and his practical illustration of it, the individual sentiments expressed, both here and in other parts of this treatise, are not easily to be reconciled with those that occur elsewhere in the works of Hall. For instance, 'at this season,' says he, in a good and temperate sermon delivered in 1803, at a general fast, entitled 'Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis'—

'At this season especially, when unanimity is so requisite, every endeavour to excite discontent by reviling the character, or depreciating the talents of those who are intrusted with the administration, is highly criminal. Without suspicion of flattery, we may be permitted to add, that their zeal in the service of their country cannot be questioned; that the vast preparations they have made for our defence claim our gratitude; and that if in a situation so arduous, and in the management of affairs so complicated and difficult, they have committed mistakes, they are amply entitled to a candid construction of their measures.'—Vol. i. p. 144.

It is true that Mr. Addington was now at the helm, and not Mr. Pitt, but neither was he of the party that Hall favoured; and if there could be anything in a *season* to make unanimity especially requisite—anything in a difficult position of affairs to make mistakes excusable in the minister—surely Mr. Pitt had these arguments to plead in 1793 quite as strongly as Mr. Addington ten years later.

How changed again his language, by implication, towards Horsley! 'Admirable consistency in a Protestant bishop'—had been his exclamation in an evil hour in the 'Apology'[a]—'to lament over the fall of that antichrist, whose overthrow is represented by unerring inspiration as an event the most splendid and happy!' and this, forsooth, because Horsley had ventured to recommend to the charity of his countrymen the exiled priests of France, whom a frantic mob had driven to seek shelter upon our shores. Admirable consistency, it might

[a] Vol. iii. p. 77.

indeed have been replied, in Jesus to weep over Jerusalem, that had stoned the prophets! This, however, is not our reply. Turn we to Hall himself; let our appeal be only from Philip to Philip; from Hall, boiling under turbulent passion and casting up his scum, to Hall soothed by the influence of a Christian spirit, and delivering himself as the advocate of a Christian cause. Then does he too evince a generous pity for these forlorn fugitives, as Horsley had done before him,—'a Christian priesthood' they too, after all; an expression which, as he frankly applies it to them, so does he fearlessly defend against the narrow-minded censures of a party who then, as in Hooker's time, were offended at the notion that heaven might enlarge her gates for sincere men, though they might happen to be mistaken men too.

Moreover, having occasion to speak in his maturer years of the Socinians (a subject to which we shall again refer), he tells them, it is time for them to know themselves; the world being perfectly aware, whether they perceive it or not, that 'Socinianism is now a headless trunk, bleeding at every vein, and exhibiting no other symptoms of life, but its frightful convulsions;'[a] a tribute which, whether so intended or not, most persons will assign to Horsley, for surely his was the arm by which Socinianism was bereft of its head.

Such sentiments, be it observed, we consider greatly to Hall's honour, but then they speak a very different language from that either of 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' or 'An Apology for the Freedom of the Press;' and we are disposed to think, that they would have consulted better for the integrity of his memory, who had withdrawn the hasty effusions of his youth from the public altogether (for these are they which chiefly give occasion to charges of inconsistency), and rather commended to them the fruits of his more dispassionate meditations only. How changed again his language towards the church! Its cry, he had told us, was in spirit, if not in letter, *Christianos ad leones*, to the lions with the Dissenters.

[a] Vol. iv. p. 183.

Yet, in a sermon on 'Counting the Cost,' Hall inadvertently admits, that 'violent persecution is not an event, under the present circumstances of the Christian profession in this country, within the range of probability;'[a] and in his controversy with Mr. Kinghorn, on Free Communion, he acknowledges, that 'a disposition to fair and liberal concession on the points at issue, is almost confined to members of established churches.'[b] And in Letters from Cambridge to his friends, some of them, by the way, dated about the time of his bitter invectives, he tells them, that 'he has free access to all the libraries gratis,'[c] —that 'he was upon very comfortable terms with the church-people at present; and that never was less party spirit in Cambridge.'[d] Expressions which we leave it to Mr. Greene to reconcile with 'the persecuting church-and-king men' in that place, of whom he takes pains to tell us, in his Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, and with 'the supercilious airs of consequence and lordly superiority over God's heritage,' exhibited, according to him, in the same seat of learning, to which Mr. Hall, says he, 'was by no means insensible.'[e]

But we have not yet done with this 'Apology.' In his former essay on 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' the praises of Dr. Priestley were sung with little reserve: his religious tenets, it is true, appeared to Hall erroneous in the extreme, but Hall was not the man to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish his sensibility to virtue, or his admiration of genius; he tells of his enlightened and active mind—of the light he had poured into every department of science—and in reference to Mr. ——'s supposed allusion to Priestley, 'as a busy active man in regenerating the nations,' he remarks:—

'Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun and follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary they cannot hide.'—Vol. iii. p. 28.

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[a] Vol. v. p. 193. [b] Vol. ii. p. 160. [c] Vol. v. p. 409.
[d] Vol. v. p. 422. [e] Vol. v. pp. 23, 26.

Again, Priestley is the man he delights to honour in the 'Apology,' and he laments—

'The ever-memorable æra in the annals of bigotry and fanaticism (*i. e.* the Birmingham riots), when Europe beheld with astonishment and regret the outrage sustained by philosophy, in the most enlightened of countries and in the first of her sons.'—Vol. iii. p. 151.

For those were displays of loyalty in which the dissenters must acknowledge themselves utterly defective:—

'They have never,' he continues, 'plundered their neighbours, to show their *attachment to the king*, nor has their zeal broken out into oaths and execrations. They have not proclaimed their respect for regular government by a breach of the laws, or attempted to maintain tranquillity by riots. These beautiful specimens of loyalty' (he then adds, *O mens cæca hominum!*) 'belong to the virtue and moderation of the *high-church party alone, with whose character they perfectly coincide.*'—Vol. iii. p. 153.

But it will be said that Hall, in the passages to which we have referred, praised the philosopher only in Priestley: still we are of Hall's later and more mature opinion (however opposed to his first), which will be found recorded in a review of Dr. Gregory's Letters,[a] that 'the fame and science of Priestley procured from the Christian world a *forbearance and complaisance* to which he was ill entitled;' moreover, that the doctrine of *fatalism*, which he grafted upon primitive Socinianism, by representing the human mind as perfectly passive in its operations, annihilated all distinction between virtue and vice, the very foundation of rewards and punishments in a future world—and that, when Priestley maintained that a perfect Necessitarian, or, 'in other words, a philosopher of his own stamp, had nothing to do with repentance and remorse,' he was actually 'subverting the whole fabric of society;'[b] nay more, that his doctrine of *materialism*, which was further superinduced upon the original tenets of his sect, rendered the hope of another state of existence a mere delusion, for that, as the material particles of which any individual is made up are said by physiologists to undergo an entire change in the course

[a] Vol. iv. p. 183. [b] Vol. v. p. 44.

of seven years, their flux is such that a man of forty-nine would lose his identity no less than seven times, and which of these seven beings was to be the subject of reward and punishment in another life, as responsible for *his* actions in this, is a problem which it would be difficult to resolve, nor indeed of much concern to that individual, to his present self, if resolved ever so ingeniously. No wonder, therefore, that Hall, now at length alive to the tendency of Priestley's tenets, should represent them as differing from those of Socinus only as sedition or sacrilege differs from theft, and should consider the terms 'anti-scripturalists,' 'humanitarians,' 'semideists,' '*Priestleians*,' as convertible terms;[a] or that he should contemptuously speak of Mr. Belsham as 'a mere train-bearer in a very *insignificant procession*,' that procession being, as we infer from a preceding sentence, 'Lindsey, *Priestley*, Hartley, and Jebb.'[b]

But if Hall's sentiments on the subject of Priestley underwent a change, the contradictions in which he involves himself are confined, it will be said, to this one topic, and it would be too much to expect that a clever treatise should be withheld from the world for lack of consistency in a single instance. Such, however, is not the case; there are other questions, both of a general and a personal nature, here started or pursued, equally irreconcilable with Hall's sentiments expressed elsewhere—questions so numerous as to lead us to no conclusion but this, that as yet Hall's speculations must be confessed to be crude, passionate rather than patient; and that, where there is no formal recantation of his past opinions (as there is not) on the part of the author, it would have been better that there should be no exposure of them on the part of the editor, lest it should be supposed that the errors which Hall's understanding would not allow him to persist in, his pride would not suffer him to retract. Thus we have seen the name of Hartley introduced, as making one of a very insignificant procession of Socinian worthies; it is not therefore without surprise that we find him represented on another occasion as 'a profound and

[a] Vol. iv. p. 185. [b] Vol. iv. p. 219.

original reasoner,' of whose labours Dr. Gregory had done well to avail himself.[a] So again, Paley, of all men in the world, is said, in the 'Apology,' to be 'a courtly writer in the main.'[b] Yet, in other passages of Hall's writings, he is the subject of his generous and unreserved commendation,—'that venerable writer'[c]—'that great man;'[d] Paley, for whose talents he entertained 'high reverence;' to whose 'great services to religion he bore a willing testimony; and the errors of whose moral system he was reluctant to expose.'[e] Then again, could the spirit, which a few years afterwards animated the sermon on Modern Infidelity, depicting with such masterly effect the desolation it was calculated to work in society, and drawing its examples from the hideous scenes which had been acted in a neighbouring nation, be supposed to be one and the same as that which was now pronouncing certain tenets of Burke, as to natural rights, only not 'abject and contemptible,' because Burke was their author;[f] which was now defending Dr. Price, 'whose talents and character were revered by all parties,'[g] and, to a certain extent, Tom Paine, whose system was but a structure built upon the foundations laid by Sidney and Locke[h]—Tom Paine, in whom Hall might surely have discovered more symptoms of a 'rooted aversion to the gracious truths of revelation' than in Watson, his antagonist, had it not been the misfortune of the latter to be a bishop;[i] nay, which could pay a compliment to Miss Wolstonecraft, 'the eloquent patroness of female claims,' with something about 'the empire of the heart,'[k]—whose work, if it was not so bad as some have represented it, was at least not one for Hall, a severe moralist, to go out of his way to sprinkle with sarcenet terms; terms which, if he remembered them, would probably smite him when he rose up, some years later, to rebuke the lewdness of the times in which he lived.[l]

Do we then upbraid Hall with his change?—very far from

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[a] Vol. iv. p. 155. [b] Vol. iii. p. 107. [c] Vol. i. p. 170.
[d] Vol. iv. p. 28. [e] Vol. i. p. 170. [f] Vol. iii. p. 123.
[g] Vol. iii. p. 55. [h] Vol. iii. p. 122. [i] Vol. iv. p. 166.
[k] Vol. iii. p. 133. [l] Vol. i. p. 48, *et seq.*

it. He grew in wisdom and moderation as he grew in years; and we are doing him, we trust, no ill turn in pointing out the process or the symptoms of his regeneration; but as the editor has thought fit to give fresh circulation to his early tracts, fraught, as they especially are, with intense mischief to institutions and opinions which we hold dear, and in the absence of all positive recantation, we must take leave to neutralize the effect they might produce were they to go forth as the exposition of Hall's calm and deliberate judgment; more particularly, as Dr. Gregory gives us to understand that *his political principles remained the same through life.*[a]

We must draw upon the patience of our readers a little longer, whilst we still pursue this path of thorns; a path, however, which introduces them to a survey of Hall's opinions, perhaps as well as any other we could adopt, though in a spirit, they may think, of less deference than is due to so great a name. We can only repeat, that we should have been well content to be spared the invidious office we are discharging; but the republication of his works, without any reserve or restriction, leaves us no alternative, and we know not how to reply to Hall more ably than by making him his own antagonist.

In his 'Apology,' as indeed in other of his writings, he expresses great aversion to formularies of faith of human authority:[b] they are useless, for their subscribers neglect or despise them;[c] they are suicidal, for those who refuse subscription are often the most sincere in their support of the principles which those very articles impose; they are unreasonable, for a belief in divine revelation is all that is wanted to cement a church;[d] they are unjust, for no persons have a right to prescribe, as indispensable conditions of communion, what the New Testament has not enforced as a condition of salvation.[e] Does it then appear from his own works that he was prepared to follow out his own principle; to fraternize, for instance, with those

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[a] Vol. iii. p. 202. [b] Vol. iii. p. 144. [c] Vol. iii. p. 51.
[d] Vol. iii. p. 144. [e] Vol. ii. p. 4.

who, admitting the authority of Scripture, still refused their assent to the doctrines of our Lord's divinity and of the Atonement, as not contained in Scripture; doctrines which he considered as lying at the foundation of the true system of vital religion?[a] We apprehend not; for he very often expresses himself with peculiar acrimony against the advocates of such opinions; and, in the very last letter which he wrote, in allusion to the recent schism in the Bible Society, he declares his satisfaction that 'attempts were making in London to dissolve the union between the orthodox and Socinian; and wishes them most heartily success, it being, as he holds, a most unnatural and preposterous union.'[b] Yet this is, in fact, a surrender of the principle which would make a simple profession of belief in the Scriptures the only bond of church-membership;[c] and the adoption, in its stead, of another principle, which would make a profession of belief in the Scriptures, according to a certain scheme of human interpretation, the bond. Now this latter is all that can be charged upon the Church of England; so that the question between Hall and the Establishment seems after all to resolve itself into a mere question of degree, and whether the articles shall be three, or nine, or thirty-nine in number.

Moreover, were we to judge of the question by its practical merits, and did we desire instances of the disastrous effects of these latitudinarian principles which Hall upholds, we still know not where we could find better than in Hall's own pages. A dissenting academy is established at Daventry; and Priestley, who resided there, assures the world that nothing can be more favourable to the progress of free inquiry, since the tutors and students were about equally divided between the orthodox and Arian systems; arguments were marshalled on all sides—the theological professor held the balance with an even hand, careful to betray no predilection for one set of opinions rather than another: what could be more fair? Yet the result of the experiment was a general indifference to all religious

[a] Vol. v. p. 403. [b] Vol. v. p. 568. [c] Vol. iv. p. 74.

opinions whatever on the part of the students, and an incidental confession on the part of Hall, that the school was a 'vortex of unsanctified speculation and debate.'[a] The tale is told in a memoir of Mr. Thomas Toller, who was educated there; and the natural rectitude of Hall's mind (as it appears to us) reprobates what his theory would have required him to approve. But he had at length learned that a 'benevolent solicitude to comprehend within the pale of salvation as many as possible, may sometimes lead us to extenuate the danger of speculative error too much.'[b]

We cannot indeed but think, that the character of Hall's own mind greatly suffered by the accident of his lot; that it wanted consolidating; and that had it been subjected to the wholesome restraint of liberal, but not lax, formularies, such as would have served to check the mere capricious excursions of a mercurial fancy, it would have been more true to itself, and we should not have been now called upon to expose the numerous contradictions into which it was betrayed.

We have seen the effect of liberal principles upon a system of education,—Hall himself being our witness. We are not aware that he recommended them more successfully as the foundations of a church, using the term in its most enlarged sense. He contrasts, it is true, the lofty bearing of the Protestant dissenter, whose free and unfettered mind spurns at the shackles of authority, with the abject spirit of those who are content 'to receive their religion from the hands of their superiors in a mass, and relinquish the liberty of thinking for themselves.'[c] But let us try conclusions with him. Now, certainly, we never remember to have seen a controversy between churchman and dissenter, much less between churchmen, one with another, conducted in a temper of greater bitterness than that displayed by Hall towards his brother Baptist, Mr. Kinghorn, on the subject of free communion. He is shocked at the illiberality of Mr. Kinghorn; he is almost tempted to say, of such societies as his, 'My soul, come not thou into

[a] Vol. iv. p. 307. [b] Vol. iv. p. 337. [c] Vol. ii. p. 467.

their secret;'[a] he would have him bethink himself of the enormous impropriety of investing '*every little Baptist teacher*' with the prerogative of repelling from his communion a Howe, a Leighton, or a Brainerd;[b] he admires the modesty of his opponents in not laying direct claim to their loftiest distinction, which consisted in 'their societies being *more select than heaven*, and its being more difficult to become a member of a Baptist church than to be saved;'[c] he conjectures that they are afraid of losing their title to the appellation of 'a little flock,' and that they perhaps consider the Baptist denomination as an order of *nobility or knighthood*, whose dignity is impaired in proportion as it is diffused;[d] he speaks of Mr. Booth, another Baptist minister, as a 'sturdy saint,' and says that he perfectly reeled and staggered under the weight of an objection with which he was now plying Mr. Kinghorn;[e] moreover, that both of them were 'great authorities,' to whom he looked up with profound admiration, but at the same time must give it as his 'humble advice,' that neither of them should be believed.[f] It should seem, therefore, that dissent does not secure toleration, and that a lack of mutual charity is not to be objected to different parties *in* the church only.[g] On the contrary, it appears to us that the liberty of 'thinking for themselves' upon every question, which Hall claims for the dissenters with so much triumph, is an advantage of equivocal value if it generates angry altercation, and that the cause of truth is likely to lose more by the passion of the disputants than to gain by the freedom of the dispute.

The same liberty leads to another inconvenience, of which Hall complains; an evil from which the established church is not altogether free, but to which, by its construction, it is far less exposed;—a taste for spiritual criticism in the hearers. In most dissenting congregations, we are told, there are one or more persons who value themselves on their skill in detecting the unsoundness of ministers; and who, when they hear a

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[a] Vol. ii. p. 299. [b] Vol. ii. p. 482. [c] Vol. ii. p. 484.
[d] Vol. ii. p. 492. [e] Vol. ii. p. 317. [f] Vol. ii. p. 385.
[g] Vol. iv. pp. 87, 88, 99.

stranger, attend less with a view to their own improvement than to pass their verdict, which they expect shall be received as a decree. It is almost needless to add, says Hall, that they usually consist of the most ignorant, conceited, and irreligious part of the society.[a] Yet does not Hall perceive that the principle he commends so loudly—the encouragement which dissent gives to every man to think for himself, whether qualified for doing so advantageously or not—is precisely that which multiplies such profitless hearers?

Neither is this liberty of thinking for themselves shown to be productive of more harmony in the discipline of a church than it is in its doctrines; for again we learn from Hall, though again incidentally, that the removal of a pastor, who has long been the object of veneration, '*generally* places a church in a critical situation, exposed to *feuds and dissensions*, arising out of the necessity of a new choice.'[b] It may be a question, therefore, whether the interests of religion would not be better consulted were the congregation to be passive, and the minister to receive his appointment from other hands. And another grievance, which escapes from Hall, confirms this opinion. In the economy of modern dissenters, it seems, the church, properly so called, is merged in the congregation, its professed members in its fiscal subscribers; and that, accordingly, the management of its spiritual concerns devolves, in great measure, upon those who are actuated by pecuniary considerations only.[c] Now, bad as may be the alliance between Church and State, is it worse than the alliance between Christ and Mammon?

Neither does this liberty of thinking for themselves, on every occasion, seem to assist those who enjoy it, in their spiritual labours abroad better than at home, for we find Hall, in a letter to the Baptist Missionary Society, taking violent, but apparently not unjust offence at the conduct of their brethren at Serampore; alleging it to be a proceeding scarcely paralleled in the history of human affairs, that a 'set of men, in the character of missionaries, *after disclaiming the authority of the Society*

[a] Vol. i. p. 476. [b] Vol. iv. p. 309. [c] Vol. iv. p. 320.

which sent them out, and asserting an entire independence—after claiming an absolute control, whether rightfully or not, over a large property which that Society had always considered as its own—should demand an annual payment from those from whom they had severed themselves, and thus attempt to make their constituents their tributaries.'[a] Here again it may be thought, that less latitude in the principle would have secured more effectual co-operation in the cause.

But it should seem that this liberty of thinking, which Hall asserts so stoutly for the dissenters, he would deny to others; a dogma which certainly he would not deliberately advocate, and the semblance of which in his writings, for a semblance of it there is, must be therefore imputed (as we have already imputed so much else) to the disadvantage under which a man labours whose works, entire as well as fragments, are exposed to the public—the posthumous outpourings of his multifarious common-place books, with all their imperfections on their head. For whilst we are told, in one of these hasty and unfinished essays, that 'the unfortunate Charles' was undone chiefly by 'his religious intolerance,' it is said, too, that 'nothing contributed so much to support the precarious authority of Cromwell, and to produce an artificial calm in the midst of so many raging factions, so many stormy elements, as a *general liberty of conscience*.'[b] General liberty of conscience! Why was it then that the conscientious members of the Church of England had to meet by stealth in order to mingle their prayers and tears together—that the use of the Prayer-book was proscribed—that the Protector prohibited, by edict, all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching schools or administering the sacrament, on pain of imprisonment or transportation—that Evelyn and his wife, and a whole congregation, on a Christmas-day, whilst they were in the act of celebrating the Lord's supper, were surprised by a body of Cromwell's soldiers, the miscreants actually presenting their muskets at the communicants as if they would have shot them

[a] Vol. iv. p. 416. [b] Vol. iii. p. 378.

at the altar! Is Hall's meaning to be explained by a passage in another 'fragment,' where, in touching upon the same subject, he says, that Cromwell supported his usurpation 'by granting to *rival sects* a general toleration'[a]—that is, to all sects but the Church of England; and were they alone to be excluded from the privilege because they were supposed to have no consciences to wound?

We shall now dismiss this portion of our subject, and betake ourselves to a less ungrateful task, drawing, however, at parting, this moral from what has been said already, that when a spiritual person addicts himself to party politics and sectarian disputes, he is apt to become, whatever may be his talents, shorn of his strength, and to be 'as another man.'

Besides the political tracts, of which mention has been so often made already, the volumes before us consist of sermons, of notes for sermons, of charges, of biographical sketches of Baptist worthies, of polemical treatises, a few reviews, and many letters. The notes for sermons swell the bulk, without very much increasing, we think, the value, of the publication. Hall's powers show themselves far more in filling up an outline than in forming it, and here we have outline only. It is ever thus with men of fervent imaginations. Milton's rude sketch of 'Paradise Lost,' in the argument of a play, is valuable, because it is a sketch of 'Paradise Lost,' and it is interesting to trace the genius of the poet who could raise such a superstructure upon such a scaffolding; and, in like manner, if the notes which served as elements for Hall's sermon on Modern Infidelity had been given, they would have had their value too, but only because so noble a discourse came of them. In sketches like these, considered independently, there is little worth, for there is little characteristic. The bold diction, the majestic gait of the sentence, the vivid illustration, the rebuke which could scathe the offender, the burst of honest indignation at triumphant vice, the biting sarcasm, the fervid appeal to the heart, the sagacious develop-

[a] Vol. iii. p. 392.

ment of principle, the broad field of moral vision,—all, in short, which distinguishes Hall, evaporates; and whilst we are looking for his picture in the mirror of works so imperfect, we find it, indeed, but (to use one of his own metaphors) as if it had lain in a *damp place*. On one occasion, Dr. Gregory, assisted by the memoranda of Hall's hearers, himself undertakes to fill up the chasms of a sermon on the vicarious character of the Redeemer, which Hall had left unfinished—*ausus magna quidem.*[a] But he does not walk gracefully in Saul's armour: his language breathes not the burning words of his original, nor are his thoughts, we suspect, as Hall's thoughts. For it is difficult to believe the substance of the interpolated passages correctly reported, or that Hall, conversant as he was with the argument of Butler, and emphatic as he is in his praise,[b] should have departed from it so widely, and particularly in a branch of it satisfactory perhaps beyond any other. It is surely injudicious in Hall's friends thus to run him to the lees: to produce, first his youthful pieces, with their youthful faults; then his notes of sermons; then fragments of sermons, of which the editor has to supply the defects; and, lastly—such is Mr. Greene's attempt upon the memory of Hall—sermons, of which neither note nor fragment affects to be of Hall's own writing, but the whole the mere gatherings of a reporter, himself, we suppose, unpractised in his art, and Hall the most rapid of speakers. Alas, for Hall! the most fastidious of men, with regard to his own compositions—ever falling, in his own opinion, below his own elevated standard, and dissatisfied even with his most finished and perfect performances! Not that mere indolence oppressed him, but, as he says, a certain difficulty of being pleased, which rose to the magnitude of a mental disease.[c] One sermon, and that, too, of the first order, he is slow to publish, because 'it appears so contemptible under his hand.'[d] With another he is, 'as usual, so much disgusted, that he can by no means let it appear, unless it is in

[a] Vol. i. p. 490. [b] Vol. i. p. 322. [c] Vol. v. p. 491. [d] Vol. v. p. 471.

his power greatly to improve it.'[a] A third, a funeral sermon, he calls 'a wretched oration, which it is his unalterable resolution never to print,' however his friends may continue to importune him: 'he would not put off the public with a weakly or more deformed part of his intellectual progeny;' 'it would not be respectful to the public, nor justice to himself, to publish such a wretched piece of inanity,'—'let me, my dear sir, hear no more of the oration.'[b] What would a man of this sensitive spirit have said to so indiscriminate a production of his papers, both bad and good? Still it is only fair to mention, that in the Notes there certainly are occasional flashes of Hall, but they are few and far between. Such are sometimes to be found in a metaphor: thus, on the subject of family prayer, to which some worldly-minded persons object, as taking up too much time, it is said, that 'what may seem a loss will be more than compensated by that spirit of order and regularity which the stated observance of this duty tends to produce,' for that 'it will serve as an *edge and border to preserve the web of life from unravelling.*'[c] And again, of swearing, it is observed by Hall, in one of those bold figures which mark his style, that 'it is properly a superfluity of naughtiness, and can only be considered as a sort of *pepper-corn rent*, in acknowledgment of the devil's right of superiority.'[d] He is worthy of himself, too, in the following comprehensive definition of wisdom, also to be met with in the same Notes; a passage so remarkably in the style of Bacon or Barrow (for there is often a resemblance between these two great authors), that we almost suspect it is not altogether original, though we have no proof that it is otherwise:—

'Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every

[a] Vol. v. p. 486. [b] Vol. v. p. 493. [c] Vol. v. p. 260. [d] Vol. v. p. 339.

power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act and when to cease; when to reveal and when to conceal a matter; when to speak and when to keep silence; when to give and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end, pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill besides needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand; but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendent is wisdom.' —Vol. iv. p. 229.

But whatever may be the value of the Rough Notes, when Hall not merely hews out materials but brings them too to an excellent work, excellent indeed it is; and his Sermons on Modern Infidelity, on War, on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, on the Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Minister, and, not least, the discourse entitled 'Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis,' are all wonderful compositions; wonderful both for the scale and the variety of the powers they display; a head so metaphysical, seeming to have little in common with an imagination so glowing; declamation so impassioned with wisdom so practical; touches of pathos so tender with such caustic irony, such bold invective, such spirit-stirring encouragements to heroic deeds; and all

conveyed in language worthy to be the vehicle of such diverse thoughts, precise or luxuriant, stern or playful—that most rare, but most eloquent, of all kinds of speech, the masculine mother-tongue of an able man, which education has chastened, but not killed; constructed after no model of which we are aware; more massive than Addison, more easy and unconstrained than Johnson, more sober than Burke: such are the features of Hall's deliberate compositions, and such is our most willing testimony to their worth.

The following is a passage in the Sermon on Infidelity, enumerating some of the advantages which society owes to religion; advantages which it scatters as blessings by the way, on its march to immortality:—

'Religion being primarily intended to make men wise unto salvation, the support it ministers to social order, the stability it confers on government and laws, is a subordinate species of advantage which we should have continued to enjoy, without reflecting on its cause, but for the development of deistical principles, and the experiment which has been made of their effects in a neighbouring country. It had been the constant boast of infidels, that their system, more liberal and generous than Christianity, needed but to be tried to produce an immense accession of human happiness; and Christian nations, careless and supine, retaining little of religion but the profession, and disgusted with its restraints, lent a favourable ear to these pretensions. God permitted the trial to be made. In one country, and that the centre of Christendom, revelation underwent a total eclipse, while atheism, performing on a darkened theatre its strange and fearful tragedy, confounded the first elements of society, blended every age, rank, and sex in indiscriminate proscription and massacre, and convulsed all Europe to its centre; that the imperishable memorial of these events might teach the last generations of mankind to consider religion as the pillar of society, the safeguard of nations, the parent of social order, which alone has power to curb the fury of the passions, and secure to every one his rights—to the laborious the reward of their industry, to the rich the enjoyment of their wealth, to nobles the preservation of their honours, and to princes the stability of their thrones. We might ask the patrons of infidelity, what fury impels them to attempt the subversion of Christianity? Is it that they

have discovered a better system? To what virtues are their principles favourable? Or is there one which Christians have not carried to a higher perfection than any of which their party can boast? Have they discovered a more excellent rule of life, or a better hope in death, than that which the Scriptures suggest? Above all, what are the pretensions on which they rest their claims to be the guides of mankind, or which embolden them to expect that we should trample upon the experience of ages, and abandon a religion which has been attested by a train of miracles and prophecies, in which millions of our forefathers have found a refuge in every trouble, and consolation in the hour of death; a religion which has been adorned with the highest sanctity of character and splendour of talents; which enrols amongst its disciples the names of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, the glory of their species, and to which these illustrious men were proud to dedicate the last and best fruits of their immortal genius? If the question at issue is to be decided by argument, nothing can be added to the triumph of Christianity; if by an appeal to authority, what have our adversaries to oppose to those great names? Where are the infidels of such pure, uncontaminated morals, unshaken probity, and extended benevolence, that we should be in danger of being seduced into impiety by their example? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons have their philanthropists penetrated, to lighten fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited; what distant climes have they explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness, and want, to diffuse principles of virtue, and the blessings of civilization? Or will they rather choose to waive their pretensions to this extraordinary and, in their eyes, eccentric species of benevolence (for infidels, we know, are sworn enemies to enthusiasm of every sort), and rest their character on their political exploits; on their efforts to re-animate the virtue of a sinking State, to restrain licentiousness, to calm the tumult of popular fury; and by inculcating the spirit of justice, moderation, and pity for fallen greatness, to mitigate the inevitable horrors of revolution? Our adversaries will at least have the discretion, if not the modesty, to recede from the test. More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parricidal zeal to extinguish a sense of deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an almighty and perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it is not shameful to avow? Eternal God! on what are Thy enemies

intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not pierce?—miserable men! proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease, only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world!' —Vol. i. pp. 67-70.

It is not the blaze of eloquence with which this passage burns so brightly, that ought to turn to it our eyes; but the sound argument, the practical wisdom, which supplies the fuel, and lies buried in the flame. The great price of Hall's pearls continually runs a risk of being unobserved, through the lustre and richness of the setting. Declamation soon becomes wearisome and oppressive, beyond any form or fashion of speech whatsoever; yet Hall, who often resorts to it, never wearies; simply because with him it is always instinct with strong sense —there is the bolt as well as the thunder. As for the subject, the virtue which religion possesses to uphold society, it is one which Hall delights to handle; and he is never greater than when so doing. The conclusion to which he comes on one of these occasions, brings the matter so well home to every man, is so wholesome for these times, and is so beautifully expressed, that we will not withhold it. It occurs in his sermon on War. He had been speaking of the horrors of the French revolution and of their origin:—

'Our only security against similar calamities,' he then continues, 'is a steady adherence to religion—not the religion of mere form and profession, but that which has its seat in the heart; not as it is mutilated and debased by the refinements of a false philosophy, but as it exists in all its simplicity and extent in the sacred Scriptures; consisting in sorrow for sin, in the love of God, and in faith in a crucified Redeemer. If this religion revives and flourishes amongst us, we may still surmount all our difficulties, and no weapon formed against us will prosper: if we despise or neglect it, no human power can afford us protection. Instead of showing our love to our country, therefore, by engaging eagerly in the strife of parties, let us choose to signalize it rather by beneficence, by piety, by an

exemplary discharge of the duties of private life, under a persuasion that that man, in the final issue of things, will be seen to have been the best patriot, who is the best Christian. He who diffuses the most happiness, and mitigates the most distress within his own circle, is undoubtedly the best friend to his country and the world, since nothing more is necessary than for all men to imitate his conduct, to make the greatest part of the misery of the world cease in a moment. While the passion then of some is *to shine*, of some *to govern*, and of others *to accumulate*, let one great passion alone inflame our breasts, the passion which reason ratifies, which conscience approves, which Heaven inspires, that of being and of doing good.'—Vol. i. p. 110.

We are tempted to add to these passages a third, directing attention, as it does, to that portion of society in England, which at the present crisis cannot be watched too vigilantly, or ministered unto too carefully. The passage is found at the end of a sermon, on the 'Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes.'

'We congratulate the nation, on the extent of the efforts employed, and the means set on foot, for the improvement of the lower classes, and especially the children of the poor, in moral and religious knowledge, from which we hope much good will accrue, not only to the parties concerned, but to the kingdom at large. These are the likeliest, or rather the only expedients that can be adopted for forming a sound and virtuous populace; and if there be any truth in the figure, by which society is compared to a pyramid, it is on them its stability chiefly depends; the elaborate ornament at the top, will be a wretched compensation for the want of solidity in the lower parts of the structure. These are not the times in which it is safe for a nation to repose on the lap of ignorance. If there ever were a season, when public tranquillity was ensured by the absence of knowledge, that season is past. The convulsed state of the world will not permit unthinking stupidity to sleep, without being appalled by phantoms, and shaken by terrors, to which reason, which defines her objects and limits her apprehensions by the reality of things, is a stranger. Everything in the condition of mankind announces the approach of some great crisis, for which nothing can prepare us but the diffusion of Knowledge, Probity, and the Fear of the Lord. While the world is impelled

with such violence in opposite directions; while a spirit of giddiness and revolt is shed upon the nations, and the seeds of mutation are so thickly sown, the *improvement of the mass of the people will be our grand security;* in the neglect of which, the politeness, the refinement, and the knowledge accumulated in the higher orders, weak and unprotected, will be exposed to imminent danger, and perish like a garland in the grasp of popular fury.'—Vol. i. p. 218.

The death of the Princess Charlotte was an event eminently calculated to call up in Hall all that was within him. It appealed at once to his imagination, his reason, and his heart. The dignity of the sufferer—the vast interests, positive and prospective, involved in the loss—the lesson of mortality which it read to a whole nation—the touching nature of the death she died—all combined to make it a subject in which Hall's varied powers might freely expatiate; and accordingly, in none of his sermons, perhaps, does the exuberance of his mind display itself to greater advantage than in this; every fresh position, as he successively occupies it, seeming to open to him a boundless field, and his only difficulty being to circumscribe his picture. Where all is so striking it is not easy to make a choice; but the following reflection is so fine in itself, and the wording of it so brilliant, that in spite of the number and length of the quotations we have already made, this must have a place:—

'Eternity, it is surely not necessary to remind you, invests every state, whether of bliss or of suffering, with a mysterious and awful importance entirely its own, and is the only property in the creation which gives that weight and moment to whatever it attaches, compared to which, all sublunary joys and sorrows, all interests which know a period, fade into the most contemptible insignificance. In appreciating every other object, it is easy to exceed the proper estimate; and even of the distressing event, which has so recently occurred, the feeling which many of us possess is probably adequate to the occasion. The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret, at the sudden removal of this most lamented princess, nor of their sympathy with the royal

family, deprived by this visitation of its brightest ornament—sorrow is painted on every countenance, the pursuits of pleasure and of business have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with the signals of distress. But what, my brethren, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning and the heavens with sackcloth? or, were the whole fabric of Nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?'—Vol. i. p. 357.

The sermon, on the 'Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Minister,' is full of hints which no man engaged in the pastoral office can read without advantage. Hall is for a well-educated clergy:—he is of opinion that learning is no enemy to piety, and that the orthodoxy of a public teacher of religion derives no security from his professed ignorance on every other subject;—in his preaching, he would have him, not indeed personal, but still characteristic, so that every individual of his congregation might know where to class himself, and feel that the hand of the preacher was upon him;—he would have him endeavour to *insulate* his hearers, to place each of them apart, and render it impossible for him to escape by losing himself in the crowd;—he would have him adapt his addresses to the different casts of his audience, and select his topics accordingly; remembering that some among them are only capable of digesting first principles: that some require more ample variety and a more comprehensive grasp of scriptural truths; that some are phlegmatic and can only be approached by cool argument, and, though believers, are indisposed to pay much attention to naked assertions; that some are of a softer clay, and must be pricked at the heart; that some again are callous sinners, and must be subdued by the terrors of the Lord. Thus will he become all things to all men, that he may save some. He would not have him too formal or mechanical

in the construction of his sermons, ever abating the edge of curiosity by making a point of proclaiming what is to come next; method, indeed, he would have, but not such as comes of observation,—it being impossible to object a want of method to Cicero or Demosthenes, though it would be very difficult to dispose one of their orations under heads, without extinguishing its fire;—he would have him smite friendly, in order that he may smite effectually, not denouncing God's threats as if he took pleasure in the office, but, with St. Paul, telling his people *weeping*, whenever he has to tell them such a truth, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ:—he would have *seriousness* a feature of his discourses, intending thereby not merely the absence of light or jocular topics, in which few would in these days be likely to indulge, but the use of that 'sound speech,' which St. Paul recommends to Timothy, a sober dignity of language and subject, so that in describing the 'pleasures of devotion, for instance, or the joys of heaven, there should be nothing weak, sickly, or effeminate,' 'no puerile exaggerations or feeble ornaments,' but rather that chaste severity which is ever found in the representations of the apostles; he would have him draw his instructions immediately from the Bible, take them fresh from the spring;—he would have him seek to fix the attention of his hearers, not by any peculiar refinement of thought or subtlety of reasoning, much less by any pompous exaggerations of secular eloquence, but rather by imbibing deeply the mind of Christ, letting His doctrine enlighten, His love inspire the heart, thereby placing himself in a situation, which, in comparison of other speakers, 'will resemble that of the angel of the Apocalypse, who was seen standing in the sun.' Above all, he would have him persuasive in his life, not indeed continually teaching from house to house, nor always having the subject of religion upon his lips, but so discharging the ordinary duties of the passing day, as to add weight to his ministerial functions, properly so called, and to give token that he is aware of the high trust reposed in him, and that 'moral delinquency in him produces a sensation as when an armour-bearer fainteth.'

In his polemical treatises, which are confined to the question of free communion, or the admission of Pædo-baptists to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Hall is the advocate of liberal principles, taking part against those who maintained the doctrine of strict communion, constituting, we believe, the great majority of the Baptist church, and considered its orthodox members. Here Hall shows himself a very powerful and very vehement reasoner, but not always a very candid antagonist, sometimes dexterously evading an argument which presses, sometimes resorting to weapons at the risk of piercing his own hand, rather than yield, and sometimes descending to arguments coarse and personal. Thus he considers the doctrine of regeneration in baptism, 'a pernicious error,'[a] but being aware that such a doctrine was held by all the early fathers of the church, he takes an opportunity to descant upon the tendency there exists in the human mind to sink from the spirit to the letter—from what is vital in religion to what is ritual,—and then he adroitly introduces the sentiments of the fathers, on the subject of baptism, in illustration of his theory.[b]

Again, Hall on one occasion considers, and with reason, as we believe, the future appearance of the Messiah to be the great article of the *Jewish faith*.[c] Yet in the heat of controversy he will rather put his sentiment to hazard, than be worsted in the dispute. For, in arguing on the side of free communion, he contends that there can be no ground for insisting on baptism at all, previous to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, since this latter sacrament itself was instituted before baptism. To this it is replied, True, but John's baptism was instituted before the Lord's Supper. Yes, is the rejoinder, but the baptism of John was very different from the baptism of Jesus. Not so different, is again the answer, seeing that John and the older prophets taught of Jesus. So they did, is the retort, but how indistinct was their conception!

'Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbras'—[d]

[a] Vol. iv. p. 174. [b] Vol. ii. p. 74. [c] Vol. ii. p. 23. [d] Vol. ii. p. 211.

—where we see Hall allows himself to be drifted by his argument to a position which probably, at another time, he would not have occupied by choice. Instances of the same tactics might be produced from other of his writings;—whilst to his opponents in general he displays a carriage the most supercilious, not to be excused by the consciousness of possessing talents, however unrivalled; and to one of them, who had constructed a synopsis of the principles advanced in the treatise 'On Terms of Communion,' in such a manner as to provoke Hall's wrath, he so far forgets the rules of common courtesy, as to liken him 'to a certain animal in the eastern part of the world, who is reported to be extremely fond of climbing a tree for that purpose, inasmuch as he merely pelts the author with his own produce.'[a] Certainly, whatever can be advanced in favour of the most latitudinarian principles of church membership may be collected from these dissertations, though, on experience, Hall would have found their application impracticable, and, as we gather from certain inconsistencies discoverable in his writings and already produced, actually did find them so.

His reviewals are of very different degrees of merit. Those in which he has to commend his author seem to us to labour —to drag their slow length along; they perpetually suggest to us Hall's amusing confessions of faith and feeling on this subject, to which he so often gives plaintive utterance in his letters:—'Reviewing at the request of particular friends he holds to be a snare for the conscience.'[b] 'He has the utmost aversion to the whole business of reviewing, which he has long considered, in the manner in which it is conducted, a nefarious and unprincipled proceeding, and one of the greatest plagues of modern times.'[c] 'He wishes that the whole body' (of reviews or reviewers, *horrescimus referentes*) 'could be put an end to.'[d] And, to crown all in one word, 'there is no kind of literary exertion to which he had an equal aversion by many degrees, and were such things determined by choice, it is

[a] Vol. ii. p. 228. [b] Vol. v. p. 490. [c] Vol. v. p. 523. [d] Vol. v. p. 537.

his deliberate opinion, that he should prefer going out of the world by any tolerable mode of death, rather than incur the necessity of writing three or four articles in a year.'[a] Even precious balms, concocted in such a mood as this, were very likely to break a man's head; but if it was unfavourable to flowing panegyric, it was precisely the thing to give a sting to censure; and, accordingly, the reviews of 'Zeal without Innovation,' and of 'Mr. Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsey,' are incomparably above the others, and of whatever else they may be accused, they are certainly clear of all charges of tameness and constraint.

Certain biographical sketches of departed friends, who had been great in their generation as Christian examples, place his powers very high in this delightful and difficult department of literature, and lead us at the same time to lament (which we do without meaning any disrespect to the excellent of the earth whom he has chosen for his subjects) that such powers should not, like those of Lord Clarendon, have been exercised upon characters who had acted more conspicuous parts upon the stage of life. Hall, indeed, appears to have been a very nice observer of men and manners; drawing his conclusions sometimes from trifles, which none but a keen critic of his kind would have considered as tests. 'Mr. ——,' says he to Mr. Greene, 'is too much taken up with the world—he is overdone with business—if you observe, sir, he always stoops when he walks out, and looks towards the ground, as if he were of the earth, earthy.'[b] A remark of the same class as that of Johnson, who pronounced upon the general character of a lady, when he saw her forbear to cut a cucumber at table; or that of Shakspeare, who makes Cæsar observe upon the lean looks of Cassius, that 'such men are dangerous,' and that he would rather 'have men about him that are fat.' Accordingly, in his biography, which (as may be supposed) is confined to such persons as, upon the whole, he admires, he still does not allow his admiration to dazzle his judgment; but discriminates in a

[a] Vol. v. p. 496.

[b] Reminiscences, p. 192.

way to set the party vividly before our eyes, and to work in us a conviction that the sketch is from the life.

Of the letters more need not be said than that they are valuable, as all honest men's letters are, from throwing light upon the character and sentiments of their author. We have frequently referred to them already in the course of this paper, and shall be still more indebted to their contents, whilst we attempt, as we shall now do in conclusion, to put our readers in possession of a more personal knowledge of Hall—premising, however, that we have little means of estimating him but such as his writings afford. He has been described to us as a preacher of a very marked character; at the opening of his sermon somewhat embarrassed, and subject to the perpetual interruption of a short and teasing cough; but no sooner did he kindle with his theme, which he speedily did, than his manner became rapt and impassioned, his soul commercing with the skies, and the vehemence of his mind bearing before it in triumph both himself and those that heard him. His father, of whom he speaks with great feeling, was a decided Calvinist; he also a Calvinist, but of a more moderate school—that of Baxter and Howe,[a] their opinion upon election being that of Milton in Paradise Lost—

> 'Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
> Elect above the rest; so is my will;
> The rest shall hear me call and oft be warn'd
> Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
> The incensed Deity, whilst offer'd grace
> Invites.'

The corruption of human nature he considers very great, perhaps total; he speaks of the mind as 'fatally indisposed,' 'alienated from the life of God,' 'having no delight in his converse,' as 'having lost the divine image.'[b] Yet he argues with almost all the leading divines of our church for the evidence of the 'law written on the heart,' for a 'moral impress;'[c] an opinion scarcely consistent with the utter depravity

[a] Vol. v. p. 454; iii. p. 478. [b] Vol. i. pp. 237, 171, 349.
[c] Vol. i. p. 171.

of our nature. The change which he maintains it necessary for man to undergo before he becomes a new creature he holds to be rather of slow growth than of sudden impulse;[a] and as a consequence perhaps of this, he does not entertain the doctrine of assurance;[b] he has for himself, indeed, a feeble hope, which he would not exchange for a world; but more than this, though a most desirable attainment, he does not regard as essential, nor would he lay claim to more in his own case.[c] The need we have of the Holy Spirit to guide and support us in all things he strenuously and amply asserts;[d] whilst he precludes every enthusiastic pretension, by entering as a caveat, that the internal illumination of the Spirit is merely intended to qualify the mind for distinctly perceiving and cordially embracing those objects, and no other, which are exhibited in the written word.[e] He disclaims the notion of conditions of salvation as *meritorious*, but still contends for them as a *sine quâ non*;[f] the idea of the former being inconsistent with the gospel considered as a system of free grace, but the latter being necessary to confound the pretensions of a licentious professor; he holds it culpable, therefore, to flinch from the use of plain language upon this subject, inasmuch as it would pave the way, he thinks, to antinomianism.[g] This heresy, and every approach to it, however remote, he is on every occasion most anxious to condemn; for of all the features of Hall's religion this is the most conspicuous—the *practical* nature of it; it shows itself at every turn; every attempt that has been made to rear religion on the ruins of nature, and to render it subversive of the economy of life, has proved, according to Hall, but a humiliating monument of human folly.[h] He loves not squeamish auditors, who can listen to nothing but doctrinal statements.[i] He considers the general principles of morality to be not less the laws of Christ than positive rites, such as baptism or the supper of the Lord.[k] The *credenda*, or things

[a] Vol. i. p. 236. [b] Vol. v. p. 292. [c] Vol. v. pp. 531, 558.
[d] Vol. i. p. 448. [e] Vol. i. p. 257. [f] Vol. ii. pp. 230, 231.
[g] Vol. iv. p. 452. [h] Vol. iii. p. 41. [i] Vol. i. p. 470.
[k] Vol. ii. p. 138.

to be believed, must indeed precede the *facienda*, or things to be done, but the two must not be separated by an interval; those who have been long detained in the elementary doctrines being found to acquire a distaste for the practical,—an impatience of reproof, an aversion, in short, for everything but what flatters them with a favourable opinion of their own state; so that their religion evaporates in sentiment, and their supposed conversion is nothing more than an exchange of the vices of the brute for those of the speculator in theological difficulties.[a] His preaching at Plymouth, he tells us, gave general dissatisfaction, arising, as he suspects, from its practical complexion.[b] His injunctions to Mr. Carey, when he was going out to India as a missionary, are mainly practical; he was to be mild and unassuming in his deportment, attentive to the temporal as well as spiritual interests of the natives;—he was to study human nature, the success of any great and hazardous undertaking depending, under God, on the voluntary co-operation of mankind—and the first ministers of the gospel, who were for examples, being in nothing more remarkable than in the exquisite *propriety* with which they conducted themselves in the most delicate situations;—he was not to devote much time to an elaborate confutation of the Hindoo or Mahometan systems—great practical effects upon the populace being never produced by profound argumentation; his instruction was rather to run in the form of a testimony, and his manner of imparting it, though not his spirit, to be dogmatic.[c] Hall's philanthropy is still *practical:* that species of it which affects to feel for every part of mankind alike, he regards as spurious; it must warm in proportion as the object on which it spends itself is near, the first duty of life being to cultivate well one's own field.[d]

With respect to Hall's own temperament, we gather from various passages in his writings, that it was by nature indolent;[e] and many and unfeigned are the lamentations which he utters

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[a] Vol. iii. p. 381. [b] Vol. v. p. 427. [c] Vol. i. p. 302.
[d] Vol. i. p. 250; v. p. 466. [e] Vol. v. p. 421.

over his own unprofitableness:[a]—it was averse to every kind of display; he sighs for the leisure of an obscure village, where he might escape from visitors and call his time his own; he declines a lecture in London, partly from the vanity argued by the acceptance of it; he is reluctant to attend public religious meetings, discovering in them something of an ostentatious spirit, and figuring to himself, that the Great Head of the church 'did not strive, nor cry, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street;'[b] he is offended at the perpetual rivalry displayed at missionary sermons, as to whose collection shall be the greatest;[c] he is not pleased with the spectacle presented at an ordination in the Baptist denomination, when elders are congregated from far and near, more, as he thinks, for show than use;[d] he is a foe to all canting, all gestures, all manœuvres, all display of self;[e] and professes no aptitude for what is called religious conversation in general company.[f] He was irritable, as might be conjectured from a passage in his Memoir of Dr. Ryland, where there is a species of apology for occasional outbreakings of anger,—a violent suppression of the natural feelings being, as he holds, not the best expedient for obviating their injurious effects.[g] We come to the same conclusion from a very characteristic, and, to Hall, honourable, letter of excuse to a friend for his incivility to his servant, who had caused some interruption to his closet-devotions by the pertinacious delivery of an unimportant message;[h] and, indeed, from the general tone of his writings, especially those of a political or controversial kind. Some allowance, however, is to be made for a little habitual spleen in a man who, conscious of high superiority, was depressed by circumstances below his natural level in life: for such a person, so placed, not to kick against the pricks would indeed have been a spectacle of protracted self-denial of the rarest merit, but was one which required a degree of virtue unreasonable to expect. Though unsocial, as he tells us more than once,[i] and when at Cambridge reluctant, as we have

[a] Vol. v. p. 435. [b] Vol. v. pp. 478, 503. [c] Vol. v. p. 513.
[d] Vol. v. pp. 532, 556. [e] Vol. iv. p. 490. [f] Reminiscences, p. 161.
[g] Vol. i. p. 402. [h] Vol. v. p. 507. [i] Vol. v. p. 550.

heard, to meet the advances even of men the most distinguished both for rank and talents, who studiously sought his acquaintance, he was easy and playful in his intercourse with such persons as had the privilege of his friendship, affecting amongst them no extraordinary gravity; and when, on one occasion, rebuked by a fellow-preacher of some charity sermons, more precisian than himself, for the vivacity of his conversation, 'Brother Hall, I am surprised at you, so frivolous, after delivering so serious a discourse!' 'Brother ——,' was the retort, 'I keep my nonsense for the fire-side, while you publish yours from the pulpit.'[a] With no one prejudice like Johnson, he still reminds us of him—he is what Johnson would have been (if it be possible to conceive him such) had he been a whig and a dissenter. He has something of his dogmatism—something of his superstition[b]—something of his melancholy—something of the same proneness to erect himself before man and prostrate himself to the earth before God; a mixture of pride and of humility—of domination and self-abasement; he has much too of Johnson's love for common-sense and home-spun philosophy, combined, however, with an imagination far more vivid and excursive, for which the former qualities did not always serve as an adequate corrective. His learning is not on the same scale as his mother-wit—it is enough, however, to add stamina to his speculations, and for more perhaps he did not greatly care. His knowledge of metaphysical and deistical writers appears to have been that in which he chiefly excelled; his allusions to classical authors are few, and his quotations from them (a practice which he somewhere gives us to understand he held cheap) in general trite and unscholar-like —but he was too affluent to borrow, and too independent to be a slave to authorities.

Such is our idea of this remarkable man and of his writings, formed upon a careful perusal of the five volumes before us. We fear the memoir of him announced by his early friend and (we believe) fellow-student, Sir James Mackintosh, was never

[a] Reminiscences, p. 194. [b] Ibid. p. 132.

written. We waited long and anxiously for its appearance, but have had the sorrow to learn that the meditative and humane spirit which had undertaken this delicate task, has itself been lost to us. Some other hand will, no doubt, try to supply us with a regular life of Hall. But time rolls on, the great events of the day soon close upon every individual interest, and we have, therefore, preferred to speak for ourselves now whilst we have the season, rather than postpone our observations to a period when we might have profitably entered into the labours of others. If, in the former part of this paper, we may seem to have treated the name of Hall with less deference than it demands, we can only repeat, that on sitting down to the book, we did so with the most friendly feelings towards its author—that it was our intention to express those feelings without qualification or reserve, and that we had not a suspicion we should meet in it with matter so offensive. At the same time we trust, that whatsoever we have said has been so said as to evince our sense of the respect due to the author's genius and character, and our conviction, that of him it may be still exclaimed with truth, in spite of all his failings, 'there is a great man fallen this day in Israel.'

X.—ADAM CLARKE.

(March, 1834).

It must needs have ever been matter of great solicitude to John Wesley to know what was to become of Methodism when he should be no more. He could not but feel, that, whilst he lived, he was the 'be all' of the singular society he had constructed; and he could not but have perceived the danger there was, that, when he should die, he would be its 'end all.' He enjoyed, it is true, a very long life, in which to consolidate his plans; he was not called upon to surrender his functions to others till most of those contingencies which were likely to derange his machinery had arisen and been met. Still the genius of the man, his capacity for government, did not appear fully manifest till after his departure. So deep had he laid his foundations in the knowledge of human nature, that after death had deprived the Methodists of their leader—when their form of government became of necessity, and according to his own appointment, changed from a monarchy, which it was under him, to a republic, which it was to be under the Conference—the character of their institution remained essentially the same; they continued a people still loyal to their king, and true to the constitution of their country, even as

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[a] *An Account of the Infancy, Religious and Literary Life of Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S., &c.* Written by One who was intimately acquainted with him from his boyhood to the sixtieth year of his age. Edited by the Reverend J. B. Clarke, M.A., Trin. Coll., Cambridge. London. 3 vols. 8vo. 1832-3.

Wesley had enjoined them to be: and whilst the Dissenters, properly so called (for the Methodists do not acknowledge themselves such), exhibited deep and deadly hatred to the Church Establishment, they, with every natural impulse, it might have been supposed, to the same sentiments, felt themselves still, as it were, under the spell of their patriarch, though no longer in the flesh with them, and did not decline to attend the services of the Church, partake of her sacraments, and even adopt her forms of devotion. This is the greatest triumph of Wesley. He himself was held to the Church by associations early and strong—he had for his father a faithful minister of that Church; another for his elder brother, to whom he was under deep obligations, a man of the most masculine sense and the kindest heart. He was bred at Oxford, had been a successful student there, and was fellow of his college. Wesley, therefore, had lived within the penetralia of the temple, and well understood by practical experience the knowledge the Church diffused from her seats of learning, and the charities she inspired by her parochial ministrations. These restraints he never shook off in the days of his boldest visions as the founder of an order; but that he should have been able to impress it upon his followers, who had no such early bias, to take the same equivocal ground as himself, and that, whilst with him they were to disturb the harmony and discipline of the Church (there is no denying that), they were with him, too, to bear her some reverence, and regard her with some good-will—this is a remarkable feature of his power, who, though dead could yet speak so distinctly; and who, if he were now alive, in this season of the Church's danger, would not be the man to stand silently by, consenting to her destruction at the hands of those unnatural confederates, the Infidel, the Dissenter, and the Papist.

We have here the life of one of the most influential of Wesley's immediate followers, in three volumes; the first written by Dr. Clarke himself, the two latter by his youngest daughter, her father supplying her with materials—who moreover perused the whole manuscript up to the year 1830,

and attached his signature to each sheet, in testimony of its truth: the whole edited by the Rev. J. B. Clarke, the Doctor's youngest son.

Adam Clarke was born at Moybeg, an obscure hamlet in Londonderry, about the year 1760. His father was a village schoolmaster of a superior order, and Adam, if we understand the narrative right, was one of his scholars; a lad of hardy habits, and as yet unapt to learn. It was intended that he should be brought up by his grandfather, but not liking the restraint of his grandmother's apron-strings, and having a great passion for looking into a draw-well on the premises—whether in early quest of truth, is not said—he incurred the old lady's displeasure by keeping her in a state of alarm for his life, and was accordingly sent home. We do not perceive that Dr. Clarke notices this as one amongst the many instances he discovers of a special Providence that was over him—it was probably, however, not the least signal. Whatever was his want of capacity to acquire knowledge, his feelings were quick and tender; and one day, as he and a little school-fellow were seated on a bank together, the children fell into serious conversation on futurity. —'O Addy, Addy,' said his companion, 'what a dreadful thing is eternity; and O, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burnt for ever!' and thereupon they wept bitterly, begged God to forgive them their sins, which were chiefly those of disobedience to their parents, and made to each other strong promises of amendment. His mother, who came to the knowledge of this incident, pondered it in her heart with a mother's satisfaction; his father, who seems to have been an austere, ill-judging man, had no opinion of pious resolutions in children; and Adam was old enough to find discouragement in this indifference, and to feel that smoking flax had been quenched.

His companion on this occasion was one James Brooks, the tenth child of his parents. When this boy's mother went to pay her tithe to Dr. Barnard, the rector of Maghera, afterwards Bishop of Limerick, and well known as the friend of Johnson and a member of *The Club*, the poor woman said, 'Sir, you have the tenth of all I possess except my children: it is but

justice you should have the tenth of them too; here is my tenth son, take him and provide for him.' Dr. Barnard took the child at her word, clothed him, and sent him to school, where he ever went by the name of *Tithe*. Traits of this kind, where they relate to men of any distinction, are valuable as keys to character.

The nearest neighbour Adam Clarke's father had was one Pierce Quenlin, a very fat man. Adam beheld him with disgust, as a loathsome object; a feeling which was rendered yet more intense by a dumb fortune-teller, called, in the Scottish dialect of Ulster, spaé-man, who gave Adam to understand that it would be one day his own lot to be fond of the bottle, and to have a big belly. He thought that the spae-man might be right, nevertheless that God could overrule evils even great as these; and, accordingly, he stole into the field, kneeled himself down in a furze-bush, and prayed heartily, saying, 'O Lord God, have mercy upon me, and never suffer me to be like Pierce Quenlin!' He adds, that he continued throughout life to entertain a wholesome dread of drunkenness and fat. Upon such trifles in our tender years do some of the most invaluable safeguards of our future virtue depend. He still remained a dunce; was reproached by his teacher, and scoffed at by his school-fellows; till at last a taunt of the latter kind stung him in the right place—he felt as 'if something had broke within him;' and from that day forward he made rapid advances 'in whatsoever he put his head unto'—arithmetic only excepted.

The circumstances of the family were strait, so much so, indeed, that his father and mother, with their first-born child (Adam was their second), had actually embarked for America, and were only prevailed upon to abandon their enterprise by the most earnest entreaties of their friends. Mr. Clarke, therefore, found it convenient to combine his school with a small farm; this he cultivated after the plan of Virgil's Georgics, a work of which he was a great admirer: though whether the system of agriculture which suited the Campagna di Roma would consort so well with the village of Maghera, or Moybeg 'in the township of Cootinaglugg, in the parish of Kilchronagan, in

the barony of Loughinshallin, in the county of Londonderry,' might admit of a reasonable doubt. However, his crops, says his son, 'were as good as his neighbours'.' Meanwhile, Adam and his brother were employed in the labour of husbandry and in the studies of the school, by turns: he whose duty it was to read the Georgics, communicating his lesson to him whose duty it had been to apply them. The pence they thus gained were laid out in books—such nursery tales and wild romances as were wont to make up the youthful library before the march of knowledge had superseded them by treatises on political economy, and taught us to put away childish things ere yet we are men. The use of such books, Adam Clarke defends, as creating an appetite for reading, the foundation of all knowledge; leading the mind to the contemplation of a spiritual world, such as it was; and, in some instances, as in the case of Robinson Crusoe, impressing the child with such a notion of the providence of God, as nothing was ever likely to efface afterwards.

Mention has already been made of Adam Clarke's mother. She was a Presbyterian of the old Puritan school—a person powerful in the Scriptures—and whenever she corrected her children she gave chapter and verse for it. Such a practice, if generally adopted by parents, would soon render the Bible the rule of life, and go far to make religion operative. From her he received his early religious impressions. It might seem that St. Paul dropped his hints about Timothy's breeding expressly to put mothers in mind of the magnitude of their trust. That eminent disciple, as he turned out, knew the Scriptures from a child, though his father was a Greek; but then there had been faith unfeigned in his grandmother Lois, and in his mother Eunice, and by their means he was what he was. Adam Clarke was now far in his teens, but as yet without any settled plan of life. His friends wished him to assist his father in his school, and eventually to succeed him in it, but the proposal was not to his taste. He was afloat, and in a condition therefore to be appropriated, when, in the year 1777, the Methodists first appeared in his neighbourhood. Hitherto he had been in

the habit of attending both Church and Meeting-house, the former chiefly, but with no great edification from either; indeed the Presbyterian congregation here, as elsewhere, was fast dropping into Socinianism. He was now led by curiosity to hear a sermon of a new preacher. It was after another fashion —after that described by the hand of a master in one of the most powerful of his poems—

'Repent, repent, he cries aloud,
While yet ye may find mercy—strive
To love the Lord with all your might;
Turn to Him, seek Him day and night,
And save your souls alive!

'Repent, repent, though ye have gone
Through paths of wickedness and woe,
After the Babylonian harlot,
And, though your sins be red as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow!'

In short, Christ crucified, and redemption through His blood, was the burthen of his sermon; and Mrs. Clarke, who accompanied her son, and who was as yet his oracle in matters spiritual, pronounced rightly enough—'This is the doctrine of the Reformers.' From that time the house of the Clarkes was open to such preachers as came to those parts, and young Adam was soon added to the number of the converts. It was still, however, some time before he had *assurance* of his salvation, a doctrine then strongly insisted upon by the Methodists, but—

'One morning,' we quote his own account of an incident which he ever represented as the epoch of his life, 'in great distress of soul he went out to work in the field. He began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth and prayed, but seemed to be without power of faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not; even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of Heaven seemed barred against him. His faith in the atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for *him;* the thickest darkness seemed to gather round and settle on his soul. He fell

flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer; he arose, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. . . . . It is said, the time of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity. He now felt strongly in his soul, Pray to Christ; another word for, Come to the holiest through the blood of Jesus. He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm; a glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame; all guilt and condemnation were gone.'—Vol. i. pp. 99. 102.

The field in which this crisis befell him—this wrestle, as it were, with the angel—he used to visit with intense interest in the latter years of his life, when his journeys to Ireland brought him into its neighbourhood, and would have gladly got possession of it by purchase. Yet we should have thought Dr. Clarke might have been led to suspect the nature of this evidence, when a few years afterwards, according to his own account, it appears that he became a universal sceptic, 'save only that he believed in the being of a God, and the truth of the sacred writings'—(p. 130); a point very far below that fulness of faith which his former *assurance* must have reached; and, indeed, how his doubts could have stopped where they did, we are quite at a loss to understand. For when he had arrived at the condition of distrusting his own senses, so that he would not assert positively that he had done, said, or seen any one thing—looked upon himself as a vision, and upon all nature as the same—it is difficult to say how he could be satisfied that Scripture itself existed, that the characters of black and white in which it was writ were themselves real—much less how the ideas they conveyed were founded in truth.

Methodism was in danger of deceiving the hearts of some, and breaking the hearts of many, by exacting this witness of the Spirit alike of all. Physical temperament has much to do with the capacity to receive it. When the saintly Herbert lay a long time prostrate on the ground before the altar in Bemerton church, and afterwards told his friend that he had now put off all worldly thoughts, and hereafter should live to God, the Methodist might contend, with apparent reason, that the Spirit

testified to *him*—and so perhaps it did; but what will he say of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, before the publication of his infidel book, '*De Veritate*,' &c., fell upon his knees, and earnestly besought God to give him a sign that He sanctioned the publication, and fully satisfied himself, and declared the same to others, that this sign he had? Surely the 'witness of the Spirit' was not here too? The two men were brothers—and, different as their courses proved, the constitutional elements of both were alike, and had some share in either of these scenes. Let us not be misunderstood; we are not arguing that there is no such thing as the testimony of the Spirit—far be that from us—we believe that there is, and that good men have it; all we contend for is this, that the paroxysms in which John Wesley and his followers made it of necessity to consist, are trumpets that give a very uncertain sound.

But to proceed with our memoir. Adam Clarke continued to store his mind with such knowledge as a self-educated boy of active parts, slender means, and few opportunities, could command, grudging not a daily walk of many miles, early and late, in the depth of winter, to gain some acquaintance with French—never having found, as he says, a royal road to any branch of learning. His parents now made another effort to fix him in an honest calling, and a linen-merchant of Coleraine, a relation of his own, was the man chosen to take him apprentice. With him he remained some time, but was never bound, satisfied with his situation chiefly as it gave him a more ready access to the ministry of the Methodists. At length, through the intervention of one of the preachers, he was recommended to the notice of John Wesley, who proposed to receive him at Kingswood school, an establishment of Wesley's own projecting, and originally intended for the sons of itinerant preachers. Accordingly he set sail for England, and his employer, Mr. Bennet, must have released a boy from his service, we imagine, with hearty good-will, who, to the plain questions of a plain tradesman, would make answer in such rigmarole as the following, the sceptical scruples of which we have already spoken being then upon him, 'Have you been at——?'—'I think I have,

Sir.' 'Did you see Mr.——?'—'I believe I did, Sir.' 'Did you deliver the message?'—'I think so, &c. Come what might, it was clear that Adam was not to make his fortune by cloth.

At this same precious school of Kingswood he arrived in a cold, wet day of autumn, and with three-halfpence in his pocket. There he was thrust, by the churlish Nabals of the place, into a miserable unfurnished chamber—fed thrice a day upon scanty supplies of bread and milk, not being allowed to join the family meals: and dressed before a large fire (the only one he saw there) with Jackson's itch ointment—it being presumed that such application could not be ill bestowed upon any one who proposed to be a student at Kingswood;—meanwhile poor Adam was as innocent of any disease of the kind here intimated, save 'an itching ear,' as the child unborn. Here the poor lad worked in the garden to keep himself warm, and found a half-guinea in a clod. The inmates of this place were in general heartless persons enough, but in the present instance they could not reconcile it to themselves to deprive a forlorn boy of this God-send, for such it seemed to be, who proposed, however, on his own part, to resign it; and with six shillings of the sum, which was all that he had in the world, he gallantly bought Bayley's Hebrew Grammar, the foundation of his future acquirements in Oriental literature, and of the character by which he was principally known. Soon afterwards Wesley himself arrived at Bristol, and delivered his victim from this strange preparation for the ministry.

'Mr. Wesley took me kindly by the hand. Our conversation was short,—"Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the word of God?" I answered, "Sir, I wish to do and be what God pleases." He then said, "We want a preacher for Bradford (Wilts); hold yourself in readiness to go thither; I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go." He then turned to me, laid his hand upon my head, and spent a few minutes in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and to give me success in the work to which I was called.'

So this raw boy went forth to preach: his call to the

ministry from God being found in the casual opening of his Bible, some time before, upon John xv. 16, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should bring forth fruit,' &c.,—and from man, in the imposition of John Wesley's hands. It might have occurred to him, that, if this sortilege through Scripture was good for directing the priest, it was equally good for directing the people, and would supersede the necessity of any ministry whatever. But the disposition there was in Adam Clarke, which appears on very many occasions, to construe the accident of the moment into a message to him from the Almighty, now received a serious check. It chanced that he had scrawled a few verses from Virgil on the wall of his lodging; the preacher who succeeded him resented this unknown tongue, which he was not Daniel enough to interpret—and added a remark that it was pride in the writer which thus led him to make his learning known—'that he should send that passion to hell, and prepare for eternity.' Adam Clarke, in this instance, like Jerome of old, considered himself under the lash of an angel for his Latinity; and—not being probably very conversant with the writings of South, who would have told him that if God had no need of human learning, He had still less need of human ignorance—he yielded to the direction of this fanatic, fell on his knees forthwith in the middle of the room, and solemnly promised God that he would never more meddle with Greek or Latin as long as he lived! He had accordingly the satisfaction of receiving the commendation of his friend for his docility, and his assurance that he had never known one of 'the learned preachers' who was not a coxcomb. Thus did he cut himself off from the study of these languages for four years—the one, that of the Scriptures themselves, the other, that of many of the fathers and most of the commentators—and betook himself forsooth to *French*, that not being laid under the interdict of this barbarian. At the end of this lustrum, thinking the best thing he could do with such a vow was to break it, he resumed his studies, though to great disadvantage, and ran the risk of the coxcombry they might

engender. He grew, however, more cautious on the subject of special interpositions as he grew older. In a letter written near the end of his life, on putting out apprentice a boy for whom Adam Clarke felt an interest, and addressed to his schoolmaster, we perceive the following passage:—

'My dear Sir,—Speaking to you and to your excellent wife, *sub rosâ*, I do not think that the offer of the gentleman in question, whoever he may be, is a matter much to rejoice in; and though I am a decided advocate for acknowledging God in all his ways, I do not see the particular reason why the said gentleman should "go and lay the matter before the Lord," whether he should take "for six years without a fee, a lad brought up as the son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenny, and educated by Mr. Theobald, his parents providing him all the time with clothes, washing, and pocket-money." I need not quote to you, *nec Deus intersit.*'

Conference now met at Bristol, and thither Adam Clarke hastened—had the advantage of hearing seven sermons on the Sunday of its sitting—the last, 'an *awakening* one;' and, after only eleven months' probation as an itinerant preacher, was admitted into full connection. On this occasion, the candidate has to answer certain inquiries previous to ordination, for the satisfaction of Conference; one of which, and one characteristic of the sagacity of the framer, is—'Are you in debt?' Now it happened that Adam Clarke had borrowed a halfpenny in the morning, from one of his brother-preachers, to give to a beggar. Should he acknowledge that he was in debt, the sum would seem ridiculous: should he deny that he was in debt, the fact would not be true. 'He dissolved the difficulty in a moment' (we are triumphantly told), 'by answering—"Not one penny." Thus both his credit and conscience were saved. The reader,' it is added, 'may smile at all this; but the situation to him was, for some hours, very embarrassing.' The scruple might be the scruple of a Methodist, but the evasion was that of a Jesuit. Adam Clarke greatly ripens in sound Christian knowledge as he advances in years, and the time soon came when he would have thought the knot and the solution of it equally contemptible.

We have now launched the stripling in his circuit; but he was without a horse. A gentleman, however, at Bradford—one of that class who heretofore 'loved our people, and built them a synagogue'—would give the young preacher a horse; and, amongst other good qualities for which he extolled him, he was an excellent *chaise*-horse. There seems to be something in matters of horse-flesh that puts to the proof the virtue of a saint. Amongst the various animal forms in which the devil tempted St. Anthony, we do not recollect that the horse was one:—it would surely, for a saint, have been the most trying of all. 'One of my horses,' quoth John Wesley, who happened to be present, and heard the conversation, 'troubles me much; he often will not draw. Had not I better take your horse, Mr. R., and let brother Clarke have mine? He *may* be a good hack, though a bad chaise-horse.' The exchange was made, to the great delight of Adam Clarke, too happy to find himself in John Wesley's saddle. But, alas! not ten miles could he travel without the creature coming at least once upon his knees. Adam's friends endeavoured to persuade him to part with a beast which he rode at the extreme hazard of his neck; but it had been John Wesley's horse, and was precious in his sight. However, at last, when he had stumbled beyond forgiveness—having pitched his idolatrous rider upon his head, disturbed the vertebræ of his backbone, and seriously injured him for three years—Adam Clarke consented 'to change him with a farmer who had a high reverence for John Wesley, and promised to use him mercifully.'

We now come to some of those scenes of itinerancy on the several circuits to which he was appointed—Bradford, Norwich, Cornwall, the Norman Isles, &c.—those picturesque adventures, grotesque hardships, 'moving accidents by flood and field,' which give to the course of the early Methodist preacher something of the stirring character of a campaign, or the wildness of an expedition of knight-errantry, sublimed, however, by the dignity of the cause in which he was embarked—scenes and sufferings which altogether served to animate his spirit, brace his limbs, and lead him on to old age with eye

undimmed and force unabated. This life of religious adventure had evidently great charms for Adam Clarke, so that after he had become himself *Emeritus*, he twice visited the Shetland Isles—(overlooked by Wesley)—where he had established, with incredible pains, a Methodist *mission*—erected numerous chapels—and maintained several preachers out of funds which his own personal influence enabled him to raise. And the glee with which the old man encounters the storms of those inhospitable seas—hails the Sunburgh Head—traverses the barren mountains and morasses of the island, on his sure-footed native pony—describes the frank aspect and blue-green glance of the Shetlander, the *oculus herbeus* of Plautus—watches the poor women (for the men were all at the fisheries) tripping down the hills in troops to hear the word—visits the *voe*, or bay, where the islanders had just despatched a shoal of whales which they had driven in their boats upon the shallows, a treasure which they owed, as they said, to the Doctor's arrival among them, who does not appear to discourage the notion—all bespeak both the zeal of the man for the success of the religious service to which he was devoting himself, and the tenacity with which he still clung to habits redolent of his youth.

But the fascination which attended the exercise of a ministry so primitive sometimes blinded him to the position in which he stood, and led him to forget that, though a preacher, he was not an apostle. Clarke is repelled from the house of a boorish farmer in Cornwall, who professes a distaste for furnishing the Methodist preacher, man and horse, with good accommodation, a repugnance to Methodist preaching in general,—'he will have no more of it,' and a desire, very unequivocally expressed, that his self-invited pastor should lose no time in proceeding to Bodmin. Now, we can make allowance for a little effervescence of spleen in a man who had already ridden as far as was pleasant, (especially if on John Wesley's horse,) and who had been allowed, by the good wife, before her lord came in, to pull off his boots, empty his saddle-bags, and eat apple-pie—when he had again to pack up, and be going; but we

are not quite prepared to go along with him either in the curse or the conclusion of the following paragraphs:—

'"Now, sir,"' are his words when he had remounted, '"I am a stranger, and you refused me the common rights of hospitality; I am a messenger of the Lord Jesus, coming to you, your family, and your neighbours, with glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ, and you have refused to receive me: for this you must account at the bar of God. In the meantime, I must act as my Lord has commanded me, and wipe off against you even the *dust of your floor that cleaves to the soles of my feet:*" so saying, he took his right foot out of the stirrup, and with his left hand wiped off the dust from his sole: he did the like to his left foot, and rode slowly off, saying, "Remember, a messenger of peace came to your house with the gospel of Jesus, and you have rejected both him and his message." He went on his way, and the farmer turned into his house.'

And then is added—

'What was the consequence? A Methodist preacher was never afterwards within his house or before his door. Ruin came on him, and his family became corrupt, and were at last finally scattered, and he died not long after.'

That Dr. Clarke should ever have written this passage, as a young man, is strange: that he should have reviewed it, as an old man, and not struck it out, is stranger. Does he mean to say, that because this poor farmer (for that he was then poor all that is said of him indicates) did not choose to open his house to Methodist preachers, being satisfied with such means of grace as his own parish-church might supply to him—for a parish-church he must have had—and bid a youth of whose person he knew nothing, and of his capacity to instruct him less, seek for quarters elsewhere, he was in the situation of those persons of old times who actually rejected the gospel of Christ altogether, closed their eyes to miracles wrought expressly in evidence of it, and blasphemed the Holy Ghost?—or that he, a stripling teacher—many would say with a doubtful commission—was justified in hurling at this offender a dreadful

sentence of wrath, entrusted to men endowed with supernatural gifts by the Saviour Himself, to be executed upon such, and only upon such, as wholly and positively denied Him?—or that because this yeoman's family fell into decay—no uncommon thing for the family of a yeoman—and he himself, after a while, went down to his grave—he has a right to conclude that the hand of God was upon this man for his sin in refusing hospitality to the Rev. Adam Clarke? We fear there was more here of the spirit of James and John, under similar circumstances, at the Samaritan village, than the preacher himself was aware.

There is another incident related in this part of the work, if possible, still more offensive: it happened in the island of Jersey. The Methodists, it will be remembered, were at the first an unpopular body. On this occasion, the meeting-house was assailed by the mob: the congregation, for the most part, withdrew at their first approach; but Adam Clarke, and thirteen others, remained: some of the people proceeded to work at the foundations of the building, which was of wood, as if they would pull it down; others flung stones; and one man flashed a pistol at Clarke. He determined to go out and face the danger—which was what John Wesley would have done in a moment, and what Virgil represents his *gravem pietate virum* as doing with excellent effect. The mob divided for him right and left—drums, fifes, horns, pitchforks, bludgeons, and all—and a free passage was made. 'Either,' says he, '*their eyes were holden* that they should not know him, or they were so overawed by the power of God, that they could not lift a hand or utter a word against him' (i. p. 265); and, lest the hint should not be understood, the whole affair, which had been detailed at great length by Adam Clarke, in his 'Commentary on the Bible,' with the suppression, indeed, of his own name, as an illustration of Luke iv. 30—'*but he, passing through the midst of them, went his way*'—is here extracted from that work; and *added as a note!*

But, certainly, the vanity of this good man, for such we honestly believe him to be, is exuberant; though we know not

that we should have thought it worth while to take notice of it, had it been confined to matters indifferent. He might have told us of his *pedigree!*—of his *ancestor* who was pronounced by King William to be the 'best-bred gentleman he ever met' —of the feuds of the M'Leans, whom he counted in his stem —of his becoming 'the oracle of the company,' in a visit to Warwick Castle, and of his astonishing the good old housekeeper there by his superior knowledge—of his triumph over 'all the literati of the metropolis,' touching the substance of a stone and the language of an inscription upon it—of his having been required, in his duty as editor of a considerable work entrusted to him, 'to solve many difficult questions and illustrate many obscurities, and of his having failed in none, though the subjects were such as were by no means familiar to him'—of his visits to the Duke of Sussex—how his Royal Highness observed, upon his remarks on several questions of bibliography, 'curious! and important!' and ordered his librarian to write them down—or how

'the Duke, after a great many to-s and fro-s, addressed him with great affection, and said, (*scores being all around him,*) "Dr. Clarke, I am very glad to see you—"'

—all this and much more of the same sort, and which was all submitted, we believe, to Dr. Clarke's eye for future publication, we might have passed over as harmless; but when this foible leads him to trespass upon holy ground, we owe it to ourselves and our readers to expose the error, and supply the key to it. John Wesley, however, had taught his followers, by his own example, this presumptuous carriage, of which a curious instance occurs in this portion of Adam Clarke's life. The incident is indeed briefly noticed in 'Wesley's Journal,' but here we have the colouring and costume, which is half the battle. Wesley, being at Guernsey, took a passage in an English brig to Penzance—Adam Clarke sailed with him—the wind became contrary, and they had to make frequent tacks:—

'Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by putting about the vessel to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above-deck, and inquired what was the matter. Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, "*Then let us go to prayer*"—his own company, who were upon deck, walked down, and at his request, Dr. Coke; Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke, went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire—his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect:—"Almighty and everlasting God, Thou hast sway everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of Thy will: Thou holdest the winds in Thy fists, and sittest upon the water-floods, and reignest a king for ever!—Command these winds and these waves that they obey Thee, and take us speedily and safely to the haven where we would be!" The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, *made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading.* Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and what was his surprise, when he found the vessel standing her right course, with a steady breeze, which slacked not till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance bay. On the sudden and favourable change of the wind, Mr. Wesley made no remark; so fully did he expect to be heard, that he took for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and *therefore* to him *the occurrence was not strange.*'—P. 260.

What would not the master of 'the ship that was sailing from Alexandria to Italy' have given for John Wesley as a passengenger instead of St. Paul! Wesley, however, it may be observed, '*makes no remarks*'—asserts no claims of his own, but very wisely and very safely leaves them to his admirers to assert for him.

Adam Clarke now marries. Some of his love-letters are given, and are curious—one of them relates to the eternal sonship of Jesus Christ; a pet subject with Clarke, which the study of Bull's writings would have enabled him to discuss

with better success, if it must needs be thought germane to the matter on hand to discuss it at all. Another of them describes the lover's feelings :—

'After I left you, I felt rather a sudden alteration in my mind; a gloomy resignation (tolerably good in its kind) took place, and was fast reared by a stoical insensibility.'—Vol. i. p. 312.

Sir Henry Vane himself could not have made love in language more mystical. Miss Mary Cooke, the eldest daughter of Mr. Cooke, a clothier of Trowbridge, was the lady of his choice. 'The connexion,' says the autobiographer, 'was too good and holy not to be opposed.' This we do not understand: it is a principle, however, if true, which must be satisfactory to fugitives for Gretna Green. At all events, Mr. Clarke did not see reason to interpret a mother's opposition to her daughter's marriage as a manifestation from heaven against the union, though on some other occasions he would have gathered as much or more from less things. However, Mary Cooke was a person not lightly to be resigned—an excellent woman, who took Clarke in his poverty, and loved him for himself; and lived to see him the friend of the great, the learned, the good—the foremost man of a powerful community: and, as we contemplate him on his *circuit*, and her at her fire-side, Donne's amusing comparison of man and wife to a pair of compasses seems meant, by anticipation, for the Methodist preacher, when blessed like Clarke—

'The one doth in the centre sit;
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.'

Indeed, the locomotiveness of the preacher amongst the Methodists forms a striking, and, if properly viewed, an instructive contrast to the settled habits of the established clergy. Here we have Adam Clarke appointed to circuits containing twenty, thirty, forty stations each—called upon, therefore, to preach at least as many sermons every month, and condemned

to ride more miles than we can tell. The extent of each orbit, therefore, is such as to admit of little or no pause at any point of it; and that orbit itself is changed every second or third year. Adam Clarke, in a little more than twenty years, experienced thirteen such removes. Such a system, if the whole country were abandoned to it, would soon be productive of serious injury both to the pastor and his flock; to the pastor, as begetting in him, if it did not find in him, a restless Scythian taste, which no habits of regular life would satisfy —a tendency to which we think we discover in Adam Clarke himself; as cutting him off from solid theological attainments, by allowing him no time for study—an obstacle which this excellent man and a few other preachers of inextinguishable industry may have overcome; as enfeebling the energies of the pulpit, by the unconscionable demand of five or six hundred sermons in the year, which must needs therefore be 'lean and flashy songs;' and as relaxing that security for exemplary character which arises out of the rigorous scrutiny which a resident minister of God must be prepared to defy, but which the itinerant may hope to evade:—how much is conveyed by that rule of Methodism, and the reason of it, which proscribes the preacher from meddling with drugs! (Vol. i. p. 198.) The system would be injurious to the people, not merely because whatever is so to the pastor must through him be equally so to the flock; but also because it would give them no opportunity of seeing the domestic and quotidian habits of their minister—the eloquent example of the good man's life, as he sits *daily* teaching in the temple; and would deprive them of the advantage of those easy visits which he makes 'from house to house,' when, after the manner of the servants in the parable, and for a similar purpose, he goes 'into the streets and lanes of the city.'

Meanwhile, Adam Clarke found time—we are at a loss to know how—to master many Eastern languages, and thus to furnish much valuable assistance to the Bible Society in the department of their translations; to complete a Commentary upon the whole Bible, which served as a sort of savings-bank

for the incidental labours of forty years; and to select, arrange, and edit for the Commissioners of Public Records a collection of state papers, supplementary to Rymer's *Fœdera*, who, beginning with the reign of Henry I. and coming down to the sixth of Charles II., left much to be done by his successors before the raw materials for English history should be fully gathered together. This new edition of the 'Fœdera' (for such was the shape the work assumed) Adam Clarke carried through the press nearly to the close of the fourth volume; and then, wearied with a task which taxed even his patience beyond endurance, resigned it into other hands. It will be seen from this undertaking, which was not strictly within the province which he had marked out for himself, that he ceased, as he grew riper in knowledge and judgment, to think the love of literature a sin; and accordingly we find him, when, as President of Conference, he had to visit various parts of the kingdom—with a view to promote the general interests of religion by sermons, speeches, and the like—making a pilgrimage by the way to the monument of Burns, 'in whom Scotland must ever feel with regret that she neglected a man who is her boast and her honour;' and rambling amongst the rocks a whole summer's day, to determine the scene of 'The Gentle Shepherd.'

The various events of his busy life, active and contemplative, thus recorded, supply us with many incidental demonstrations of his feeling towards the Church of England. We believe that the Methodists are proud of the lustre which his attainments cast upon their body—and they have reason to be so. The conclusions to which his learning and reflection led him upon this subject, at present one of so much interest, will be perceived by the following particulars bearing upon it, which we throw together in order that the impression may be decisive. He ever considered himself a *Churchman*: early in life, indeed, he was against the use of the liturgy in the Methodist chapel, but it was because he desired, as Wesley had done, that the service of the Church should be attended by the Methodists within the walls of the church: and because

he believed, that to open the meeting-house at the same hour (which was proposed), and with the same form of prayer, would be to encourage separation from the Church: he afterwards, however, thought otherwise, and adopted the measure —(i. p. 279). In a letter to the Bishop of London, to whom he sends a volume of sermons, and which refers to some previous interview, he says,—

'The *talis cum sis* with which your lordship dismissed me, has done me, indeed, great honour. . . . . I hope that the *omnino* in the remaining part of the quotation, which I told your lordship had been sent in a letter to me by the worthy Archdeacon of Cleveland, neither refers *to my creed, nor to my essential membership in the Church*, but only is in reference to my being destitute of its orders. . . . . Whatever evil may be in this, I believe your lordship already knows, lies at the door of the *res angusta domi;*— it was neither my fault nor my folly. I have never been a secret enemy nor a *silent friend*. What I feel towards it the angels are welcome to ponder; and what I have spoken or written concerning it, and in its favour, I believe I shall never be even tempted to retract. Being bred up in its bosom, I largely drank in its salutary doctrines and spirit. . . . . *I never had anything to unlearn, when, with a heart open to conviction, I read in parallel the New Testament and the Liturgy of the Church.*'—Vol. iii. pp. 207–9.

In a letter to the Speaker (Abbot), accompanying a copy of his 'Notes on Genesis,' he writes,—

'The Notes, I hope, contain nothing contrary to good common sense; and I am sure they are in perfect consonance with the doctrines of the Church of England, and the Constitution of Great Britain: *the first of which I most conscientiously acknowledge as constituting the true Christian creed;* and the second, as comprehending a code of the wisest, most just, and impartial laws which man ever received, or by which any nation has ever been governed.' —Vol. ii. p. 219.

And, in another letter to the same distinguished individual, sent with a copy of his 'Commentary on the Evangelists,' he declares,—

'As the people with whom I am religiously connected are not only very numerous, but of considerable weight in the land, I have

not hesitated to show them that those sacred oracles from which they derive the principles of their faith and practice, are in perfect consonance with the principles of the British constitution, and the doctrines of the Established Church; not that I doubt their loyalty or attachment to the State or the Church, but to manifest to men of these and future generations, the *absolute necessity of holding fast that form of sound words which distinguishes our national Church, and ever connects the fear of God with honouring the king.*' —Vol. ii. p. 314.

In a communication which he makes to Lord Sidmouth, on the subject of a loyal address which the Methodist ministers proposed to send to King George IV. on his accession, he tells him—

'As they find that a deputation from the three denominations of Dissenters had been condescendingly received by his Majesty, these ministers, as not ranking under any of those denominations —standing nearer to the Established Church than any of the others—*holding, without exception, all her doctrines, venerating her authority, and using her religious service*—and consequently, in their own apprehension, not justly denominated Dissenters, in any legal sense of the term—humbly wished to be received also by deputation,' &c.—Vol. iii. p. 279.

Then, with respect to his own practice, Adam Clarke admitted candidates to the ministry, according to the form of the Church in ordaining priests—(iii. p. 67). When he administered the sacrament of baptism, it was always *more ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*—(iii. 175, 395); and when he buried the dead, it was apparently after her form too—(iii. p. 200). Confirmation he received himself at the hands of Bishop Bagot, *after* he had become a preacher, and he encouraged his people to resort to the church for the same rite—(iii. p. 232). He is most anxious that a new edition of the Polyglott should be undertaken; but he wants *the bishops* to stir in it—'his heart's desire being that the honour should be with *the British Church*'—(iii. p. 109). He is found a hearer in a church—nay, in a cathedral—and partakes of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at its altar—(ii. p. 254). He is solicitous to gather his children together once more, and, in company with

them, to make a solemn covenant with God, *cum Deo inire fœdus;* and the way in which he proposes it should be done is, by repairing to the church, and there getting the clergyman to administer to them the communion, one and all; adding, as he imparts the proposal to 'his dear lads,' old Samuel Wesley's touching application of Scripture, on a somewhat similar occasion —'With desire have I desired to eat this last passover with you before I die'—(vol. ii. p. 409). And to crown all, and to give a further pledge of his sincerity in these repeated avowals, both by word and deed, of his attachment to the establishment, he brings up one of his sons at Cambridge, and leads him to take orders in the Church.

Such were the sentiments of Adam Clarke on this great question; a man in whom Wesley had such confidence, that he made him one of seven trustees of all his literary property, and as it thereby turned out, executors of his will.

We now hasten to the closing scene of his life. In the autumn of 1832, the cholera was spreading death and dismay far and wide throughout this land. Dr. Clarke appears to have had no personal fear of it. On the contrary, he made volunteer excursions into districts where it prevailed. He specially named it, however, in the morning and evening devotions which he offered up in his family, and prayed that 'each and all might be saved from its influence, or prepared for sudden death.' He was engaged to preach at Bayswater, on Sunday, 26th August, and on the Saturday before he was conveyed there in a friend's chaise. He was cheerful on the road, but was tired with his journey and listless in the evening; and when a gentleman asked him to preach a charity sermon for him and fix the day, he made answer, 'I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me.' He retired to bed early, not without some of those symptoms that indicated the approach of this awful disease, but which do not appear to have excited any suspicions in himself or in his friends. He rose in the morning ill, and wanting to get home; but before arrangements could be made for his removal he had sunk in his chair,—that icy coldness

by which the complaint was characterized, had come on,—and when the medical men arrived, they pronounced it a clear case of cholera. His wife, and most of his children, short as the summons was, gathered about him—he had ever been the most affectionate of husbands and parents—and his looks indicated great satisfaction when he had them by his side, *nec desideraverunt aliquid oculi;* but he was now nearly speechless. 'Am I blue?' however, he said to one of his sons, a question indicating his knowledge of the malady under which he was sinking; and, without any effort of nature to rally, he breathed his last with a short sob, about the seventieth year of his age. 'The heart,' adds the biographer of his later days, 'knoweth its own bitterness, but what can equal the anguish of that emotion which first tells the wife that she is a widow, and the children that they are fatherless? They feel its pang once—to forget it no more for ever.'

It is clear that Adam Clarke considered the system of Methodism, with Wesley its founder, as a system supplementary to the Church Establishment, and no more. It was not *by them* intended to go alone. But others, wiser, as they think, in their generation, have discovered in the success of this experiment, and of other experiments of a like kind (all, however, made, it must be remembered, in a country where a National Church was as yet standing and ministering to the great bulk of the inhabitants), an argument against any Church Establishment at all; which, accordingly, they declare to be unlawful, inexpedient, and unnecessary. We know not how we can conclude a memoir like the present more appropriately than by a few observations in reply to these misstatements. We are of opinion, indeed, that the theory of our Church is fast working itself clear; that circumstances in our own times, somewhat similar to those under which it took its shape, are beginning to teach us—a matter which we were in danger of forgetting—how that shape came to be what it is—as one who stands upon the same spot, and shoots a second arrow the same way, finds the first which he had lost. Well will it be if amongst those many points of resemblance of our

own to former days, which are thus bringing out the principles on which our Church is constructed, the following character, sketched by the graphic pen of our great sarcastic divine, may not be discovered to have a place.

'There is one who lives by the altar, and turns his back upon it; one who catches at the preferments of the Church, but hates the discipline and orders of it; one who practices conformity, as papists take oaths and tests—that is, with an inward abhorrence of what he does for the present, and a resolution to act quite contrary when occasion serves; one who, during his conformity, will be sure to be known by such a distinguishing badge, as shall point him out to, and secure his credit with, the dissenting brotherhood: one who, in the midst of his conformity, thinks of a turn of State, which may draw on one in the Church too; and accordingly, is very careful to behave himself so as not to overshoot his game, but to stand right and fair in case a wished-for change should bring fanaticism again into fashion; which it is more than possible that he secretly desires, and does the utmost he can to promote and bring about.

'And, therefore, if there be any one who has the front to own himself a minister of our Church, to whom the foregoing character may be justly applied, howsoever such an one may for some time soothe up and flatter himself in his detestable dissimulation, yet, when he shall hear of such and such of his neighbours, his parishioners or acquaintance, gone over from the Church to conventicles; and when the noise of those national dangers which are every day threatening us, shall ring about his ears, let him then lay his hand upon his false heart, and with all seriousness of remorse, accusing himself to God and his own conscience, say, I am the person, who by my conforming by halves, have brought a reproach upon the purest and best-constituted Church in the Christian world.'

Now we would remind the objectors to an Established Church, that the principle was fully recognized under the Old Testament, and has never been cancelled under the New, and therefore cannot be supposed to have anything in it essentially wrong; and if it be replied, as no doubt it will be, that our Lord's language is, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' we make answer,—true, but these words of Jesus to Pilate, who charged Him with conspiring against Cæsar, are hardly to be

understood as meaning that kings are not to build churches or provide pastors for the people committed to them. And if it be further contended that kings are not in fact represented under the New Testament as nursing fathers of the Church, we again say—true, for a Tiberius and a Nero happened to be kings in those days, but that it is strange to argue from them to a George or a William in our own. Is it desirable that the Church should still suffer persecution in order that it may more closely resemble the primitive Church; and, for the same reason, that the sovereign should blow the coals?

But why should a king, any king, every king, be supposed to know more about religion than his subjects—that he should be made the head of the Church? If the king undertook to teach the people himself there would be some room for the question; he only undertakes, however, to see that they be taught—taught by others called to the office originally by no authority of his, that so his subjects perish not for lack of knowledge; he is a Christian monarch, ruling over a Christian people, and he provides for them a Christian ministry. Is there anything so very monstrous in this? Must he of necessity be the best captain in his dominions because he looks to the national defence by granting commissions in the army; or the best lawyer, because he sees that persons shall not be wanting to administer the laws?

But the king *may* be the friend of religion, we are told—only he must 'patronise it' (that is the phrase) in the same way as he patronises any other good cause, and not establish it. Now when he patronises other good causes, he often does so, argues a very clever 'Essayist on the Church,'[a] whose recent publication we have in our eye, by granting the parties charters of incorporation, bestowing on them crown lands, and recommending grants of money,—why may he not do the same for the best cause of all? But it is unjust that the Dissenter should pay to the support of a form of worship which he does not adopt. Strictly speaking, no man pays to its support;

[a] Essays on the Church.

it is upheld by possessions of its own; its own by a title as indisputable, at least, as that by which any property whatever is held within the four seas. Even the semblance of hardship, however, can hardly attach to the Dissenter, for tithes are a rent-charge upon lands; and of the landowners, is one in a hundred a Dissenter? But church-rates—is there not a hardship here, that men should be made to contribute to the maintenance of a fabric which they never enter? No greater hardship than a thousand others, which a state of society (as opposed to a state of nature) involves. Individuals are constantly compelled to support institutions in which they have no direct interest themselves, but which the public good is understood to require. We pay our quota to a county-rate for the erection of a mad-house which we shall never occupy, or of a bridge which we shall never pass; we are taxed for the maintenance of the soldier, though we may have serious scruples as to the lawfulness of the profession of arms, or political objections to a standing army.

But the Church of England is the creature of an act of parliament. And why should it not be? A certain form of worship is agreed upon in convocation, *i. e.* by a synod of the clergy and of the clergy only, after patient investigation, as having Scripture for its warrant; and then, being submitted to parliament, in order that the nation should signify its solemn assent to the same by the body which represents it, is acknowledged by parliament in the people's name. Where is the scandal in this? And if parliament further establishes such worship by the act of uniformity, it in like manner establishes (Lord Mansfield uses this very word in this very case[a]) the worship of the Dissenter by the act of toleration—so that both Church and Chapel may be said in this sense to stand upon act of parliament.

But the Church Establishment no longer represents the religious sentiments of the vast majority of the nation, as it once did, and therefore is no longer to be supported by the

[a] See Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, vol. v. p. 284.

national government. We apprehend that its numerical majority is still great; (the children educated in the principles of the Church at the schools in connection with the National Society only, which are by no means all that are so educated, are nine hundred thousand;) that in all country parishes it is very great; in the best-educated and most intelligent, as well as the wealthiest classes—those therefore upon whom the burden chiefly falls, if burden there could be said to be—greatest of all. The true comparison, however, to institute is this:—what proportion do the members of the Church of England bear to those of any single body of Dissenters? Is there any single body that will admit of being named as its rival—we mean its rival in numbers? For to speak of the Dissenters as a community, in the same sense as we speak of the Church, is an abuse of language; the various sects into which they are split differing from one another at least as much as from the Establishment itself: in fact, holding nothing in common save jealousy of that, and a determination to combine for its overthrow. Besides, if the Church of England does not represent the vast majority of the people which it once did, is it therefore to be abandoned without inquiry into the cause? Suppose it should appear that Dissenters are made, for the most part, not by *scruples* but by *circumstances*, might it not be well to ascertain whether those circumstances do not admit of remedy before we condemn the Church as unsatisfactory to the country? For instance, when the present Church Establishment was formed, the county of Lancaster was thinly peopled—its wilds and moors were divided into sixty-two parishes; but, in the lapse of time, Lancashire becomes the very focus of our manufacturing system, and gathers within its borders a million and a half of inhabitants. Meanwhile, the parochial divisions and the churches, until quite lately, remained just what they were; and, accordingly, twenty thousand souls on the average fell to the lot of every parish priest. What wonder that there should be some two or three hundred thousand Dissenters generated in that county? There the people were sheep without fold or shepherd—surely it was not conscien-

tious objections to our ecclesiastical constitution, or to our liturgy, that withdrew from us these multitudes, but a mere want of accommodation within the Church walls, and of a personal knowledge of a Church minister? And were churches and ministers provided now on an ample scale, we should not despair of seeing crowds of these stragglers brought back, without the need of any sacrifice whatever on the part of the Church, either of discipline or doctrine: and until this experiment has been tried, no such sacrifice should be made. The fashionable remedies of these days do not meet the case. The Dissenter, so made by *accident,* wants a seat in a church, and you tell him you have no seat in church for him, to be sure, but you will make your articles more comprehensive. The Dissenter upon *principle* wants the abolition of episcopacy and the dissolution of the alliance between Church and State —and you tell him, you cannot consent to part with your bishops or to divorce yourselves from your government, but you will new-model the prayer-book. This is to give stones when the cry is for bread. To know the real amount of secession, founded on scrupulosity of conscience, you must let the Church have fair play—provide it with the means of asserting itself—put on fresh shafts to its engine—adapt it not to the whims of the times, but to the substantial wants of a population that has overgrown, more than deserted it. It is not that our people like living in a tabernacle best, but they have pitched for themselves tents, rather than lie out of doors. If greater legal encouragement to individuals to build and endow churches is wanted, let it be supplied: if the facilities afforded by the law, as it stands, are not sufficiently known (which we believe to be the case), let a clear and succinct manual of Church Acts be drawn up by some man who has built a church himself, and applied those acts practically, and let it be freely circulated. If the Society for the Building and Enlarging of Churches is not supported so universally as it ought to be, let its claims be enforced by the clergy, both by official charges and recommendations in private. If the erection of galleries and side-aisles is impeded by the expense of obtaining facul-

ties (which is sometimes the case in small parishes), let the impediment be examined, with a view to its removal. If any periodical review of pews could be made, in order to accommodate them better to the fluctuating population of a parish, let it be attempted. Only give the Church, by some method or other, more power of expansion—present it bodily to the multitude—let them be brought into contact with it, as it was intended they should be—and, if it woo them in vain, then, and not till then, despair.

But it is not desired that any form of Dissent should supersede the Establishment, and rise upon its ruins. The wish is, that there should be no Establishment whatever—that every man should be left free to choose for himself to join what congregation he will, or gather one of his own. The experiment has been tried in our history. When Charles I., in the year 1642, gave consent to the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords—*which was in fact the moment when the Church of England fell*—the great bulk of the people were Presbyterians. But look at the country again at the end of *four short years*, and observe what was the practical effect of the suppression of the Established Church;—the land was by this time flooded with Independents, Manifestarians, Brownists, Millenarians, Libertines, Fanatics, Antinomians, Anabaptists, Seekers, Perfectists, Enthusiasts, Socinians, Arians, Anti-trinitarians, Anti-scripturists, Sceptics, and Questionists: each of these sects again, by subdivisions and interlacements, ringing changes with one another, till, according to the author of the 'Gangræna,' no less than a hundred and seventy-six distinct churches were the issue.[a] Meanwhile, the creed of the country, which, for the sake of the peace of mind of millions, and especially of the poor and ill-informed, should be rendered as stable as may be, was set upon a seat as vertiginous as a windmill-sail; and the charities of life were wrecked in the hurricane of unprofitable dogmas that were let loose.

Moreover, when it is proposed that there shall be no Esta-

[a] Edward's Gangræna, p. 18.

blished Church at all—that the State shall make no provision for the religious wants of the people—it is assumed, that the people will assuredly provide for their own wants: their zeal being sufficiently manifested, it is pretended, by the *voluntary* churches they already uphold: otherwise, the Dissenters, we suppose, fierce as is their hatred of the Establishment, would scarcely pull it down in order to make heathens of their countrymen. Let us try, then, this question by the test of experience. Now it appears from Mr. Yates's calculation, in a valuable and well-timed Letter addressed to Lord Liverpool, and published in the year 1815, that the population of the Tower Hamlets division of London, of the Ossulston hundred, the Finsbury division, Holborn, Kensington, and Westminster divisions, together with Southwark and the adjoining parishes, amounted to 905,715 souls; that the number of churches, for the supply of this population, was forty-five—so that, allowing 2000 persons to a church—(which is much too large an allowance)—more than 800,000 would still be left without the means of enjoying the public ordinances of religion. Here, therefore, was ample scope for the operation of the voluntary system, in order to supply so monstrous a defect; a defect which was obvious to the eyes of every one who dwelt in those quarters. Did it prove effective? Take the account of the Dissenters themselves. The 'Congregational Magazine,' for December, 1832, makes the total number of Dissenting chapels in that district, including the meeting-houses of Quakers, Roman Catholics, and every description of seceders, amount to one hundred and eighty-six. The same authority reckons 400 persons to each, making 74,400 in the whole; so that there still remains 700,000 outcasts, to furnish recruits to the Rotunda. 'So much,' says the author of the Essays of which we have already spoken, 'for the assumption, that if the State does not provide a religion for the people, the people will be sure to provide one for themselves.'[a]

It will be contended, however, perhaps, that the Church

[a] Essays on the Church, p. 36.

Establishment actually existing stands in the way of the *voluntary* system. It embarrasses its natural progress—the people not caring to possess themselves of ground which has the appearance, at least, of being already occupied; and then America is pointed to with triumph—where religion has been left to itself. We are not yet thoroughly acquainted with the religious condition of the United States: recent events, however, have led to some investigation of the subject; and the result is not so favourable to the efficiency of the system of voluntary churches as some might imagine. In the first place, then, we should remember, that many of the original colonists of the United States were men who expatriated themselves on religious grounds: they were a devout and zealous race, and the impulse of their character was likely to make itself felt for many generations after them; so that, had America been in fact all that its friends represent it to be, it might be still a question whether there were not peculiar circumstances in the character of its population which were propitious to the growth of a religious spirit.

But, next—it is not true that religion has been hitherto left to itself in America. In several parts of the Union the maintenance of religion is, or rather was, compulsory—though the sect to which *any individual* would attach himself was at his own option; and wherever the compulsory system has given place to the voluntary, religion has rapidly declined. Indeed, nothing can be more satisfactory to the friends of an Establishment, than the example of America, if candidly considered. Dr. Dwight's authority stands high with the Dissenters in this country. In his 'Travels in New England and New York,' he explains the nature of the ecclesiastical establishment which then existed in Connecticut (it has since been destroyed), and contrasts the condition of religion in that province with its condition in the more southern provinces, where there was no establishment at all.[a] The result is, in a few words, this:—

[a] Vol. iv. p. 397.

That in a State in which Christianity was established by law, the Presbyterian ministers—for they were the great body of the clergy—supported and settled, were in the proportion of one *to every thirteen hundred and twenty-eight* inhabitants; whilst in the States where the voluntary system prevailed, the proportion was one to every *sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-eight.* Nay more—for we are anxious to give the enemies of the Establishment the full benefit of their favourite example—whilst, in the former State, out of 209 congregations —for so many it counted—there were 20 vacancies, *i. e.* about one-*tenth* without ministers; in the latter States, out of 430 congregations—which was their whole number—there were 160 vacant, or considerably more than one-*third*—the inhabitants being to this extent too poor or too supine to support a minister; and of the rest 81 were served by pluralists: and 'yet the advocates of voluntary churches,' adds our Essayist, 'are perpetually referring us to America for proof, conclusive proof, of the excellency and efficiency of their scheme!—to America! one glance at which ought to close their mouths for ever! But they know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm.'

Moreover, though in the large towns of America there is much Christian profession—such as it is—a great part of it is believed to be of the Socinian school—a corruption not unusually engendered by the want of a fixed scriptural standard of faith, by which aberrations might be early felt and corrected —a corruption, therefore, which in this country derives its chief supplies from the decomposition and decay of the Independents. In like manner, we do not deny that the populous towns in England would probably maintain, even without any extrinsic help, a body of ministers of one kind or other; but, in the meanwhile, what would become of the country?—how would voluntary churches be furnished to our agricultural communities, consisting, as they often do, of one or two gentlemen, eight or ten farmers, and a few scores of cottagers? How, in fact, does this district, composing the chief surface of every kingdom, fare in the favoured land

across the Atlantic? We see no reason to doubt the correctness of the picture drawn by a late traveller in the United States—certainly no enthusiast:—

'A stranger taking up his residence in any city in America must think the natives the most religious nation upon earth; but if chance lead him among her western villages, he will rarely find either churches or chapels, prayer or preacher; except, indeed, at that most terrific Saturnalia—a camp-meeting. I was much struck with the answer of a poor woman whom I saw ironing on a Sunday. "Do you make no difference in your occupations on a Sunday?" I said. "I be'ant a Christian, ma'am; we have got no opportunity," —was the reply. It occurred to me that the Government would be guilty of no crime, did it so far interfere, as to give them all an opportunity of becoming Christians, if they wished it.'[a]

But, if exceptions be taken against this testimony, as coming from a witness under passion or prejudice, hear the account given of the matter by an American himself—a minister, too—the Rev. Samuel J. Mills, who thus describes what he had seen with his own eyes:—

'Never will the impression be erased from our hearts, by beholding those scenes of wide-spreading desolation: The whole country, from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, is as the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Darkness rests upon it. Only here and there a few rays of gospel light pierce through the awful gloom. This vast country contains more than a million of inhabitants. Their number is every year increased by a mighty flood of emigration. Soon will they be as the sands on the sea shore for multitude; yet there are at present only a little more than one hundred Protestant or congregational ministers in it. Were these ministers equally distributed throughout the country, there would be only one to every ten thousand people. But now, there are districts of country containing from twenty to fifty thousand inhabitants, entirely destitute; "and how shall they hear without a preacher?"'[b]

Such is the fate of an agricultural district where religion is to be maintained by a system of *voluntary* churches.

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[a] Domestic Manners of the Americans, vol. i. p. 155.

[b] Narrative of a Tour, by the Rev. S. J. Mills; quoted by Dr. Chalmers 'On Endowments,' p. 189.

There is, however, another view of this question to be taken, which has been much overlooked, though perhaps the most important of any. We have, indeed, already touched upon it in a previous part of this paper, but not with the emphasis it deserves,—that this system of *voluntary* churches would be absolutely fatal to all efficient pastoral intercourse of the minister with his people; that however it might provide places of worship for the Sunday, it would provide no adequate parochial superintendence during the week; for the class and band-meetings of the Methodists amount to nothing of the sort, and produce none of its fruits. As it is, there are some ten thousand men circulating throughout this country for two or three hours most days of their lives, upon various home-missions of charity, of pity, of exhortation, of reproof,—each man of them all knowing precisely the district within which he has to walk; confident in the soundness of the warrant by which he enters every house in it uninvited; and, in general, hailed by the welcome of all, as one of those whose feet are beautiful. What a mass of misery is thus daily explored and relieved! what heart-burnings are quenched! what complaints hushed! what follies withstood! what knowledge imparted! what affections stirred up! Who would rashly disturb this under-current of good-will which is diffusing itself, silently and secretly, throughout all the darkest and most dismal recesses of society, and mitigating so much that is evil in this hard-hearted world? Yet, withdraw the Church Establishment, and it is done. There will then be no minister who has a district assigned to his peculiar care and keeping, where he individually feels himself answerable for the souls that are therein. He will share it with other parties of other persuasions. The latch of the door will no longer be lifted with the same boldness as now. The whole parish will be debatable ground, and no man will know in it his own. The several ministers will find it no pleasant thing to encounter one another in the sick man's chamber, under a temptation, perhaps, to wrangle out points of divinity over the couch of death; or, at all events, each uncertain whether he is not trespassing on the province of the others; and so the patient will

probably be abandoned altogether. This is no speculative objection: the inconvenience is already felt, in a small degree, in parishes where Dissenters abound; and the ministers of such parishes feel themselves under some embarrassment in the discharge of their pastoral duties to that portion of their flock, even with the advantage of their present position; and yet we believe, were they to abstain from making their call upon such persons through any false fear of intrusion, their absence would not often be supplied from any other quarter. We are most anxious to press this consideration upon all whom it may concern,—that perhaps the most comely parts of the Church of England are those which are least displayed. Doubtless her ritual is spirit-stirring—her pulpits are fountains of religious knowledge—her ceremonies full of solemnity—her temples worthy of being dedicated to God; but these are only the grosser features of her beauty: they may be all done away, and some calculation be made beforehand of the amount of that portion of the loss; but the unobtrusive provision she makes for the perpetual disasters of a working-day world—for the things which are happening out of sight—this is the province in which she wanders amongst the people unseen; her services here are not easily appreciated, because noiseless; in this department, even more than in the pulpit or the senate, she repays the State for its protection and support; and whatever power for good of this kind she possesses, be it never forgotten, *she owes entirely and altogether to the situation in which she stands as the sole accredited guardian of religion in this land, according to its parochial divisions.*

XI.—CHURCH-RATES.[a]

(DECEMBER, 1836.)

WHILST the matter is still in abeyance, we are anxious to say a very few words on the subject of *church-rates*, with the simple view of putting our lay readers, and through them the public at large, rather more in possession of that question. We are encouraged to hope that such an attempt may not be altogether fruitless, by observing that many popular hallucinations have been abated of late by the gentle operation of time, which has allowed a nearer investigation of things, so that matters which at first sight were the easiest in the world to despatch (for *qui pauca considerat facile pronunciat*), were found on approaching them more intricate than had been supposed. When one of our enterprising northern voyagers looked on one occasion from the mast-head, he saw, as he thought, his way smooth over the snow to the Pole; yet on actual experiment, the surface which seemed so level at a distance, proved to be a succession of chasms and ridges, presenting obstacles the most formidable at every step.

We know not what Ministers may propose to do on a subject into which, we must be allowed to say, they rushed, as

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[a] *The Church and Dissent considered in their Practical Influence.* By Edward Osler, Surgeon to the Swansea House of Industry. London. 12mo. 1836.

Baxter would express it, 'with the shell upon their heads.' However, if they are to make any change at all, there are but two ways of proceeding open to them: either to uphold the churches still out of the national purse, but by some other mode than church-rates; or to leave it to their respective congregations to uphold them for themselves. If the first plan be adopted, and the repairs be charged on the consolidated fund, for instance, where is the relief to the dissenter? for the principle by which he is made, indirectly to be sure, but still substantially, to contribute to the maintenance of a building which he never enters, is just in as full force under this system as under the system of rates; and it is the *principle* of the payment, if we understand it right, to which the dissenter objects, and not to the amount. And yet it seems singular that whilst he sees so much to reprobate in the principle which makes one man minister to the support of another man's creed, he should, nevertheless, accept on his own part, the *regium donum*, a provision for poor preachers of the three denominations voted out of the national purse; and which, it appears, from the discussion in parliament towards the close of the last session, he is not willing to relinquish. True it is that the sum is small—a four or five thousand pounds matter—but the principle is not the less objectionable on that account; for we presume that he would shrink from sheltering himself under the argument of the frail girl, 'That her child though it was, it was a little one.' The dissenter in his new Marriage Act does not abstain from drawing upon the churchman's purse for the support of his registrar, he being clerk of a union, though he must be well aware that so far as that functionary is employed in celebrating a marriage, he is employed in doing a gross violence to the conscience of every churchman who pays him his salary; and who differs from the dissenter in holding marriage to be a holy rite, and not to be made over to unconsecrated hands. Surely it would be as well that the dissenter should not decry a principle when it happens to work for the church, and hail it when it happens to work for the chapel, lest he should expose himself to misinterpretation, and give room for the surmise that

his scruples are not so disinterested as they profess to be. The principle, however, to which the dissenters object thus inconsistently, is one of vast importance to maintain, and the pertinacity with which it is impugned by parties hostile to all our institutions shows that they think it so. Indeed, the principle lies at the root of all government, for it is merely this, that the minority shall give way. And if the contrary be contended for in our religious relations, why should it not be in our civil? One man may think it hard to support a church when he dissents from its doctrines; another to support an army and navy when he objects to the profession of arms; a third, to support a police, when he repudiates such abridgment of the liberty of the subject. Now, if all these objections are to be allowed—and why should they not, if all men's alleged scruples are to be listened to?—all government is dissolved; for the nation must split into sections, according to corresponding divisions of opinion; and as opinion is infinitely divisible, those sections must split again; till at last each individual must do what seems right in his own sight; and then the principle has worked itself out, and the decomposition of the social system is complete.

It may be replied that in the cases we have supposed, the parties objecting do, in spite of themselves, reap the benefits of the institutions against which they protest, by their reflex operation for good upon themselves, their property, their comforts, or their lives;—that though they resent an army, yet, there being an army in spite of them, no foreign foe lays waste their fields; or a police, yet, there being a police, no robber breaks open their doors; and that thus they receive ample interest for what they contribute towards these wants of the State, having nothing to complain of, save that (as King Lear's fool says) they get 'a blessing against their will.' The same answer may be made to those who resist church-rates: they too 'have their full equivalent,' to use the nervous language of Archdeacon Bather, in one of his admirable charges, 'in having a better land to live in; the purification, through the Gospel, of the moral atmosphere in which they breathe being

worth more than any man has to pay for it.' Or, as the great anti-puritan divine puts it—'If there were not a minister in every parish, you would quickly find cause to increase the number of *constables;* and if the churches were not employed to be places to hear God's law, there would be need of them to be *prisons* for the breakers of the laws of men.' Nay more—'Dissent,' says Mr. Osler, in the little work of which the title heads our paper, and which we hope to make thus more generally known, 'Dissent is a fluctuating creed, and seldom continues in a family beyond the third generation. Without, therefore, alluding to the powerful influence which an orthodox and pervading religious establishment exerts upon every man, the Church is the source whence the individual dissenter received, either directly in his youth, or through his immediate forefathers, that religious knowledge which, when he became a separatist, made him a dissenter instead of an infidel; and however unwelcome the truth to his present feelings, he may conclude, from all the experience of society, that his own descendants will worship in the Church, and that, perhaps, even in his lifetime. Add to this, that the Church offers to himself security, that if the changes to which every Meeting is liable should destroy that which he attends, or compel him to leave it; or if he should remove into the country, or to a distant part of the kingdom, he will be sure to find a place where God is worshipped according to the truth of the Bible. In as far, therefore, as every man is interested in the source whence he derived the good he enjoys, in the welfare of his children, and in the contingent probabilities of his own life, every dissenter is interested in supporting the Church of England.'

Nor is this all that can be said in defence of the *principle* of church-rates. So long as you have national church-rates you have a national church establishment properly so called. Rates are a sort of pepper-corn rent (for they are little more) paid by the people in testimony that the people has an interest in its services. Accordingly, the nation at large, without any reference to distinction of creed, does benefit in other ways besides those we have named, in having a body of functionaries in

the country on whom society can devolve a number of offices which they are peculiarly qualified to fill; some springing out of laws and regulations which Courts call for at the hands of the Legislature; and some out of laws and regulations which private societies adopt for themselves. It is a great public convenience, independently of the question of religious instruction, to have in a nation a body of individuals of the station, class, and character of the clergy—safe men upon the whole to trust; intelligent from their education; pledged to good behaviour from their profession; known in their several districts from their functions; at hand from the necessity of fixed residence; universal in their presence from the parochial divisions to which they are severally attached, and so covering every nook where it is wanted that a law or a regulation, public or private, shall penetrate. And, accordingly, it is difficult to frame an act of parliament for any improvement whatever in our internal economy, without some appeal or other in it to the services of the clergy; services which they never undertook to discharge, but which, when required of them, they discharge cheerfully, under a feeling that whilst the nation, without any distinction of creed, maintains a Church Establishment of which they are the ministers, they owe to the nation, without any distinction of creed, whatever services their favourable position in society enables them to afford. Thus, if the Government is called upon to meet any emergency, any national visitation or distress, the clergy are the organs of which it avails itself to act upon the prudence, the energies, the benevolence of the people. If the Government has occasion to ascertain the life, the identity, the character, the conduct of persons who have claims upon it, say soldiers or sailors, it resorts to the clergy for its information as the readiest and most trustworthy it can procure. If the Government has need of any statistical details, such as may conduce to the public welfare, the clergy are the quarter to which it chiefly looks for satisfactory intelligence. If, again, in private life, friendly societies have need of certificates of the *bonâ fide* sickness of their members on their application for relief, the

signature of the clergyman is that they insist on. If the soldier or sailor has any communication on his part to make to the War-office or the Admiralty, it is to the clergyman that he repairs for assistance and advice. If a poor man falls under any family disaster, his limb broken, his pig dead, it is to the clergyman that he goes for a testimony to the truth of his tale and the fairness of his fame, and that testimony secures to him the help of the district in which he lives. If the thrifty cottager wants his little earnings deposited in the savings-bank, to the clergyman he confides it, to negotiate the matter for him. If he desires to have his frugal will made, that the nothing he possesses may be secured to the parties whom he loves best, it is the clergyman that he solicits to draw it out. These are but a mere sample, *medio ex acervo*, of the little services of a hundred kinds which the clergyman renders to the country at large, as a free gift, quite independently of his ministerial duties, and without any reference whatever to creed, sect, or sentiment. So that none but the clergy themselves, or those who happen to be under their roof for a season, and witness the numberless calls of this sort that are made on them, know how very large a portion of their time is occupied in such vocations as these; and none but they, whilst they are so engaged, can feel the full injustice of the hard measure which is dealt out to them in these days by that very public for whose welfare they are spending themselves in unostentatious but most effectual toil. Yet their capacity to do all this, and the justice of expecting it at their hands, arise entirely and altogether out of their being ministers of a national church; and sure we are that such good offices to the nation at large are far more than a set-off against the payment of rates, which in turn are exacted from the nation at large, the only pecuniary support the nation lends to the Church; for its endowments are of private origin as strictly as those of an hospital or an almshouse. We have sometimes amused ourselves with thinking what would be the amount of fees which the other learned professions would receive for the discharge of offices such as these—the time, the mileage, the material, all

taken into strict account; the daily life of a clergyman, it should be remembered, being in fact the daily life of a professional man of the best education in great practice.

Another consideration there is, not altogether distinct from the last, yet sufficiently so, perhaps, to deserve a separate notice. The parish priest has hitherto been accustomed to look upon himself as the pastor of his whole flock, however some of them may have strayed from his fold, inasmuch as he is a pastor of the Established National Church. Accordingly, he has held himself in duty bound to render to all the poor within the limits of his parish his helping hand, without much discrimination, searching and endeavouring to relieve the wants of any distressed member of a family, which, however large, he still regards as in some sort his own. We do not suppose it will be denied that good accrues to the labouring class in *general* from this disposition of things; and though we do not believe that any circumstances will induce the clergyman to discontinue such promiscuous intercourse with his people, we nevertheless do think it unwise in the Legislature to tempt him to it by drawing distinctions for him, and in spite of him, which he would never seek to draw for himself, and so make him feel that indiscriminate charity is not so much an act of duty in him as of forbearance. But if ever there was a time when the clergy of the Church of England, independently of their calling as ecclesiastics, were rendering essential service to the State at large, without respect of party or profession, in both those capacities to which we have adverted, as *functionaries* and as *philanthropists*—if ever there was a time when the Establishment was fairly earning a national church-rate for national benefits imparted, it is now, when the new Poor Law Bill is furnishing so ample a field for its profitable intervention. We are not at present contemplating the clergy as directly exercising the office of guardians under this bill, though this, we perceive, they are doing in many instances; but we are contemplating them as *moderators*—a position, in our opinion, in which they are of much greater use, and one vastly more suited to them. Here they stand between the guardians and

the poor, and hold the balance between them;—they have opportunities, by personal communication with both classes, such as fall to the lot of no other persons, and in our rural districts especially, of encouraging consideration on the one side, and content on the other; of upholding authority and abating resistance; of explaining objections, correcting mistakes, healing heart-burnings, and removing, in short, by the word in season, a thousand obstacles to the success of this great experiment. So much for them as advocates, with reference to this bill; then as almoners,—none but those who live amongst the poor, as the parish priest does, and witness the workings of this austere enactment in detail, can tell the revolution it is effecting in their habits, and the sufferings they have to undergo in the process of their regeneration. In all parishes there have grown up under the old laws a number of people who lived upon them or by them; some as dependents, some as subordinate administrators. The recoil upon private charity, arising from these parties being, as it were, disbanded upon the country, the most helpless of discarded placemen, and without pensions too, is very great; and if trade were less prosperous than it is, a contingency for which we must be prepared, it would be much greater. The applications to the minister of the parish for his ticket of admission to the county hospital; for his name and support to petitions, such as we have already alluded to; for the means of discharging a doctor's bill—of providing a child with clothes before it can go to place—of rescuing a poor family from ejectment for arrears in rent—are multiplying fast; and whatever scruples many of these applicants may have about going to the church, they have none whatever about going to the parsonage—nor, as matters stand at present, need they have any. Should circumstances render this resource less open to them, we think they would feel the change both in the amount the parsonage contributes, and in the example it sets; and we repeat, that however it might be done with impunity, it is better for all not to practise experiments upon the generosity of the clergy over much, or put their feelings as churchmen, which are strong,

and which have been a good deal tried of late, in array against their feelings as citizens.

If we suppose, then, the Government to retain the *principle* of upholding the churches out of the public purse, which we have shown to be a defensible principle, it becomes a question whether it is best to do it by a grant from the consolidated fund, or by the continuance of church-rates—a question of *expediency* alone. We confess that the system of rates seems to us far the better course to adopt. It is established, which is something. It has worked tolerably well till wilfully disturbed; and when once more affirmed to be the abiding law of the land, we doubt not will work well again; more especially as the dissenters have by this time discovered in the contests they have waged, or refrained from waging, on this subject, that they had considerably over-rated their strength. An application to any fund set apart by Government for the repair of all the churches in England would necessarily be cumbrous and expensive—the measure which Lord Althorp contemplated would have been eminently so. There must be an apparatus of surveyors, and estimates, and approval of estimates, which would waste both time and cost; for church-work, which has ever proverbially gone upon crutches, would be doubly halt under such embarrassments. Then again, small repairs would be beneath the attention of a process so majestic. A pane of glass is broken—a spout is stopped—a tile is damaged by the wind—a lath or two have been rotted by the snow;—the churchwarden on the spot is aware of the mischief as soon as it shows itself; applies (what in such repairs above every other is true economy) the timely stitch; and by an outlay of a shilling or two on the instant prevents the necessity of renewing a casement or stripping a roof in the end. Were the application for repairs to be made to some distant quarter, the damage would be allowed to accumulate till there should be a case worthy of such august intervention; and the ruin of the churches would proceed rapidly, whilst the sum spent upon resisting it would be infinitely greater than at present. Meanwhile, the obvious interest of the churchwarden and vestry

would in general suffice to check all lavish expenditure; and if such restraint were thought insufficient, nothing could be more easy, as nothing would be more just, than to define with accuracy the purposes to which a rate was to be confined, and prune, if you will, the luxuriance of the over-zealous official.

If, however, in spite of the principle of a national provision for the repair of the national churches being so defensible, and the application of that principle by means of a rate being so comparatively free from objection, the congregations of the Church of England should be left nevertheless to maintain their places of worship for themselves, and we should profess the anomaly of having a national church unsupported by the nation, let us consider whether the probable consequences would be such as would be satisfactory to the dissenter—whether the measure he seeks with so much pertinacity and violence would not be, if carried, a suicidal measure after all. On the whole, we believe it will be found that the wealth of the country is principally in the hands of members of the Established Church. The lists of benefactors to our charitable establishments throughout the land, which have of late been published from time to time, to meet a challenge thrown out by the enemies of the Church, have proved this; unless we are to suppose that the dissenter has indeed the means, but not the will, to contribute to hospitals, infirmaries, asylums, and the like—an imputation which we will not indulge, but presume rather that the wealth of the country is with the Church; that its members, in short, are the parties amongst us who are the chief *buyers*. On the other hand, a great proportion of what dissenters there are will be found, we think, to belong to the class of retail dealers; or, in other words, a very large division of the dissenters are *sellers* rather than buyers. As matters have stood in times past, churchmen have made no distinction in their dealings—they have resorted to the shop of the churchman and dissenter alike, only having respect to the honesty of the party, and the quality of his merchandise. Indeed, so long as the dissenter was content with his position in the State, which was that of complete toleration, and did not

seek to disturb the Establishment, his scruples were respected, which were the rather supposed to be conscientious, because they subjected him to some additional charge—a small one, it is true, but some additional charge—in supporting a place of worship of his own; and a friendly feeling was accordingly entertained towards him. But once exempt him from church-rates, and the case will be altered. The churchman will then naturally do his best to uphold the man who upholds the Church—it would be exceedingly unreasonable to expect that he should do otherwise; to do so would give just cause for complaint to his own allies. We have no manner of doubt that the abolition of church-rates would be the signal for a separation between the churchman and dissenter, complete as soon as present engagements or connections should cease to operate. Now we submit that the dissenter would not have cause to rejoice in this result. As it is, by contributing perhaps a crown to the repairs of the church, he secures to himself the advantageous handling of scores, perhaps of thousands of pounds in the year. Retaliate he cannot, because, in the first place, the funds, as we have said, are chiefly on the churchman's side; and, in the next place, the dissenter does already, almost to a man, spend whatever he has to lay out with his brother in dissent, and with none besides; he cannot do more. We would appeal to dissenting tradesmen in towns where resistance to church-rates has been attempted, and ask them whether they have found their books improved by the agitation of the question, or whether many good customers have not since left them, and whether many others whom they had reason to believe might have become so, have not held their hand. We have no sort of doubt that, in a profit-and-loss view of the matter, the dissenters are far more deeply interested in the continuance of church-rates on their present footing than the members of the Church themselves; and that, if their friends in power should give them their wish, they will be the first to exclaim, *Pol! me occidistis, amici!*

We can assure our readers that we have discussed this great question—which is in truth, though under a new disguise, no

less a one than that of the severance or non-severance of Church and State—without any apprehension about the pecuniary loss the Church would sustain by the relinquishment of church-rates. Indeed, our bias lies quite another way. As Englishmen we may grieve to see society, which has so long been tolerably harmonious, split into parts; but as churchmen we are rather tempted to hail than to proscribe any measure by which the members of our own communion may be made to stand confessed as such, and the Church of England be gathered up again. By a desire to meet the dissenter on neutral ground—(how vain a desire, if conciliation was the object, events have shown!)—we have for some time sunk the sin of *schism* by mutual consent, as if there was not a word about it in all Scripture; and given occasion to many to surmise that those who sign the Articles do so rather because they hold livings than hold *them*. The present process of legislation is applying a succession of tests to churchmen by which they will be eventually sifted clean. The new Municipal Corporation Bill has done much for this; the new Marriage and Registration Bills will do more; but the abolition of church-rates would do most of all. Every man will soon have to take up his ground, and the Church of England will have at length to know herself again; to feel that she has nothing to do with other men's opinions, but must be true to her own; that in all her proceedings she must keep within the compass of her own constitution, and abate no jot of that; that her immortal founders 'set her feet in a *large room*,' expressly that her members might be under no temptation to stray out of it; that they contemplated her, in their construction of her, as the single accredited agent through which all religious operations at home and abroad were to be conducted, so that the household was to be visited, the congregation to be taught, the colony to be quickened, the heathen to be converted, but still through her—through her, a noble instrument for the work if effectually wielded, and made to develope the resources that are in her. That those her founders imagined they had left ample scope for the exercise of zeal the most intense, for the pro-

mulgation of doctrines the most evangelical, for the application of labours the most abundant and the most devoted, strictly within the confines of the Church they marked out; and that they never contemplated, as they never would have allowed, a compromise, direct or indirect, of the great principles it involved, for any object however plausible. That if this be bigotry (which will be said), it is bigotry to be of the Church of England at all, and the charge can effectually be removed in no other way than by withdrawing from her altogether, for that the twenty-third Article is quite incompatible with the lax church notions of modern times; and still more Cranmer's sermon 'Of the Authoritie of the Kayes,' which may be regarded as a comment from head-quarters upon that Article.

This sermon will be found in Cranmer's Catechism, which, with several other works admirably calculated to throw light upon the nature and construction of the Church as our Reformers conceived it, has been lately re-published at the Clarendon Press. And with a strong recommendation to our younger clergy to peruse it, as an authentic record of that great man's views, we shall close this short paper. High time it is to plumb our building again, and apply a correction by a reference to these original documents, which will demonstrate that, liberal as were Cranmer's notions, so liberal indeed that his first impression was to draw up articles that should serve for Christendom, and not for England merely, he was so little of a latitudinarian that in these days he would assuredly come under the name of a very high churchman:—meaning, however, by that word, not one who reposes upon the dignity of his order; talks largely about the Church, and leaves others to labour in it; seeks personal distinction, and praises pastoral retirement; thinks he is orthodox because he is dogmatical; is so fearful of being extravagant himself that he is dull, and chills all around him lest he should make them fanatics;—but one who holds that he has a special commission, yet never relaxes in the practical duties which flow from it, finding, on the contrary, a call to exertion in every provision his Church has made in her services for hallowing every crisis of the life of

her members and baptizing it to God; one who feels that in playing the zealot indeed he would be untrue to her, but that in every word she causes him to utter, and every act she causes him to do, she counts upon his zeal being awaked; one who readily admits, to be sure, that she most probably insists on all things pertaining to the worship of God being done decently and in order, but only as the platform for high and holy objects to rest upon; and one who regards her most truly as the uncompromising advocate of the strictest morals, but beholds her, in every aspect she presents, bearing the Cross for her crest, and *hoc signo vinces* for her motto.

XII.—VILLAGE PREACHING.[a]

(JULY, 1837.)

WE do not often handle matters directly theological; but still there is a class of subjects that lie on the borders, in that debatable ground between literature and religion, in which we hold ourselves at liberty to make inroads; and in something of that doubtful mind, at least, in which Burns took up his pen to indite what might perhaps 'turn out a song, perhaps a sermon,' we now propose to say a few words which may prove theological strictures on the publication before us, or an essay on village preaching.

We have here two volumes of sermons preached by their author, the Rev. Augustus Hare, to the inhabitants of a small sequestered hamlet in Wiltshire, and published after his premature death as a legacy bequeathed by him to his parish. They are, in truth, as appears to us, on the whole, compositions of very rare merit in their kind, and realize a notion we have always entertained, that a style of sermon for our rural congregations there somewhere was, if it could be hit off, which in language should be familiar without being plebeian, and in matter solid, without being abstruse; that there was no

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[a] *Sermons to a Country Congregation.* By Augustus William Hare, A.M., late Fellow of New College, and Rector of Alton Barnes. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1837.

need for the shepherd, in whatever wilderness his flock might feed, to let such 'lean and flashy songs grate on his pipe,' as are frequently produced under the title of sermons to a country congregation; and that with a little pains a quickening spirit might be introduced into the village pulpit, which should rescue it from the charge of dulness under which it has so long laboured, and render it a more effectual engine than it is, for impressing the people. But 'coughing will drown the parson's saw,' so long as a saw it is,—'the curate will enjoy sweet sleep in his desk, and sweet, the clerk below,' so long as it is the *drowsy* rector that drawls over his head; and no wonder if the congregation is small, whilst it can be said of the vicar, as Sir Walter Scott writes of him, if we remember, in an early imitation of Crabbe,—

'Dry were his sermons, though his walls were wet.'

The observations, however, which we have to make on the subject of village preaching in the abstract, will arrange themselves perhaps most conveniently under the several aspects in which we shall consider these sermons.

Now first with respect to *style*. The *language* then of a sermon to a country congregation should be of *Saxon*, not of Latin or French extraction. Your country congregation consists of the best and the worst educated people in the land, and the sermon should be so constructed as to be as far as possible alike edifying to both. The squire needs not to be revolted by its coarseness and vulgarity; or, which is more to be apprehended, be led to esteem it an effusion obviously intended for the poor to follow, and for him to patronize: and, on the other hand, the peasant must not be sacrificed to the refinement of his superiors, nor be made to feel that whatever scraps of saving knowledge come to his share are but crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. But Saxon-English has the merit of being at once acceptable to the higher class, because it is good in taste, and to the lowest, because it is intelligible in meaning; and thus both profit by it. It is the Saxon character of the language of the Liturgy that suits it to

every congregation, from the parish-church to the chapel-royal. Were it saturated with terms of Latin or Norman origin, it would not be a whit more fit for a court, and it would be utterly unfit for a cottager. Let no man despise the power of this dialect. Some of the finest bursts in our literature are in almost pure Saxon. Milton is never greater than when he is speaking in it. His noble sonnet on the massacre in Piedmont contains scarcely a word which is not Saxon. His ode on the 'Nativity' is of the same stamp: so are his 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso.' Crabbe's 'Hall of Justice,' and Cowper's 'Cast-away,' each the most powerful copy of verse, perhaps, which their respective authors penned, are monuments of the simply majesty of Saxon-English. But were it less vigorous than it is, it is the speech of the people, and it would be a pitiful ambition in a minister of God to be playing the pedant in the pulpit, and to be painting the window till he has dimmed the light. Let any man read the sermons of Parr, addressed to the good people in Hatton church, and he will see at once that it was as necessary for him to have spoken by 'by two or three (sentences), and to have had one to interpret,' as it ever was for man who spake in an unknown tongue of old. It is not, however, pedantry, so much as a want of due attention to the vocabulary of the labouring classes, that renders so large a share of what is provided for them quite useless; and we could name several publications on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge which make no pretensions to learning, and of which the writers are above all suspicion of vanity, and yet which are lost upon those to whom they are addressed, because they do not speak to them in the vulgar tongue. Now it is a merit in these sermons of Mr. Hare that they speak in no other. For instance, on the reasonableness of the duty of obedience to parents—

'What plant from the Indies is so difficult to rear, or needs such constant care and watching, as a delicate, sickly child? Think of the wear and tear in the mother's heart. I have often seen it during that rearing. It is not the child-bearing so much as the child-rearing; it is the watching the cradle with patient eye, day

after day, for hours together; it is the care and fear, and anxiety and weariness, while nursing children through their illnesses, that drives the colour from a mother's cheek, and makes it pale and wan before its time.'—Vol. ii. p. 378.

Or, on the Resurrection; thus the sermon opens—

'"Christ is risen!" Such is the greeting in Russia on the morning of Easter-day. In the great city of Moscow, and throughout the whole country, when two friends meet on this morning, one of them says to the other, "Christ is risen!" Among all the customs I ever read of, this to my mind is one of the most Christian and most beautiful. It is the seeing the resurrection of Jesus Christ in its true light, not as a fact which we are merely to believe, because it is written in the New Testament, without thinking or caring much about it, but as a piece of good news to ourselves which we cannot help speaking of for joy. What the Russians then have said to each other on Easter-day for hundreds of years, let me now say to you: let me say to you with a joyful and thankful heart, "Christ is risen!"'—Vol. i. p. 282.

The most fastidious hearer could not find fault with such English, nor the most unlettered misunderstand it.

The defect of style against which we have hitherto directed our caution, the use of exotic diction, so fatal to the perspicuity of village sermons, issued from the school of Johnson. The next to which we shall advert, the use of *periphrasis*, from that of Gibbon. Gibbon's fondness for this figure is quite unaccountable, driving him, as it often does, to the clumsy expedient of explaining his own meaning at the foot of his own page, as if the text were to be the puzzle of which the note was the solution. For example—

'After a war of about forty years, undertaken by the *most stupid*, maintained by the *most dissolute*, and terminated by the *most timid*, of all the emperors, the far greater part of the island submitted to the Roman yoke.'[a]

And then we are told beneath that Claudius, Nero, and Domitian are the emperors meant. In Gibbon this came of affecta-

[a] Decline and Fall, v. i. p. 5. 12mo.

tion; in such humble followers as Hayley (who is profuse in the use of it), of feebleness too, as the tumidity of the limb does but indicate the debility of the system. Affectation is bad enough anywhere, in the pulpit intolerable; and if the preacher, especially the preacher to a country congregation, does not put pith into his words, and 'make them pierce as nails,' they will scarcely find their way through an honest hind's or yeoman's head. Mr. Hare, who, throughout these sermons, gives proof of his intimate knowledge of the poor, derived from pastoral intercourse with them, never bewilders them by any such circumlocution, but goes right to the mark.

'All extortion,' says he, for instance, 'according to this rule, comes under the eighth commandment. So does the taking advantage of a neighbour's ignorance, or of his necessities, to drive a hard bargain with him. So do all those things which too many reckon fair, such as cheating the king's revenue, *smuggling and buying of smugglers, poaching and buying of poachers:* all these are breaches of the eighth commandment.'—Vol. ii. p. 402.

Or again—

'There is hardly a poor person in these parts of England who does not get what our great grandfathers would have deemed to be luxuries. I will mention two of these—*tea* and *wheaten bread.* If any one, a hundred years ago, had foretold that the time would come when every cottage in England would have its teapot and its loaf of wheaten bread, he would have been laughed at as a foolish dreamer. Yet that time is come.'—Vol. ii. p. 268.

We have heard preachers in our time who would have flinched from expressions so natural and straightforward; and would infallibly have warned these poor people on the Downs against holding any intercourse with the nocturnal marauder on the main or on the manor; and have suggested to them the gratitude they owed for a fragrant beverage and farinaceous food. And so might Mr. Hare, if his taste had been less correct, and his desire of doing good less earnest; and he would then have had the comfort of thinking, after he had delivered his discourse, that though he had left his Wiltshire peasants in the dark, to be sure, as to the offences they were to shun, or

the blessings for which they were to be thankful, yet the dignity of the pulpit, at any rate, had not suffered in his hands.

We next come to the use of *illustrations* in a sermon. 'The country parson in preaching,' says Herbert, 'sometimes tells the people stories and sayings of others, according as his text invites him; for them also men heed and remember better than exhortations, which though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, which are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they will remember.' Before the Reformation, as well as for some time after it, sermons abounded in such tales, so much so indeed as to require regulations to correct the excess. But in those days many causes concurred to render discourses from the pulpit more colloquial. The chief preachers were the Friars; men who might take rank with our own Ranters. Their hearers were perpetually coming and going during the sermon, as suited their convenience, the church door open, and no ceremony used; often, indeed, it was delivered in the open air, at a cross, or from a window. If the audience laughed outright at a passage that pleased them, or coughed at one that galled them, no offence was taken, nor any scandal felt; the license of the church being pretty much the same as that of the play-house;—for indeed the two reciprocated, the pulpit being always dramatic, the stage often theological. This freedom from all constraint, both of the teacher and hearer, became by degrees abridged; the country clergy rising in rank and education (for immediately after the Reformation they were very low in both these respects), and so growing more fastidious, and a severer influence shedding itself both upon them and upon their people by the progressive ascendancy of the Puritan. Accordingly within a century after the downfall of Popery, we find Thomas Fuller—the last man, from natural temperament, one would have thought likely to offer a caution upon such a subject—saying of the 'faithful minister,' 'his similes and illustrations are always familiar,

never contemptible. Indeed reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote.'

Preaching, therefore, now took an opposite tack, and from having been certainly once succulent, by the time of John Wesley had become sapless. This was one cause which rendered the new style of preaching adopted by him and his followers so attractive; the people not staying to examine whether the water wanted filtering, because their throat was dry through the drought which had preceded. The standard, according to which the character of the imagery and diction of the pulpit of modern days was regulated, was not fixed before the divines of Queen Anne's time; as the vocabulary of poetry, according to Johnson, was not determined before the age of Dryden. In both cases, the restraint has been injurious to the subject of it. There was a Doric simplicity,—'wood-notes wild'—in the poets before Dryden, for which the greater correctness, it may be, of those who have since lived, is but a poor substitute; and there was a homely vigour in the sentiments and phraseology of the pulpit of the days of the First and Second Charles, which has been ill replaced by the decorous tameness of later times. Surely it is a morbid taste, and one that requires correction, which would kick at images that satisfied a Barrow; and yet we could point out numbers in his sermons, which would be now rejected by the preacher, even the village preacher, as mean and pedestrian; and whilst such things are, it is not on the tithing-day alone that we have cause to lament that the farmer should be so coarse, and the clergy so fine. The familiar illustration, therefore, by which a subject is rendered clear to persons slow to apprehend, and interesting to persons hard to be excited, is a figure not lightly to be renounced in deference to the false refinement of the magnates of a congregation—though, doubtless, capable of abuse. We say false refinement; for there are parables both

in the Prophets and in the Gospels, against which the same parties might find the same objection. Mr. Hare, therefore, adopts the use of such images with all boldness. The man who does not grow in grace is 'a dwarf in soul;' a spectacle as hideous and misshapen to the spiritual eye, as a dwarf in body to the eye of flesh (i. 50). Men think highly of those who rise rapidly in the world; whereas nothing rises quicker than 'dust, straw, and feathers' (i. 45). Religion must be learned by practice, not by hearing or reading only; 'it is not by hearing or reading about shoes, that a man becomes a shoemaker' (i. 97). You must not be content with spelling and reading a parable, but 'do as the bees do' with a flower, settle upon it and suck out the honey (i. 39). 'Laws are like looking-glasses, they may show us our ugliness, but cannot give us new shapes' (i. 257). Religious services are the means, not the end,—'the road to London is not London' (ii. 131). 'The tooth of a child is easier to draw than that of a man, because it has no fangs; so is it with his evil passions' (ii. 387). Easy illustrations of this kind are scattered in profusion throughout these sermons, certainly impart to them an air of great freshness and vivacity, must have had the effect of baiting the pulpit, and gathering a congregation, and no doubt at this moment live in the memory of many of the inhabitants of Alton Barnes, and will be long quoted as the apothegms of their beloved and departed pastor. If in a few instances they may be felt to border on the ludicrous, as where a child is compared to an unfledged angel fallen to earth, and to be restored to heaven (ii. 114), it should be borne in mind that when Mr. Hare wrote these sermons, and still more at the moment when he sanctioned the publication of them, he was occupied with far other thoughts than how to approve himself to those 'who are nothing, if not critical.' Still this is the danger to be guarded against in the use of familiar illustration; and we notice it the rather, lest the imitators of his style of preaching, of which we foresee many, should be led to tread in Mr. Hare's steps, not in the hundred cases where he has trod straight, but in the two or three where he may have trod awry.

There is another suggestion as to village preaching which the publication before us presents. It is a feature in these sermons, and one greatly to be commended, that they make much use of the *less trite* passages of Scripture, whilst those which are in the mouths and memories of all, they take for granted are so, and *rather touch* than draw out at full length—*guarda e passa*. For instance, to show that the seed of the heaviest crimes may be lurking in a man's heart when he least suspects it, the case of Hazael is quoted. 'Is thy servant a dog,' says he to Elisha, 'that he should do this great thing?' Hazael thought at the time that it was impossible for him to commit such a crime as murder; yet the very day after his return to the King of Syria, 'he took a thick cloth and dipped it in water, and spread it on his face, so that he died' (i. 290). Here we have a passage, not recondite certainly, but still not trite, to exemplify the doctrine. Again, in a sermon on Isaiah lxi. 3—'Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord'—occasion would naturally present itself, it might be imagined, for a reference to the parable of the barren fig-tree; and so it does; but Mr. Hare quotes no more of it than the three words of warning with which he closes his sermon, 'cut it down' (i. 478), satisfied that he thereby touched a spring, and that the memory of his hearers would supply the rest. For he probably considered that the members of a congregation of the Church of England hear certain passages in Scripture—the most important passages, no doubt—always once, possibly several times every year of their lives—that those amongst them who have been at weekly or Sunday-schools, have learned many such passages by rote—that it may, therefore, be safely presumed that such passages are tolerably familiar to them, and may for the most part be called to their minds by a hint, and that more is superfluous: again, that the Bible is the whole compass of a poor man's literature; and that on this account he is often much better versed in it than greater scholars who are spending themselves upon every work that comes out—that he is therefore frequently not an incompetent judge of the degree in which his minister is master of the Scriptures; and that he will be much more

likely to listen to him with reverence, when he perceives his range over them to be wide and commanding, than when he suspects his knowledge to be just commensurate with the chapters that occur in the Sunday services.

It is true that the practice for which we are pleading is not that adopted by our Reformers in the homilies. The homilies make long and large extracts from the portions of Scripture at present the most popular and best known; but when the homilies were composed, it must be recollected, no portion whatever was well known and popular. Latimer's sermons presume upon an utter ignorance of Scripture even amongst the highest class of all. When he preached before the Duchess of Suffolk and her household, a family as likely to be intimate with Scripture as any of the time, he relates circumstantially, and as though the passages would be strange to his hearers, the interview of Jesus with the Samaritan woman, and the death of Ananias and Sapphira. Even the early deliberate writings of the chief Reformers are not without blemishes which betray that Scripture was as yet a novelty even with the best-informed. 'The Institution of a Christian Man' talks of Jesus being brought before *one* Pontius Pilate; of his being bound fast to a pillar; and of Lot and his *three* daughters; all of them passages revised and corrected in the re-publication of the same work with additions, a few years later, and when the Bible had been more studied, under the title of 'The Doctrine and Erudition of a Christian Man.' When, however, the Reformation had established itself, it became quite characteristic of the English divines, of Jewell, for instance, eminently, of Hooker, of Sanderson, to have an apposite passage of Scripture for everything—Scripture being found in their hands a mine which might ever be worked, and never be worked out; and so far from dwelling upon threadbare quotations, such as might occur to any man just as well as themselves, and thus giving token that it was by virtue of a commission that they occupied the teacher's chair, and not by right of superior knowledge, they were perpetually interesting, and very often surprising, their hearers or readers by the dexterous application of texts

not commonly produced, but, being produced, to the purpose and decisive; stamping the impression they were wishing to communicate more effectually by the smartness with which they struck it in; and creating at once a reverential curiosity about a book which was found to be so full of resources, and a wholesome respect for the character and office of men who could develope them so successfully. But these were divines who had drank deep in the writings of the Fathers, in several of whom this faculty is remarkable; and whilst we may smile at their exercise of it, when they find an argument against the buskin of the player, in that it 'adds a cubit unto his stature,' &c.,-&c., we cannot but admire the same research as applied to a more worthy end, when it discovers a number of *subordinate* prophecies relating to the Saviour to come, in passages commonly overlooked: and we think the preacher would only have the more attentive audience, who, whilst he did not keep back such prophecies as are the most striking and prominent, as, for instance, that of the Miraculous Conception, contained in the seventh chapter of Isaiah, that of His character and office, in the ninth, or that of His person, reception, and end, in the fifty-third—should nevertheless season his sermon with those more secondary predictions which Tertullian detects, or thinks he detects, elsewhere, of His being sent by Pilate to Herod; of the darkness at noonday; of the veil being rent; of the body being missing; of the resort of the women to the sepulchre; and of the charge they received on seeing the vision of angels.[a]

The observance, therefore, of this rule in the construction of sermons, to presume upon the congregation having some acquaintance with the common-places of Scripture, though much to learn as to the remainder, would have the effect of relieving them from that tediousness which naturally attaches to compositions that enlarge upon what we know well, and keep silence upon what we know imperfectly; and though the remark applies to all sermons alike, yet the country parson is.

[a] Tertullian, adv. Marcion. iv. s. 42, 43, p. 459.

he who is likely to offend against it most, being under a temptation beyond others to reckon upon the simple people loving simplicity over-much, and thus to dilute his divinity till it is really too small for babes. Baxter, who, as everybody must be aware, is for the plainest of all plain-speaking in the minister, nevertheless cautions him with his characteristic good sense, 'lest in fearing to go beyond the present understanding of the people, he teach them nothing but what they know already, and thus entice them to think that he is as ignorant as they, and that they are as worthy to be preachers as he, because they can do as much and as well as he is used to do.'[a] It is not indeed in the nature of things that a class of persons who delight in a pithy proverb beyond any other, and seldom open their lips without one, can take much pleasure in a thin and threadbare address; and the preacher who is to hold together even the most rural congregation for any long time, must be prepared, with Mr. Hare, to bring out of his treasures things *new* as well as old. It may not be here out of place to add, that the staple of these sermons is rendered still more substantial by their author's theological reading, independently of Scripture. We can trace in them, for instance, Taylor, Baxter, and, we think, Hall, not always as works which Mr. Hare was directly quoting, though this sometimes, but which he had digested and made his own, and might draw from, without knowing it; and it will be found in theology, as in all other sciences, that however elementary may be the treatise required, it will be best done by the best-informed man; that the Church Catechism, simple as it seems, could only have been framed by deep divines; and that a village sermon will be most to the purpose, when written by one who, like Mr. Hare, combines with a knowledge of village ways, such reading as would qualify him for a far different audience.

There is another canon to be observed in the composition of a sermon, of which we are reminded by the publication before us,—to make it preach the gospel as often as possible *through*

[a] Cure of Church Divisions.

the ordinances of the Church. It is true that this rule, like the last, applies to all sermons; but like that, it applies to sermons delivered from a village pulpit above all. For the country people have need beyond others that the religious instruction imparted to them should refer to formularies which are familiar to them; the instruction so presented to them being in that case *sorted* for them, and therefore more likely to be profitable to persons whose apprehensions are dull and memories feeble; those formularies serving them for a syllabus, and the lecture seeming no longer a rhapsody without a plan. We believe, too, that nothing would be so effectual to bind the members of the Church together and to disqualify them for dissent, as the systematic observance of this rule on the part of the preacher,—a rule, indeed, which the terms of his ordination vow seem to make obligatory upon him; for by that he pledges himself 'to give his faithful diligence always *so* to minister the doctrine and sacraments, and the discipline of the Church, as the Lord hath commanded, and as *this church and realm hath received the same.*'[a] Let us not be misunderstood. We are not recommending a crusade from the pulpit once a week against the Separatist: it is the thing furthest from our thoughts; but we would have the minister take every opportunity that presents itself, direct, and more especially incidental, of showing that the Bible and Prayer-Book speak a language one and the same; that a Christian truly formed after the model of the Church of England would hold the doctrines, discharge the duties, imbibe the spirit, set forth in the Word of God; that the component parts of the Christian character dispersed through the Bible are collected and organized in the services of the Church. Thus would the members of a congregation be imperceptibly moulded into the form of Christians and Churchmen at once; and, being so fashioned, would not be adapted to any other frame without feeling that violence was done to them. We would have the minister, therefore, some-

[a] See a very good sermon, entitled 'The Duty of Liturgical preaching stated and enforced,' by the Rev. R. Parkinson, the present Hulsean Lecturer in Cambridge.

times ask himself, when his sermon is completed, whether it could be delivered as appropriately in the chapel as in the church; and if it could, though the fact might not imply that there was anything in it unsound, it might imply that there was something lacking;—it might be what it was, and something more. The non-observance of this rule in the construction of sermons of late years—for it is impossible to read many of our most popular volumes of sermons, and deny that such is the case,—has tended, we believe, more than anything besides, to leave the professing members of the Church a prey to any and every species of dissent which might happen to come across them. For, on quitting the Church, they had no bonds to break, no lessons to unlearn, no prejudices to overcome. They were sheep that had been never marked, and were therefore readily lost. The following may not be the best illustrations of the practice we are recommending, which these volumes supply, but they are the first that come to hand, and may suffice:—

'To the end that we may keep Passion-week in a proper manner, by thinking and feeling about Christ's sufferings as we ought to do, the Church has appointed the forty days of Lent to be a sort of preparation for Passion-week and Easter, just as it has appointed the four Sundays in Advent to be a preparation for Christmas. For there are two great seasons in the year which it behoves every Christian to keep who wishes to pay dutiful honour to his Saviour, or who would awaken and stir up his heart to a thankful recollection of what Christ has done for mankind. The first season is Christmas, in honour of Christ's birth, to preserve the memory of His wonderful loving-kindness in coming down from heaven, and putting on the nature of man. The other season is Passion-week and Easter, to commemorate His love in dying for us, and to celebrate the glory of His resurrection. Both these seasons are so important, and it is of such moment to the welfare of your souls that you should keep them both in a godly manner, that the Church has set apart the Sundays in Advent, which come before Christmas, and the forty days of Lent, which come before Passion-week, as a time of preparation for them. The use of such a preparation is plain enough. In the first place, it answers the same purpose that the early bell

on Sunday is meant to answer. As that bell calls us to get ready for church, so do Advent and Lent call on us to get ready for Christmas and Easter. When a musical instrument has been laid by awhile, it needs being put in tune, or it will make but sorry music. The minds and hearts of Christians too require to be got in tune before they can bear their part fitly and harmoniously in the services by which the Church commemorates the birth, and death, and resurrection of her Lord.'—Vol. i. p. 235.

Or in another place—

'I am going to speak to you about the historical books of the Old Testament. By the historical books I mean the book of Joshua, the book of Judges, the two books of Samuel, the books of Kings and of Chronicles—in a word, all those parts of the Old Testament which contain the history of the children of Israel, and relate their dealings and goings on from the time of Joshua, when they first crossed the river Jordan to conquer and take possession of the land of Canaan, down to the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah, when Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and the Jewish people were carried away captive far from their native land. These are the chief historical books of the Old Testament: out of them the lessons are taken for thirteen Sundays together, that is, for a quarter of the year. Now what do we learn from the Book of God during this quarter of a year? Why has our Church appointed the fourth part of every year for the reading of chapters from these historical books? What are the chief truths which the great body of Christians are to gather from them? For it must be clear to every one that these chapters would not be read to you over and over again, year after year, unless the Church had hoped that the hearing them would in some way make you better. Moreover, it must be clear to you, that a mere knowledge of the names and facts set down in these books can do you no good whatever. That Jehu was the captain who conspired against his master,—that Joram was king of Israel, and Ahaziah king of Judah,—that the prophet Elisha's servant was called Gehazi,—what can it profit a man to know? Facts of this kind are like the beard of the barley; they are the part which comes first in sight, but yields no nourishment. If a person learnt nothing from Scripture but a list of names and facts,—such as that Samson was the strongest man, and that Solomon was the wisest,—he would not be a jot the better for his knowledge. Knowledge of this sort may puff a man up with a vain conceit of

his learning and cleverness, but most assuredly it cannot edify. One little verse from the Sermon on the Mount would be worth it all.' The lessons we are to draw from the histories of the Old Testament are not of names and facts, but of laws and principles. We are to look on those histories as showing us the wires and springs by which God governs the world. . . . . The history of most countries may be likened to a great clock: we see the hands move and hear the hours strike; but we cannot see and examine the works by which the hands are set in motion and the hours are made to strike. With the history of the Jews, however, it is otherwise. In their case God has lifted up the veil which mostly covers His dealings with mankind; He has shown us the inside of the clock and given us the means of observing how the wheels and pulleys act upon the hands. In other words, He has set before us in the Bible how entirely the welfare of a nation depends upon the piety and true religion of the people. . . . . This is the great practical truth to be drawn from the historical books of the Old Testament; and the Church of England has wisely allotted a large portion of every year to a course of chapters teaching it.'—Vol. ii. pp. 35–40.

But besides many such short and passing allusions to the Liturgy, which help to keep it in view of the people, and instil it into their minds not the less effectually, as we have already hinted, because done without form, there is an admirable course of sermons in the second of these volumes, in which the services of the Church are explained, illustrated, and enforced; sermons which it is impossible to abridge, and from which it is not easy to make extracts: and whilst they serve to display the principle we are laying down, they serve also to correct any misapprehension which might arise from a solitary passage in the twenty-fifth sermon on the 'Unthankful Lepers.' In the spirit in which Latimer conveys a notion of Capernaum by comparing it to Bristol or Coventry, and of Jairus the ruler of the synagogues by supposing him a churchwarden, Mr. Hare explains the Samaritans to be 'Dissenters.' It was the Dissenter, therefore, who turned back to give thanks, whilst (if the parallel be pursued) it would be the Churchmen who went their way. But Mr. Hare does not pursue the parallel; and

certainly nothing could be more remote from his intention, when he used this illustration, than to compliment the Dissenter at the Churchman's expense; for Catholic as Mr. Hare's spirit was, every line of these sermons proves that he was not of those, whatever may be the numbers of such, who assert themselves to be no bigots, by a fling at the Church whose Articles they have signed, to whose services they have assented, and whose bread they eat.

It is scarcely needful to add, that every care in the composition of a village-sermon, or indeed of any sermon, will be thrown away, unless the *feeling* of the preacher, his *sympathy* with his hearers, carry his arguments home to them. Without this they are arrows without feathers, and will drop short; and it is not the least merit of these sermons that the interest their author took in the people he was addressing, is radiant throughout them. From first to last they speak from the heart, and therefore go to the heart; the best of eloquence. There is nothing here of 'stand by thyself; come not near me; I am holier than thou,' expressed or implied; nothing of the *procul este profani* whatever; but, on the contrary, Mr. Hare spares not himself whilst he rebukes his hearers: his honesty is remarkable; and from the unembarrassed manner in which he ever deals with his subject, he evidently does not flinch from its recoil. He can afford, though we are sure he would have been the last man to think or say so, to challenge that spirit in a congregation against which Paley puts the younger clergy on their guard; telling them, 'that those who are slowest in taking any part of a sermon to themselves are surprisingly acute in applying it to the preacher.' But Mr. Hare had no traitor within. For instance—

'Now do we really wish for the coming of that great day? Should we be glad to know it was to come to-morrow? If an angel were to show himself at this moment, and to bring a message from our Lord and Master, that to-night at twelve o'clock He will descend from heaven, with the voice of the archangel, with the trump of God, and that we are straightway to be caught up into the clouds, and to appear to-morrow before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give

an account of our past lives,—if such a message were to be brought to us at this moment, should we rejoice at it? Yet this, and nothing short of this, is the coming of God's heavenly kingdom. I fear there are very, very few men who can say from the bottom of their hearts, that for themselves, without thinking of their neighbours, they would be truly and heartily glad of this. *I am sure, for one, I could not say it.* I could not say that I desire, without a moment's further preparation, to be hurried before Christ's tribunal. My prayer would be the same as David's: O spare me a little! And your prayer, brethren, would doubtless be the same.'—Vol. ii. p. 237.

It does not fall within the plan of our paper, as we have happened to shape it, to speak at any length on the *doctrines* of these sermons. We may just, however, observe that they maintain the corruption of our nature to be very great, but enter into no metaphysical controversies; sometimes representing the image of God as lost (i. 28), and sometimes 'sparks' of the 'original brightness' as remaining (ii. 99). As a consequence of this corruption, they affirm that 'we cannot take one step towards holiness except by the assistance of the Holy Spirit' (i. 75). They teach justification by faith in Christ *alone* (ii. 440); but they are occupied throughout with Christian duties and dispositions which should be the fruits of faith, so as to be eminently *practical*. They serve under no banner but the Articles, and these Mr. Hare considers framed in a comprehensive spirit, and says of the seventeenth, in a very admirable visitation sermon (the first of the two) annexed to the others:—

'Is it not desirable to have the road so formed that two equally good men may walk abreast in it, the one on the shady side, the other on the sunny; leaving room for the unpolemical Christian to walk humbly and contentedly between them? or, to look at the question from a historical point of view, will any be bold enough to wish that our Articles had been framed in such accordance with either Arminian or Calvinistic notions, as that either Leighton or Jeremy Taylor should have been excluded by them?'—Vol. ii. p. 508.

That the intention of our Reformers is here correctly given, we

think has been put beyond all doubt, since the correspondence of Ridley and Bradford on this subject was published by Archbishop Laurence.

On the whole we will venture to press these sermons on the attention of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, as better calculated than any we have met with for parochial lending libraries to circulate, and (what will be acknowledged to be a very great desideratum by all who have sought for such a book to little purpose) for masters and mistresses of families to read to their households on Sunday nights.

In our perusal of these volumes one reflection has suggested itself to us very constantly,—the testimony they incidentally offer to the value of an *endowed* church. Here we have a man of good birth, of perfect education, of ripe scholarship, of easy means, we believe, setting himself down in entire content,—for many passages give token of it,—in a small secluded hamlet in the Downs, *vervecum in patriâ*, with no other object in life than how to make all these high qualifications subservient to the intellectual, the religious, and the temporal advancement of its poor and unlettered inhabitants. Suppose the *voluntary system*, as it is called, to prevail, what is there in the character and importance of such a parish to secure for it a teacher and a benefactor anything like this? Would it be for the public good that such a man, so gifted, should be exchanged, as he almost certainly would be in such a case, for a pastor of the lowest of the people, of mean acquirements, but fluent speech, though not of speech more intelligible than Mr. Hare's; in the pulpit, probably an ignorant and jealous controversialist; in private, a partisan in every village feud and faction, there being nothing in his station to set him above 'the stir of that dim spot;' without taste to civilize, or delicacy to attach, or rank to restrain, or endowments to command respect; so far from having the means to relieve another's wants, himself seeking the priest's office, that he may eat a piece of bread. The exchange would be altogether disastrous.

There is another consideration which has also presented itself to us whilst engaged with these sermons:—the meek, yet dig-

nified, answer they supply to the noisy slanders against the Church that have been long abroad. We would desire no other or better reply to all the assaults upon her with which the House of Commons and the meeting-house have rung alike, than such a peep behind the scenes as these sermons afford, such an insight into what she has been actually about, alone, and in quiet, and unobserved, in many a nook and corner of the land, even at the very moment whilst these rancorous indignities have been poured upon her. It was probably about the very time that Mr. Hare was employed in writing and delivering these sermons, and in the discharge of those pastoral labours of love corresponding to them—evidence of which modestly breathes forth in every page, that a rude and rash man had the face to describe our Church as 'destroying more souls than she saved.' But the great bulk of the people who lived in retirement, and had not been poisoned by sectarian jealousy, called scruples of conscience, and who only knew the Church by the blessings they beheld her shedding around their own doors, felt that she deserved better things to be said of her, and at length rose in her defence; rose in her defence, to the surprise of a Government which had thought the lion dead, and to be kicked at discretion. Probably the spirit shown on the subject of church-rates is without example; a whole nation —at least, almost the whole of the nation on whom the burden fell—petitioning their governors by acclamation not to remit, but to retain a tax—and assuring them that individually, little as such an avowal would meet with their sympathy, they would rather pay several shillings a-year than deprive 'the poor man of his rights, and God of His honour.' Without meaning any invidious comparison with the clergy of the towns, whose exertions, often under circumstances of great discouragement, have been most exemplary, but which, being in *oculis civium*, plead for themselves, we may say that no doubt the faithful discharge of their duties by the country clergy, after the manner of which these sermons give proof, had laid up a treasure of good feeling towards the Establishment in country parishes which, though long dormant, awoke at last; and now that it has

manifested itself, will check, we trust, an Administration like the present from further aggression, by an argument to which they seem alive, that they are biting a file which may break their teeth; whilst on the other hand, it will, we hope, encourage some future Administration more friendly to the Church, to legislate for the extension of her usefulness, with the confidence that in so doing they will have the people on their side.

XIII.—VILLAGE SCHOOLS.[a]

(April, 1838.)

A short time ago we ventured upon a few remarks on *Village Preaching*—we will now follow them up by a few more on *Village Schools;* in neither case affecting any other philosophy than such as belongs to a working-day world. With respect to the establishment of national schools in country parishes (and to country parishes we mean to limit our observations), we cannot witness the attempts now made from time to time, and especially in the proposed bill of Lord Brougham[b] —(which differs from his former one by its provisions being extended from towns with municipal corporations, to the whole kingdom)—to take the education of the rural population out of the hands of the clergy, with whom it at present rests, and with whom it is natural it should rest, and to lodge it elsewhere, without the reflection presenting itself very forcibly, *how much derangement, both fiscal, moral, and religious, would ensue from such a transfer;* how much existing machinery for the purposes of education, actually working well, every year increasing in efficacy, and promising eventually, and before long, to embrace in its operation the whole body of the peasantry, it

[a] *Hints on Scriptural Education, and on Instruction, by Catechising; intended for the use of the Superintendents of Parochial Schools. A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Salop, in June,* 1835. By Edward Bather, M.A., Archdeacon of Salop. London. 8vo.

[b] [This bill did not come into law.—Editor.]

is proposed to disorganize and break up. We shall confine ourselves to this single argument.

Looking at the parishes around us, from the spot where we write (and we challenge the same survey elsewhere), we find them almost all furnished with schools; some daily, some Sunday schools only,—the latter, however, constantly expanding into the other; but both begun and continued by the clergy. We see the schoolrooms sometimes built by local subscriptions at their suggestion, and to which they are themselves chief contributors; sometimes converted out of tithe-barns, or other superfluous buildings attached to the parsonage, in the disposal of which they have an absolute control. We see funds provided for the salary of the master or mistress, the purchase of books and other necessaries, through the same channel, with or without the aid of weekly contributions from the children—which, if any, are in all cases so small, as to be only enough to stimulate the appetite for knowledge by putting it at a price. We see clothing clubs very frequently grafted upon these schools, the *bonus* still raised from the same quarters as before, and through the same exertions; an incidental, but still a very wholesome adjunct to scholastic education, inculcating practical lessons, not less valuable than Mr. Wilderspin's, of order, frugality, foresight, and self-dependence. We see the clergy in their parish-rambles dropping in upon these schools often and unawares; working them for an hour themselves; animating the system; keeping teachers and scholars wide awake; exercising again, through their wives and daughters (at least as much alive to the welfare of the schools as themselves) a narrow inspection into the works and ways of the girls that resort to them; which, under such superintendence, become the cunabula of diligent housewives, the future mothers of the hamlet. We see the clergyman, the *custos morum* of the parish, by means of these schools, put in a condition to be so with effect; enabled to discover the character and conduct of every family in it, by representatives which faithfully reflect it at the school; qualified through such information for applying endless correctives in the right place, of a minute kind perhaps, but by their

aggregate amount, and personal propriety, more successful, it may be, for the reformation of morals than all the sermons he delivers; his reproofs, on such occasions, felt to fall gracefully by the parents, and well received by them, because evidently prompted by the interest he is taking in their own flesh and blood; and having weight besides, because founded, as they would themselves confess, in accurate knowledge of facts. We see, in short, in a school in a country parish, on its present construction, a sort of small Exchange, where the minister learns all that is going on which requires his interference within the district that belongs to him; so that half an hour's visit to the school (drawing its tributaries, as it does, from every corner of that district) acquaints him perhaps with particulars that put him in motion for the week. For here he learns who are sick, who out of work, who leaving the parish, who coming into it, with a hundred other matters, with which the children come charged, too trivial to name, but an acquaintance with which on the part of the minister greatly conduces to the comfort, order, and regularity of his people, and to the usefulness of his office. We further see this same functionary acting in his vocation as a dispenser of knowledge in the parish, whilst he appeals to the farmer for his pecuniary help to diffuse it; bringing before him, amongst other and higher considerations, the bearing of education upon the security of his property, the habits of his labourers, the amount of his rates; till, yielding partly to the force of the argument, and partly to kindly feelings for the advocate, he gives his guinea. We see much humanity imparted by these homely colloquies, these clinical lectures on the advantages of learning—much prejudice removed—much sympathy fostered—and besides all this, an exchequer furnished for a war against ignorance, without tax, warrant, or officer. But, above all, we see the clergyman as the accredited teacher of religion in the parish, possessing in these schools an instrument for the dissemination of it so effective, that withdraw it from him and you rob him of the use of his right hand. Indeed, the power thus given him has

scarcely yet made itself fully recognized, or received its complete development.

We feel that we shall be adding strength to our argument, which mainly lies in a simple exposition of the system it is proposed to put in jeopardy, and shall, at the same time, be doing our present schools a service, if we draw our reader's attention to a Charge of Archdeacon Bather's, of which the title is prefixed to our paper. For these 'Hints on Scriptural Education, and on Instruction by Catechising, intended for the use of the Superintendents of Parochial Schools,' are calculated beyond anything we have met with to open the eyes of the country, and even, in a degree, of the clergy themselves, to the resources, the yet unexhausted resources, for the advancement of religious knowledge, which these schools present. They are evidently the fruits of sagacious observation and long experience—they are communicated in a manner the most plain and unambitious, yet graphic withal, by one whose aim is not to spin theories or split hairs, but to take mankind as they are, and amend them—and they descend to a minuteness of direction, which those only will appreciate who have had dealings with their fellows, and know how specific instructions must be, if they are to be useful.

Although preaching, the Archdeacon argues, is very much improved in its character of late years, and exhibits far more entirely the fundamental doctrines of Scripture and of the Church than it once did, it may be doubted whether its effects upon our congregations are commensurate with this improvement; whether it prevails for good to the extent it might. Now if this be true, it has happened, perhaps, because we have not in times past *begun from the beginning* in our teaching; the hearer not having been a fit recipient of instruction from the pulpit, because not previously prepared in a school. In the primitive Church it was otherwise. There, none were members of the congregation who had not once been catechumens. To this natural order of Christian education we are now (if we are not cut short) reverting; catechizing the child, that is,

grounding him in the principles of the faith by *vivâ voce* conference with him, in order that the man may be taught to edification. But whilst we are thus dealing with him, the fault is our own, if the very first object of all education is not answered, even as our economists themselves would admit—'For, if they say that something more is desirable for the poor than mere reading and writing and a little arithmetic, so say I too,' cries the Archdeacon; 'I should like to see them taught to *think*.' And accordingly he proceeds to point out how this primary object of education is achieved, and in a manner the best of all, by the very same discipline which serves to make them profitable hearers for the Church; and that, whilst your aim is to train up in them sound Christians, you are incidentally forming them into *thinking* men. The catechist, then, who will seldom be any other in a country parish than the minister himself, having fixed upon his subject, which will seldom be taken from any other book than the Bible—that being of all books the one which is found on trial to interest children most, and therefore to be the fittest to quicken them to mental exertion—'first *instructs* his pupils by questioning the meaning into them, and then *examines* them by questioning it out of them.' The former part of this task he does by putting what the lawyers call leading questions, that is, questions which instil a *meaning*, to be extracted by-and-by; and if the answers prove such as require to be corrected, which they will often be, still the children are brought to make the correction themselves, which is done by means of further questioning, after the same fashion as before; till at length they find themselves surprised into a full knowledge of the subject proposed to them, and apparently by efforts of their own; the process keeping them on the alert, and the result flattering their sagacity.

We shall be excused, we are sure, if we follow Mr. Bather into an example, fractional as it may seem; for the more thorough the insight afforded of the faculties of our schools, constructed as they are, the more will people be induced to pause before they give their voice for their extinction. The

sight even of a fly through a microscope would often stay the hand that was raised to crush it, by unfolding beauties overlooked. Our example is the parable of the Publican and the Pharisee: the catechist begins by taking the passage to pieces, making the child in fact construe it, so as to give proof that he has not been merely talking in his sleep:—what was done—who did it—what was said—who said it. Then comes a hard word, a Publican—he asks—what is he? The child cannot tell, or tells him wrong. It is very easy for the questioner to set him right; but why do this when it is much better and very possible to make him set himself right? He will remember, if he is put upon it, that there were twelve Apostles; that one of them was a Publican; that his name was Matthew. He can tell where Matthew was sitting, and what he was doing when he was called. He thus works his own way to the meaning of the term Publican; and besides, learns to bring passages of Scripture, which he has read, together; thus gets at a good principle of interpretation; and, above all, holds fast that which he has in this manner made his own. 'But the two men went up into the Temple to pray.' This reminds the catechist to give the child some simple notion of prayer. He may make a speech to this effect, but it will be to little purpose, and there is no need of it. In answer to his question the child can inform him what it was they went into the Temple professedly to do: a beggar in the street would furnish him with an illustration of this; for he would teach the child to quote a text where *praying* is expounded by *'asking.'* Then, when the child has told him whose house the Temple was, he will be at no loss to tell him further who was to be addressed in it. And, looking to what the Publican and the Pharisee severally said, he will be led to state that the one *asked* for mercy, the other *asked* for nothing; consequently, that the one did actually pray, whilst the other forgot his errand. We need not pursue the example further; but, on the whole, this method will do more for a child than the plainest sermon whilst he is a child, and when he becomes a man he will put away childish things. Now, doubtless, had the catechist turned lecturer, and his in-

terrogations been orations, he would have *delivered* in the same space ten times the doctrine which the other has *extracted;* 'but what of that?' says Mr. Bather, in a passage which may remind us of Mr. Hunt's diverting picture of the Sunday-School Boy—'the listlessness of his youthful auditory, the vacant looks of some, and the impatient gazings of the rest in all directions, let you know infallibly that their minds have never been occupied at all; perspicuous the speech may have been, but "like water that runneth apace," it has passed away from them as it flowed, and whether the matter discussed related to Peter, or James, or John, or the facts were done at Jericho or Jerusalem, or the scope of the argument was to teach men to pray or to give alms, to repent or to believe the Gospel, they know not. The sermon was blameless, but there was no constraint upon them to give their thoughts to it.'

Having thus questioned the meaning into them, for which the school for obvious reasons is the fittest scene—and which indeed there is scarcely any other opportunity for doing, but such as a school affords—the Archdeacon next proposes to question the meaning out of them, which may be done not there only, but in the church, in the face of the congregation, in accordance with the injunctions of the fifty-ninth canon, and the rubric at the end of the catechism. Here the minister, who is bound up, it will be perceived, with these schools from first to last, gives the children an occasion of producing their knowledge; he extracts it from them piece by piece, and with an eye in the process to the edification of the bystanders; thus he reaches the ignorant adult through the better-informed child; awakes a fresh interest in that quarter, for to hear others questioned is the next thing to being questioned oneself: the listener will have the curiosity to catch the child's reply; a thought can scarcely fail to cross him, how he would reply himself, or whether he could reply at all; he will be glad to get information without the risk of exposing his present ignorance, and when the information is watched and waited for, it is retained. Parents, too, will be amongst the lookers-on, and, besides gaining knowledge themselves, will learn to set a

value on the school which they discover to be a fountain of it, and thus co-operate the more cheerfully with the minister; pastor and people are embarked in a common cause; *fervet opus*, the work thrives; and contributions, if wanted, come in freely. Thus is the congregation brought up every way to the mark of an intelligent audience; partly through knowledge imparted to those not of the school, by means of the public catechizing of the children, and partly through the children themselves, as they successively leave their benches, and take their place in the pews, leavening the whole:—

'And now, as wise master-builders, you have laid the one sound foundation, and, as you list, you may build thereon. You may reason with them out of the Scriptures, for they know the Scriptures, and are capable of hearing reason. You may quote the Scriptures, use Scripture terms, illustrate at your pleasure by Scripture similitudes and Scripture history; and they will not wonder with the utterly ignorant, to whom he that speaketh is a barbarian, nor cry out with the self-conceited, "What will these babblers say?" Nor will they be in the condition of those who, because general heads have never been explicated to them, estimate a sermon by the presence or absence of the phrases of a party, which phrases they themselves cannot render into other language, and therefore can never have obtained any definite instruction from them. Your hearers, on the contrary, will admit your authorities and your vouchers. They will be familiar with the facts which you adduce. Words will stand for something in their minds, and Scriptural allusions be recognized and understood; and with hope you may advance to application and exhortation, having so thoroughly made good your ground.'

In this manner will the minds of the poor have been exercised so effectually, that they will be in a condition to grapple with anything they are ever likely to have to deal with; for they will be possessed of a power which they can apply to any necessities or opportunities of any kind; and though that power was not in the first instance called forth by secular training, it may be made available for secular objects, provided they are honest—to which only it would lend itself. But this is not all: for so long as the alliance is preserved between the

schools and the Church, the collateral benefits which flow from them are as many and considerable as the direct ones. If the congregation is thus approximated to the preacher, so is he to the congregation. The system improves both; for he on his part,

'Will find,' says the Archdeacon, 'upon trial, that there is no better way of analyzing and studying a portion of Scripture or a head of doctrine, in order to discourse upon it, than by breaking it up, if I may so express myself, in the manner required for the purpose of instilling it, by little and little, into the weak and uninformed. He will master the matter in this way for himself—many useful lights will come in upon his own mind in the process—he will see how truth may be best submitted to his hearers, and what they want to make it plain to them. When the school-questioning is over, he will have collected so many materials, and made so many experiments on the best method of arranging them, and so have possessed both his mind and his feelings with the subject, that he will be just in a condition to write upon it fully and clearly and impressively; and he will be full, moreover, of matter and good thoughts, which he may carry with him from house to house, in his private visitings of his flock, to great advantage.'

And if, in point of fact, village sermons of late years have become better adapted to the ends they were ever meant for—if, as Baxter expresses it after his own fashion, the village preacher knows now, better than he did some time ago, 'how to get *within men*,' 'how to *screw* the truth into their minds,' which we believe to be the case,—the improvement has arisen, we are convinced, very principally from the operation of our charity-schools, which have brought pastor and people into nearer contact, disclosed to the former the true approaches to their understanding and hearts, and taught him how to say the right thing in the right manner.

Such are our village schools, and such and so various their uses, *whilst they are in the hands of the clergy;* and though certainly religious knowledge, as it is perceived, is the chief thing looked to in them, yet it is not to the exclusion of other knowledge; only care is taken that the latter shall not occupy

an undue proportion of that time for learning which, in the case of the children of the poor, must be necessarily short; that 'the schoolmaster shall not be allowed to seek his own credit by having a variety of such things to exhibit in his pupils as worldly parents are apt to over-estimate;' and that the boy or girl shall not be dismissed from the school, to play their parts in life, without a stock of motives, safeguards, consolations, hopes, to influence them, other than could result from any acquaintance they might be made to have with elements of science, or compendiums of political economy. For passions are to be provided against that 'will crack ten thousand curbs of more strong link asunder,' than the remembrance of a lecture on the physical ill effects of ardent spirits or voluptuous excess will supply; and servants, and husbands and wives, are not made good ones of their kind, by a smattering of history, or chemistry, or mechanics; and the burdens of life, and especially of a poor man's life, are not effectually relieved by arithmetic; and when men lie them down on the bed of sickness or death, and feel themselves immortal, they do not take courage and confidence from the thought, how much they have known of things below the moon: surely that scheme of national education which has an eye to these matters, nay, which makes a preparation for them its first and foremost object, is not very far wrong!

Meanwhile the positive success of the system we have been thus very imperfectly developing is to be found in the fact mentioned in the last Report* of the Education Society, that no fewer than 993,864 children in England and Wales are in one shape or other at this moment reaping the benefit of our schools; and argument of their still greater prospective success is to be found in another fact published in the same document, that the applications for grants in aid of local subscriptions have increased in the last three years in the proportion of 65, 122, 230;[a] so that, if the 'friends of edu-

* [It may be observed that the argument has been greatly confirmed since 1838, when this essay was written. The total number of grants in aid, up to Christmas 1858, was 4477.—EDITOR.]

cation' can be restrained from lending it their help for a few years more, the whole population of our rural districts will, as we have said, be absorbed by these schools, and not a commissioner be paid for it. Already

> 'Their understanding
> Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
> Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
> That now lies foul and muddy.'

True it is that under this system the peasantry will be brought up in the bosom of the Established Church, which is the gravamen of the whole matter; for the very name of incumbent or churchwarden does not once occur in the length or breadth of Lord Brougham's bill; but it is no less true that they have in general no misgivings whatever upon this subject—are perfectly ready to avail themselves of the advantages of the schools as they are, and think the damage done to their children by their learning the catechism and going to church inconsiderable. And this being the case, we do maintain that our legislators might be better employed than in sowing these scruples amongst them, which do not spring of themselves; leading poor and ignorant people to imagine that religion is rather to be shown by entertaining pedantic niceties in a confession, than by keeping the commandments; and fly-blowing the country with schismatical notions, instead of seasoning it with salt. Alas! to one who really knows what the people are made of, and observes the coarse and rampant vices which prevail amongst them, scourging them worse than a hundred relieving officers, it is matter for a smile and a sigh to contemplate such provisions as those contained in the nineteenth clause of the Poor Law Amendment Act (an Act which we have no wish, on the whole, to condemn), and which are striking types of that spirit upon which we are now animadverting. The inmates of a workhouse are for the most part these and such as these—

> 'There children dwell, who know no parents' care;
> Parents who know no children's love are there.

Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed.
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and—far the happier they!—
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.'

And these are the persons for whom it is provided, that 'No rule, order, or regulation shall oblige them to attend any religious service which may be celebrated in a mode contrary to the religious principles of such inmates, or authorize the education of any child in such workhouse in any religious creed other than that professed by the parents or surviving parent of such child, and to which such parents or parent shall object;' and as if this was not enough, it was added—at the suggestion of Lord Morpeth, if we remember—'or, in case of an orphan, to which the *godfather or godmother of such orphan shall object!*' Surely it would be difficult to meet with a finer example of 'cutting blocks with a razor' than this.

Now we submit that, supposing the people are thus netted into the Church, the national Church, the evil is not so great as to render it advisable to undo so much that has been done for the education of the poor, and to stop so much that is doing, by such enactments as Lord Brougham proposes. Yet such a bill as his, or any other of its kind, would utterly lay waste the whole of this goodly fabric which is now growing up so prosperously, and without the noise of axe or hammer. At present the education of the poor is a voluntary and gracious act on the part of their superiors—an affair of persuasion and bounty. It is advised to make it a matter of compulsion and law; and, in the instance before us, by a process the most offensive; investing five rate-payers (be their payments small as they may) with the power to convene a parish meeting; that meeting with a power to elect a committee of five rate-payers (still without any qualification as to the amount of their payments); and that committee with a power to decide whether a school is wanted, and to make a report of the same to the board (for a board of course there is to be); and the board, concurring in

their views, with a power to inflict an overseer's rate upon the parish for the establishment of the school. Thus would the small rate-payers be able by their numerical majority to control those who could buy them up a hundred times told; vote the parish in ignorance, which if they happened to be dissenters they would infallibly do; and, in their zeal for knowledge, generously dip their hands into their neighbours' pockets for means to disperse it. It is, we think, impossible that a project so inordinate as this can pass into a law; but still all the education schemes that issue from the same mint proceed, if we mistake not, upon the principle of a tax; and as it assuredly is not intended that such tax shall be applied to the uses of the existing schools it would only tend to break these schools up, by diverting the funds that feed them; since it is not to be supposed that people will give to one school and pay to another in the same parish. Nor is this all. It is further proposed that Inspectors shall be appointed by the board to examine into the state of the schools, and to make their report. Now even if the clergy entertained no other or more serious objections to the plan, they would, no doubt, shrink from making themselves accountable, not to their ecclesiastical superiors, but to commissioners in London or their roving deputies, for their method of teaching the children of their own parishes, and would decline serving under any such flag. But other and even graver objections they would have which would keep them aloof; for the books used in these would not be of their choosing, and probably would not meet with their approval. The Bible, it is true, would be read, but only, we apprehend, as an item, perhaps a subordinate one, in the studies of the school; and certainly not with a churchman's comment, or in conjunction with any formularies of the Church. The spirit in which the cause of education is taken up, and the party by whom it is pressed, are pledges enough for this; and indeed in the present bill the mask is so far dropped, as that a clause is introduced to protect Jews and Roman Catholics from having their ears offended by it; and such consideration cannot be had for them, without the dis-

senters sharing the like; for, if the former are to be spared hearing the Bible read, the latter, in common fairness, must be spared hearing it interpreted. A clergyman, therefore, would feel himself quite out of his place in schools so conducted, and would retire from all participation in them. But sure we are that in almost all country parishes no substitute could be found for him and his; and that, abandoned by the minister, the school would languish for want of looking after.

Thus the only practical result that could prove satisfactory to the framers of this bill or such bills as this would be, that the clergy, to be sure, would be rendered helpless in their own parishes; the sympathy, such as it is (not over-much even now in agricultural districts), on the subject of education, between rich and poor, of which they are the medium, paralyzed; their best opportunity of getting a thorough insight into the characters of their parishioners, and the abuses as well as the virtues that prevail amongst them, taken away; the principal channel through which they communicate with the rising generation, closed; the chief means of training up a more intelligent body of hearers for the preacher to act upon, lost and gone; and all this derangement purchased at the price of establishing a rickety school for writing, accounts, and very small philosophy, which the upper class would loathe because they would be taxed to support it, whilst they disapproved of its principles; which the minister of the parish would do nothing to promote, because it confounded him in all his functions; and which the dissenter, and the dissenter only, would rejoice in, because it would be another thorn in the side of the Church, and another step in the march towards a republic. And yet the party which would thus strip the clergy of the powers by which they are enabled to be effective in their cures, is the very same which clamours beyond every other for laws to enforce their residence. Surely there is a strange anomaly in thus confessing how important are their services, and then trying how best to defeat them.

Why all this idle jealousy of the Church, which is at the bottom of these education projects? She stands, as an Esta-

blishment, no doubt, upon *privilege*. The fact must be avowed and defended, not disguised. The Church partakes of the general character of the form of the constitution. Man is not more a bundle of habits than a monarchy is a bundle of privileges; and if the Church is to be henceforward regarded only as one sect of several, and dealt with accordingly, the principle may be right or wrong, but it is another principle from that on which society is constructed throughout in this country, and a disturbing force is introduced into our system which most assuredly will not spend itself upon the Church only and there stop. We throw out this observation not for the benefit of those who hold other forms of government to be better than a monarchy, for such persons are right in endeavouring to accommodate so essential an element as the Church to the ulterior changes they contemplate; but for the consideration of the numbers who seem to think that they may have the monarchical principle in State, and the republican principle in Church, and no loosening of the Commonwealth. They may as well think that twisting the same rope different ways at different ends would not dissolve its continuity.

XIV.—BISHOP BUTLER.[a]

(October, 1839.)

On the works of this great prelate we have expressed ourselves at large in former numbers of this Journal.[b] His life, now written for the first time in any detail, demands some notice, uneventful as it is,—both because it is the life of Butler, and because it proceeds from the pen of a connection of his own: Mr. Bartlett having married (if we read him right) the great-granddaughter of the bishop's elder brother. It may be presumed, therefore, that whatever tradition of their illustrious relative survives is most likely to be found in this quarter; and that if it prove scanty, as it does, it is nevertheless all that is to be had.

Joseph Butler, the author of the 'Analogy' and the 'Sermons,' was born at Wantage, a market-town in Berkshire (which had the glory also of giving birth to Alfred the Great), on the 18th May, 1692. He was the youngest of eight children of Thomas Butler, a substantial linen and woollen draper, who had retired, however, from his shop, and established himself at the Priory, a house near the town, where the room in which

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[a] *Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of Joseph Butler, D.C.L., late Lord Bishop of Durham.* By Thomas Bartlett, A.M., Rector of Kingstone, Kent, and one of the Six Preachers of the Cathedral of Christ, Canterbury. London. 8vo. 1839.

[b] The *Quarterly Review.* See particularly Vol. xxxviii., the Review on "The Works and Character of Paley;" and Vol. xliii., that on "The Writings of Bishop Butler."

Butler first drew breath is yet to be seen nearly as it then was. His education was begun under the Rev. Philip Burton, a clergyman of the Church of England, and master of the grammar-school of that place. From him he was by-and-by removed to Mr. Jones', who kept a dissenting school, first at Gloucester and afterwards at Tewkesbury; Butler's father being of the Presbyterian persuasion, and intending his son for its ministry. Here he had Secker for his schoolfellow; and the friendship between the future primate of England and prelate of Durham, commenced under these singular auspices in a nursery of nonconformity, lasted throughout life. It was whilst he was yet at Tewkesbury school, though now in his twenty-first year, that he addressed his Letters (so well known) to Dr. Clarke, wherein he professes himself dissatisfied with that author's 'Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God.' The reasons which he assigns for this are so acute; are urged in so calm and ingenious a spirit; and so clearly proceed from one whose desire really was, what he avowed it to be, 'to make the search after truth the business of his life'—that Clarke replied to them, anonymous as they were, evidently under a sense that he had to deal with an antagonist worthy of him, and eventually attached the whole correspondence to his treatise. In order to preserve his *incognito* in this affair, Secker was employed to convey these letters to the post-office at Gloucester, and bring back the replies: such was the modesty of this masterly reasoner,—a feature of his mind which impresses itself on his writings from first to last; for 'the shortness of our faculties,' to use a phrase of his own, was that which made itself most felt, as was likely, on one who exercised them on such high argument; and instead of the oracle many an ordinary man esteems himself—esteems himself in proportion as his parts are shallow—Butler's confession ever was, 'I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.' It was now becoming time that he should enter on his profession; but after reflecting on the question of nonconformity, he could not satisfy himself of its reasonableness or innocence; and, in spite of the bias of education and a

father's wish, he decided for the Church. When the temperament of Butler's mind is considered, and the absence of all temptation in the Church at that time to warp his choice, it must be confessed that she has great reason to triumph in the deliberate verdict of such a man; and it was probably not forgiven or forgotten when, some years after his death, an attempt was made to fasten on his memory an accusation of popery, partly founded on a Charge which he delivered to his clergy at Durham, in which he had ventured to plead for 'the importance of external religion,'—'of forms which should daily bring the subject before men's thoughts, and lead bad men to repent, and good men to grow better;' and partly on the fact that, when repairing his private chapel at Bristol, he had fixed a cross over the altar. It was reserved for the reformers of Bristol, eight years ago, effectually to do away all traces of the latter reproach; and when they had set the bishop's house in order, after their manner, and search was made amongst the ruins for this memorial of Butler's episcopacy, it was found to be broken in pieces and destroyed. And yet this *papist* had written, in one of his sermons, of *popery*, that it '*was the great corruption of Christianity, which is ever hard at work to bring us again under its yoke!*' But that age, like this, knew not how to discriminate between popery—an invention of modern times, which shrinks from the test of real antiquity—and the primitive Church, which was indeed full of the visible signs of invisible things, in order the better to appeal to thoughtless men; and delighted to present the cross on all occasions to their eyes, that their hearts might be turned to Him who died on it.

Butler never was married; but an acrostic epitaph upon a female cousin, written about this period of his life, gives token that he too 'had felt the softer flame.' The lines are withheld, from a natural desire of the biographer not to exhibit Butler in a position below himself; but well may that passion be thought to foster the muse, which could excite the author of the 'Analogy' to deeds of verse.

In 1714 Butler was entered a commoner of Oriel College,

where he soon formed an intimacy with Mr. Edward Talbot, son of Dr. Talbot, shortly after Bishop of Durham; an event which gave a character to the rest of his life. Through Mr. Talbot's influence, seconded by that of Dr. Clarke, then rector of St. James's, he was in 1718 appointed preacher of the Rolls Court, apparently his first regular ministerial charge; for though his autograph is found in the register of the baptisms and burials of the parish of Hendred, near Wantage, during the year 1717, it is probable that he was merely officiating for his friend Mr. Talbot, the incumbent of the living.

Meanwhile Secker was studying medicine at Paris; for though he too, like Butler, was designed by his father for a minister amongst the dissenters, yet being unable to determine to what communion amongst them he should attach himself, and dissatisfied moreover with the divisions that prevailed amongst them all, he had resolved upon a different walk in life. But far other things were in store for him than he contemplated. Butler, without his knowing it, had spoken of him in such terms to Mr. Talbot, that the latter promised, if he thought proper to take orders in the Church of England, to recommend him to the notice of his father the bishop; and after some deliberation Secker accepted the offer, and was ordained in 1722 to the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring. Butler himself was presented the same year, by the same patron, to that of Haughton, near Darlington. We think it is Fuller who tells of an inscription over a parsonage door to this effect,—

'If here you shall find
A house built to your mind,
Without any cost;
Praise God the more,
And give to the poor,
And then my labour is not lost.'

But Butler had not this piece of good fortune. He was accordingly upon the point of involving himself in the expenses attending the erection of a new house—a work in

which he was thought very little fitted to engage, when his patron, at the suggestion of Secker, hastened to his rescue by presenting him with the rectory of Stanhope. This was in 1725. In the following year he resigned the preachership at the Rolls, which he had hitherto held with his living, dividing his time between the duties of town and country, and resided altogether at Stanhope; not being *dead*, as Archbishop Blackburn replied to Queen Caroline, who had thought him so, but *buried*.

On quitting the Rolls, however, he published his 'Sermons,' fifteen in number, preached at that chapel, taken at random, as he tells us, from amongst others delivered by him in the same place; and however deeply we may lament his modest disposal of the rest, it is characteristic of Butler that he should have left it as 'his positive and express will,' that 'they should be burned without being read by any one, as soon as might be, after his decease.' In the Sermons which he published, the true foundation of morals is affirmed in the principle of the supremacy of conscience; and though overlaid for a season by the principle of expediency of Paley, which had the disastrous advantage of being recommended to the world by the most popular of writers, truth is once more beginning to show how mighty it is, and Butler's assertion of it to prevail.

In the retirement of Stanhope he was 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies;'—of *sweet*, for he was here rearing up that everlasting memorial of his genius, 'The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature'—and (to adopt the majestic language of Mr. Southey) 'was laying his strong foundations in the depths of that great argument, there to construct another irrefragable proof of the truth of Christianity, thus rendering philosophy subservient to faith, and finding in outward and visible things the type and evidence of those within the veil;'—of *bitter*, for the seclusion in which he was living began to try his spirits, which were at best perhaps not high, and made his friends anxious to relieve him from his solitude. Accordingly, Secker, who, though nearly of

his own age, yet being probably the wiser in his generation, seems to have watched over him with a kind of parental affection, interceded with the Lord Chancellor Talbot, the brother of Mr. Edward Talbot, their common patron in early life, to nominate him his chaplain, and Butler began once more to spend half the year in town. Of his habits at Stanhope, all that can be gathered on the spot is contained in the following letter of the present Bishop of Exeter to Dr. Goddard, Archdeacon of Lincoln:—

'*Exeter, January* 25, 1835.

'My dear Sir,—I earnestly wish I could justify the report made to you by the Provost of Oriel, that I could supply you with several anecdotes of Bishop Butler. The truth however is, that although tantalized by seeming opportunities of acquiring some information respecting the private life and habits of one to whom I have been accustomed to look up as the greatest of uninspired men, I have been mortified by my almost entire failure. In the rectory of Stanhope, I was successor to him after an interval of eighty years; and one of my earliest employments there was to search for relics of my illustrious predecessor. I was assured that an old parishioner, who, with a tolerably clear memory, had reached the age of ninety-three or ninety-four, recollected him well. To him I frequently went, and in almost all my conversations endeavoured to elicit something respecting "Rector Butler." He remembered him well—but, as I ought, perhaps, to have anticipated, could tell me nothing; for what chance was there, that one who was a joiner's apprentice, of thirteen years of age, when Butler left Stanhope, could, fourscore years afterwards, tell anything about him? That he was respected and beloved by his parishioners, which was known before, was confirmed by my informant. He lived very retired, was very kind, and could not resist the importunities of common beggars, who, knowing his infirmity, pursued him so earnestly, as sometimes to drive him back into his house, as his only escape. I confess I do not think my authority for this trait of character in Butler is quite sufficient to justify my reporting it with any confidence. There was, moreover, a tradition of his riding a black pony, and riding always very fast. I examined the parish books, not with much hope of discovering anything worth recording of him; and was unhappily as unsuccessful as I expected. His name, indeed, was subscribed to one or two acts of vestry, in a very neat and easy character; but if it was

amusing, it was mortifying, to find the only trace of such a man's labours, recorded by his own hand, to be the passing a parish account, authorizing the payment of five shillings to some adventurous clown who had destroyed a "foumart," or wood-marten, the 'marten-cat, or some other equally important matter.'

Standing once more in *oculis civium*, as he now did, Butler was not a man that could be passed by, and he was soon made Clerk of the Closet to Queen Caroline, a princess whose piety and acquirements gave her a taste for theological discussions; and Butler, who was in daily attendance upon her, had often to bear his part in them in the royal presence, with Berkeley, Clarke, Hoadley, Sherlock, and Secker—a subject for a dialogue of another Erasmus.

It was in 1736, soon after this appointment in the household, that he published the 'Analogy:' and it marks the estimation in which its author was held, that a work of such a nature, so little adapted 'volitare per ora virûm,' should have reached a second edition within the year. But he had by this time a public name. Men now seem to have gone up to him to seek counsel, as to an oracle of God. As an instance of this, Henry Home, Lord Kames, we are told, earnestly entreated that he might be allowed a personal interview with him, though he would have had far to travel for it, in order to the removal of certain doubts which arose in his mind, when he first turned his attention to the Evidences. But Butler, though answering the application with politeness, and endeavouring to satisfy Mr. Home's inquiries by letter, declined a meeting, alleging his own natural diffidence and reserve (again manifested in this incident), his inexperience in oral controversy, and his fear that the cause of truth would suffer from the unskilfulness of the advocate. David Hume also was anxious for an introduction to him, that he might have his opinion on his treatise on 'Human Nature' before its publication; and the respect, not to say, awe, with which the sceptic contemplated the Christian philosopher, incidentally manifests itself in a passage in one of his letters to the author of 'Douglas,' wherein he says, 'I am at present cutting off its nobler parts, *i. e.* endeavouring it shall

give as little offence as possible, before which I could not pretend to put it into the Doctor's hands. *This is a piece of cowardice,* for which I blame myself, though I believe none of my friends will blame me.' But though Hume called upon Butler, he did not see him; and one cannot help feeling that this was just one of those trifles in life which sometimes have consequences altogether disproportionate; and that had Butler been within, Hume might have been a believer. The prophet, however, had least honour in his own house. John, one of his nephews at Wantage, a wealthy and eccentric bachelor, fonder of mechanics than metaphysical theology, having borrowed an iron vice of a Scotch neighbour who professed much admiration of the new work and its author, proposed that, as Mr. Thompson liked the 'Analogy,' and he liked the vice, they should make an exchange—and, accordingly, the quarto presentation copy which John had received from his uncle, passed into Mr. Thompson's hands.

In 1738 Butler was appointed to the See of Bristol, and two years afterwards to the Deanery of St. Paul's, when he resigned the living of Stanhope. There is a tradition at Bristol, that he spent the whole income of his bishopric (no very great one to be sure), on an average of the twelve years he held it, in the repairs and improvements of the palace; and the examination into the damage occasioned by the late fire led to the belief that he had been greatly imposed upon by the workmen he employed. A trait of his habits here is preserved by Dean Tucker (then his domestic chaplain), in one of his tracts:—

'The late Doctor Butler, Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Durham, had a singular notion respecting large communities and public bodies. His custom was, when at Bristol, to walk for hours in his garden in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford, and I had frequently the honour to attend him. After walking some time, he would stop suddenly and ask the question, "What security is there against the insanity of individuals? The physicians know of none; and as to divines, we have no data, either from Scripture or from reason, to go upon relative to this

affair." "True, my lord, no man has a lease of his understanding, any more than of his life; they are both in the hands of the sovereign Disposer of all things." He would then take another turn, and again stop short—"Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity, as well as individuals?" "My lord, I have never considered the case, and can give no opinion concerning it." "Nothing but this principle, that they are liable to insanity, equally at least with private persons, can account for the major part of those transactions of which we read in history." I thought little,' adds the Dean, 'of that odd conceit of the Bishop at that juncture; but I own I could not avoid thinking of it a great deal since, and applying it to many cases.'

What an application of it would have suggested itself to Tucker, could he have been again walking in that self-same garden on the 31st October, 1831!

In 1747 died Archbishop Potter, and the primacy was offered to Butler, but he declined it, saying, as the tradition of his family reports it, that 'It was too late for him to try to support a falling church.' His nephew John, the same who preferred the *vice* to the 'Analogy,' took a view of his own of the archbishopric also; and only conceiving it possible that his uncle could have refused it from a want of capital, proposed to advance him £20,000, or any other sum he might require to set him up; and returned to Wantage greatly dissatisfied that he still persisted in his refusal.

Three years afterwards the See of Durham became vacant, and it was the wish of the King that Butler should succeed to it; but the Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, was desirous of conferring the lieutenancy of the county, which had hitherto gone with it, upon Lord Barrington; and, though it may well be believed that such an office would have few charms for such a man as Butler, he nevertheless would not allow the ancient honours of the palatine see, whether appropriate or otherwise, to take damage through him, and would hold it unimpaired or not at all. The concession was made, and Butler was translated to Durham. His feelings on this occasion will be best seen by the following admirable letter:—

'My good Friend,

'I should have been mighty glad of the favour of a visit from you, when you were in town. I thank you for your kind congratulations, though I am not without my doubts and fears how far the occasion of them is a real subject of congratulation to me. Increase of fortune is insignificant to one who thought he had enough before; and I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and whether this be an advantage, entirely depends on the use one shall make of it: I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing, in the close of life, to have no reflections to entertain oneself with, but that one had spent the revenues of the bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really set oneself to do good and promote worthy men; yet, this right use of fortune and power is more difficult than the generality of even good people think, and requires both a guard upon oneself, and a strength of mind to withstand solicitations, greater, I wish I may not find it, than I am master of. I pray God preserve your health, and am always,

'Dear Sir,

'Your affectionate Brother and Servant,

'Joseph Dunelm.'

No sooner had Dr. Butler taken possession of his new diocese, than he set about repairing and improving the two episcopal residences at Durham and Auckland. He appointed three days in every week for public hospitalities; but, though munificent on these occasions, in his private habits no man was more simple and unostentatious. He distributed largely—calling for his house-steward, and bidding him give whatever money he had at hand (£500 it happened to be on one occasion) to a benevolent institution which was recommended to him; and subscribing his £400 a year to the county hospital. In the disposal of his vast patronage he had respect to merit only; insomuch, that one of his nephews (Jonathan), a man of superior talents too, and supposed to bear a stronger resemblance to the bishop than any other of his family, but who did not give himself, as Butler thought, sufficiently to the work, and was therefore not preferred by him, exclaimed in his

wrath, 'Methinks, my lord, it is a misfortune to be related to you.'

Whilst attending his duties in Parliament, he resided at Hampstead, in a house formerly belonging to Sir Harry Vane, and from which he was taken to the Tower before his execution. Here, also, the Bishop's taste for architecture displayed itself. He decorated his windows with painted glass, and the subjects being scriptural, the incident was afterwards turned to account, and he was said to have received them as a present from the pope. Most of this is now lost: some was given by a subsequent occupier of the house to Oriel College, as a relic of its great alumnus; and a few panes are still to be seen in their original position. In this retreat, which is described by one of its inmates as 'most enchanting,' Secker (who had been rising in the Church, *pari passu*, and was now Bishop of Oxford) and Butler dined together daily.

He had not held the See of Durham more than two years when his health began to fail, and he was ordered by his physician to Bath. Here he arrived on the 3rd June, 1752; on the 8th of the same month, his chaplain and friend, Dr. Forster, writes to Secker, that his symptoms were 'thirst, sickness, dry skin, great feverish heats, chiefly at night, attended with weakness of body, and lowness of spirits at intervals that is quite shocking.' On the 12th, 'his attention to every one and everything was immediately lost and gone;' but his affection for Secker was still lively as ever, the image of the latter still mingling with his wandering thoughts; and, at the last, says his chaplain, 'when for a day or two before his death he had in a great measure been deprived of the use of his faculties, he was perpetually talking about writing to him, though without seeming to have anything which, at least, he was at all capable of communicating.' On the 13th June, Catherine Talbot, the daughter of Butler's early friend, dating from the deanery of St. Paul's, where she was residing with Secker, expresses herself as follows:—

'The dangerous illness of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent Bishop of Durham, gives to every day a most

painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. He was my father's friend. I could almost say my remembrance of him goes back some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrance, I have ever known in him the kind affectionate friend, the faithful adviser, which he would condescend to when I was quite a child; and the most delightful companion, from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, a vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar to be met with in nobody else. And all this in a man whose sanctity of manners, and sublimity of genius, gave him one of the first ranks among men, long before he was raised to that rank in the world, which must still, if what I painfully fear should happen, aggravate such a loss, as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind in such a station must have done. But this is an idle, a wrong regret. Providence needs not this or that instrument, but whatever Providence orders is best. But you will not wonder that I am affected, that I am very low, because I see mamma low, I see my lord affected. We all live in suspense; and there is not a room in the house that does not peculiarly remind us of him who was so lately its possessor, and who has so often so cheerfully and hospitably received us in it.'

On the 16th June, about eleven o'clock in the morning, in the sixty-first year of his age, Butler breathed his last.

It is stated, says Mr. Bartlett, upon the authority of the late Rev. Richard Cecil, that during Bishop Butler's last illness, when Dr. Forster was one day reading to him the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel, the bishop stopped him at the 16th verse, and requested him to read it a second time. When this was done, after a pause, he said, 'I never before felt those words to be so satisfactory and consolatory.' One of the daughters of Mr. Venn, of Yelling, recollects her father often to have referred to the end of Butler—'How he looked to Christ as a poor sinner, and said he never had so clear a view of his own inability to save himself as then.' The author of the chapter in the 'Analogy' on the appointment of a Mediator, and the redemption of the world by Him, could scarcely have felt otherwise; especially under the strong conviction which he seems

ever to have entertained of the degree in which he himself personally had fallen short. 'He was walking with his chaplain, Dr. Forster,' (the anecdote is Dr. Madan's, Bishop of Peterborough,) 'when he suddenly turned towards him,' (a way which he appears to have had,) 'and with much earnestness said, "I was thinking, Doctor, what an awful thing it is for a human being to stand before the great Moral Governor of the world, to give an account of all his actions in this life!"' And it was Butler who had these alarms!

To the few particulars of his character, so tenderly touched in Miss Talbot's letter, we have nothing to add, except that he was extremely fond of music; and 'when he was not engaged in the evening with his friends and clergy, or in the necessary duties of his sacred office, his under-secretary, Mr. Emm, who had been a chorister in St. Paul's, was in the habit of playing to him on his organ, and this he found to be a grateful relief to his mind after severe application to study.'

An engraving from apparently an excellent portrait of Butler, by Vanderbank, taken of him when he was forty years of age, the period at which he was employed on his 'Analogy,' is prefixed to this volume. It represents him as having an oval face, regular features, and expanded forehead, strong eyebrows, and large full eyes, wearing, in a very remarkable degree, an expression of abstraction, as though the mind was otherwise engaged than in looking through them:

> '—— fa sembiante
> D' uomo cui altra cura stringa e morda
> Che quella di colui che gli è davante.'

There is added to this volume an abridgment of the 'Analogy,' chiefly made in Butler's own words; and an apocryphal sermon on St. John iii. 8, on which, as we have no others of the like kind to compare it with, we will not pronounce an opinion.

On the whole we are most grateful to Mr. Bartlett for the information he has afforded us on this deeply-interesting subject, from the family recollections he has gleaned up, and

from the various notices of Butler by contemporary writers, which he has drawn to a focus and made tributary to his Memoirs. In a future edition, which we heartily hope may be speedily called for—since nothing but good can come of every fresh impulse given to the circulation of his great relation's works—we would suggest to him, whether his materials might not sometimes be re-arranged to advantage, and the several component parts be made to fall into their places more in 'a concatenation accordingly.'

THE END.

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